MY 9 '62

Iran's Royal Family: Our Stanch Ally on the Russian Border. With Nine Pages of Exclusive Pictures

1

The Saturday Evening POST

Apr. 14, 1962

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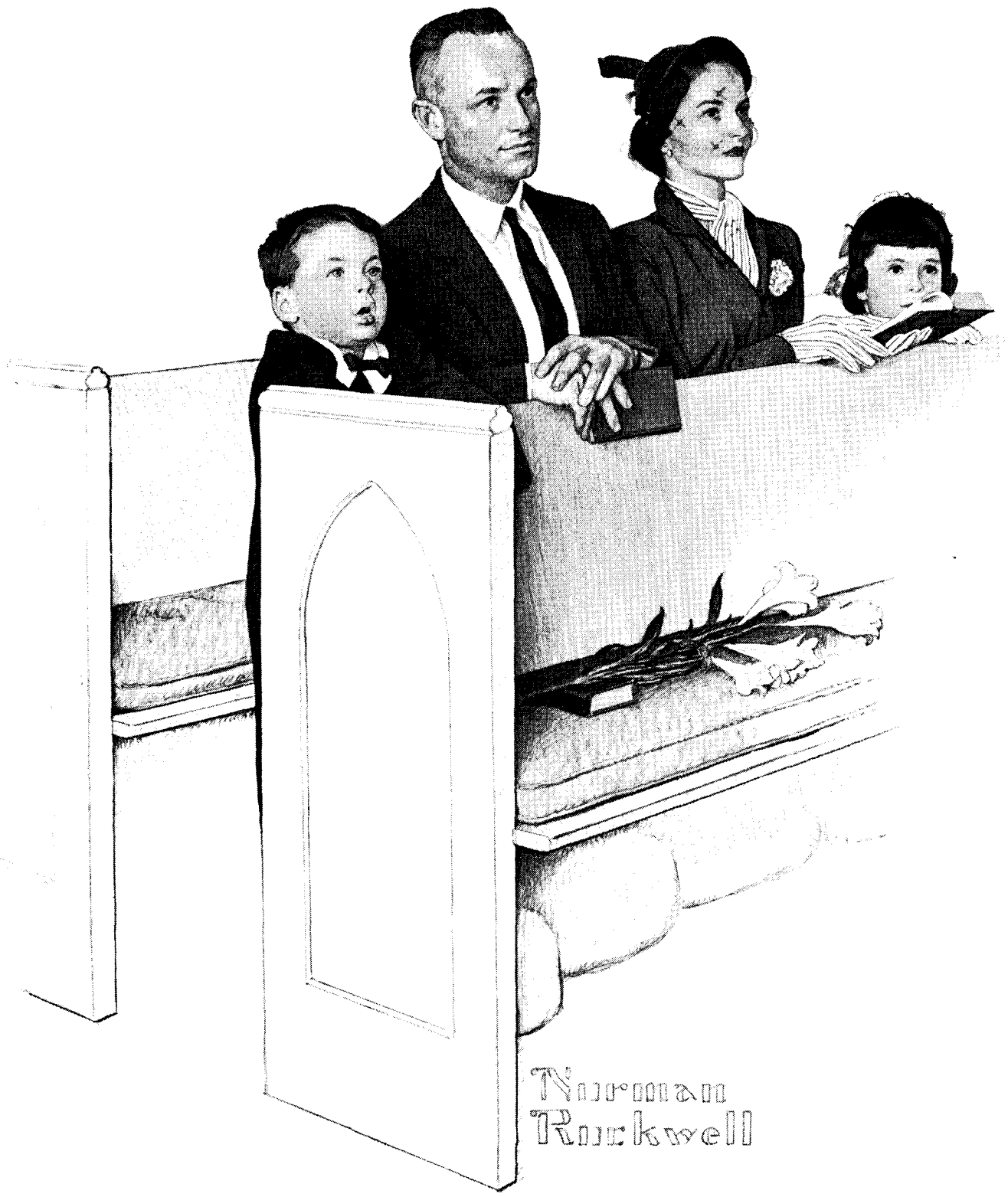

In this season it is well to remember that the hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future.

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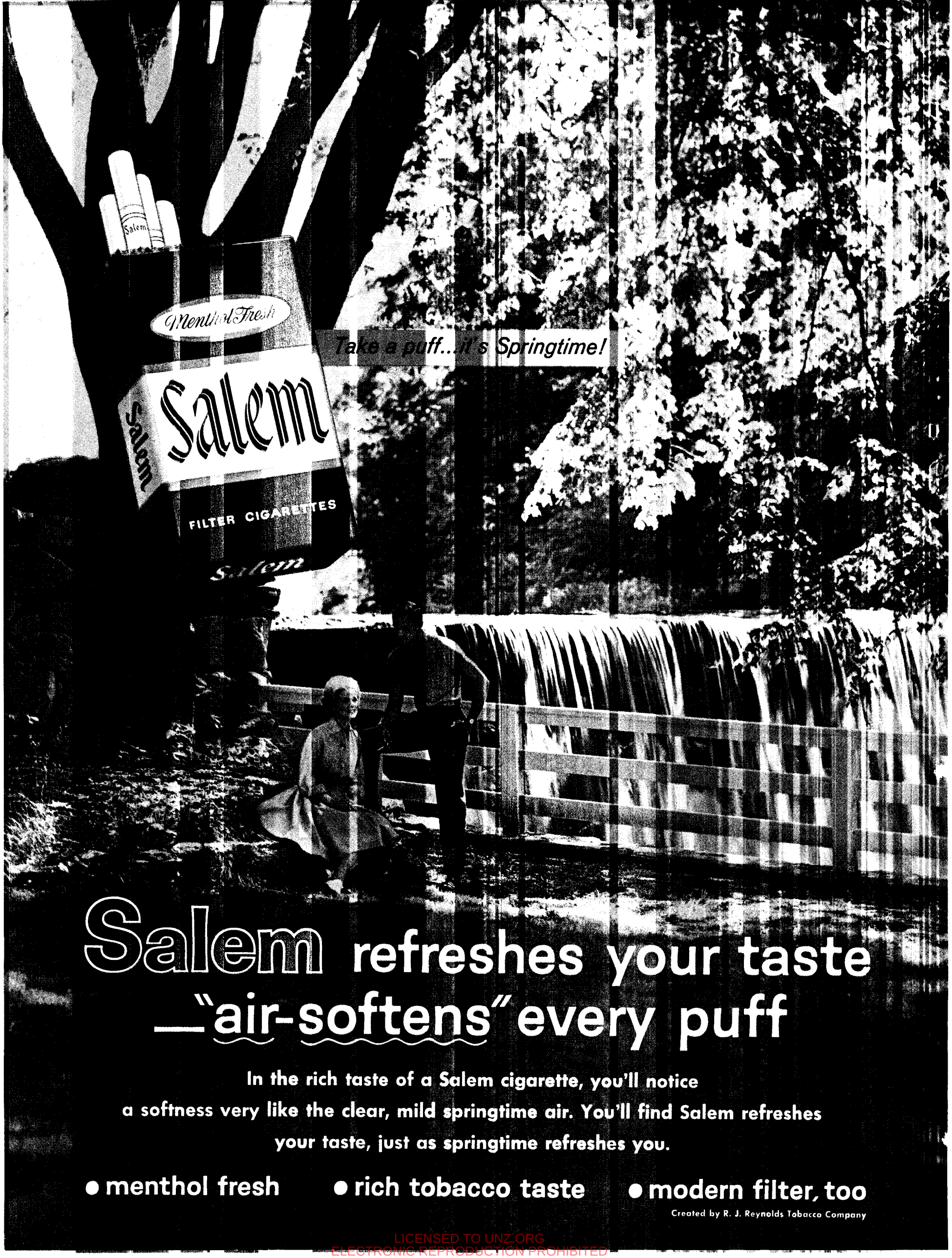

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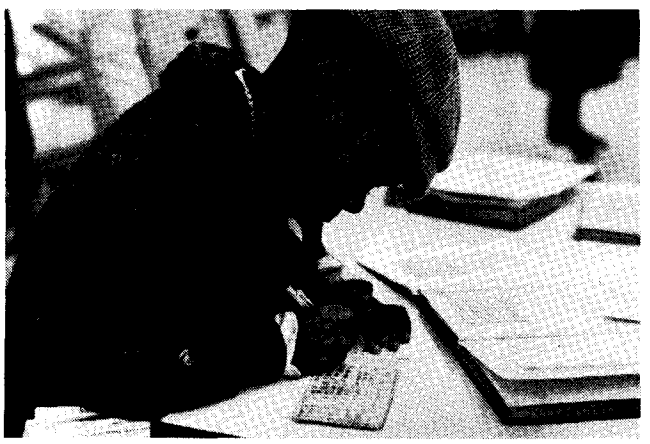
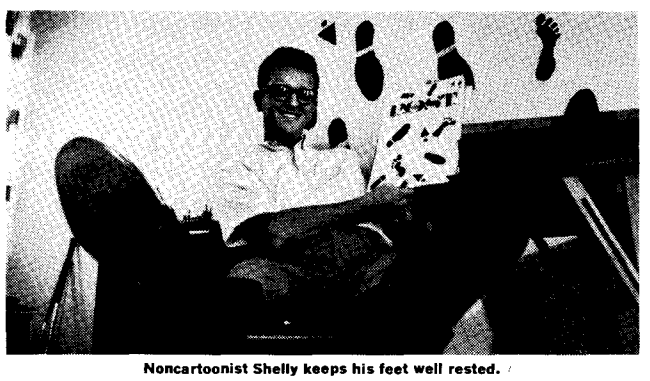
The Nuclear Dilemma. Eight scientists take sharp issue with the views of nuclear physicist Edward Teller, whose current book *The Legacy of Hiroshima* we excerpted in February as PLAN FOR SURVIVAL. See page 69.



A St. Louis child carefully fills out library cards.

Booklover. The boy in our picture has discovered the library, where the vast world of reading is opening up to him. This week, National Library Week, marks a nationwide effort to call public attention to our libraries and the many services they offer in addition to circulating books, such as reading aloud to preschool children, circulating recordings of songs and stories, and showing travel and cartoon films. To find out what one school system—St. Louis's—is doing to help even slum youngsters learn to read better, turn to READING: A WAY UPWARD (page 53).



Noncartoonist Shelly keeps his feet well rested.

Feetnik Artist. Cartoonist Bill Shelly, who is responsible for the weird footprints on page 86, doesn't think of himself as a cartoonist at all, but as a joke-writer. Ever since he finished giving bombsight and automatic-pilot instruction for the Army Air Forces during the Second World War, he's been writing for radio and TV comedians such as Jackie Gleason, Paul Winchell and Pinky Lee. Shelly has also written nightclub and TV shows with Roger Price, and worked with him on his newspaper cartoon "Droodles." For the last year and a half Shelly—who is unmarried—has been free-lancing and living a feetnik life in St. Petersburg, Florida. His "footsies," as he calls his noncartoons, "are do-it-yourself cartoons, for they give the reader a chance to fill in the picture." He is unable to account for his fascination with feet and reports that his own feet are unremarkable except for their tendency to come to rest on tables rather than on the floor.

Posh Palace of Fashion (page 60) tells how Bergdorf's, the elegant New York store where Jacqueline Kennedy's Inaugural Ball gown was made, also caters to women with "champagne tastes on a Martini income."

A bride's gown of Brussels lace and Italian faille gets a final fitting.

The Cover. Photographed in the garden of his summer palace near Tehran is Iran's King of Kings, His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi, with his Queen, Farah, and his son, Prince Reza. The birth of the little prince in October, 1960, brought to a happy conclusion a long, disheartening wait for an heir, the lack of which had caused the Shah to divorce two wives. The Shah's first marriage—to Fawzia, sister of Egypt's Farouk—was dissolved after nine years, when only one child, a daughter, had been born. (A woman may not succeed to the throne in Iran.) In 1951 the Shah married beautiful Soraya Esfandiari, whom he reluctantly divorced in 1958, after seven years of childless marriage. More of John Bryson's pictures of Queen Farah and the prince appear with IRAN'S GOOD KING, beginning on page 17.

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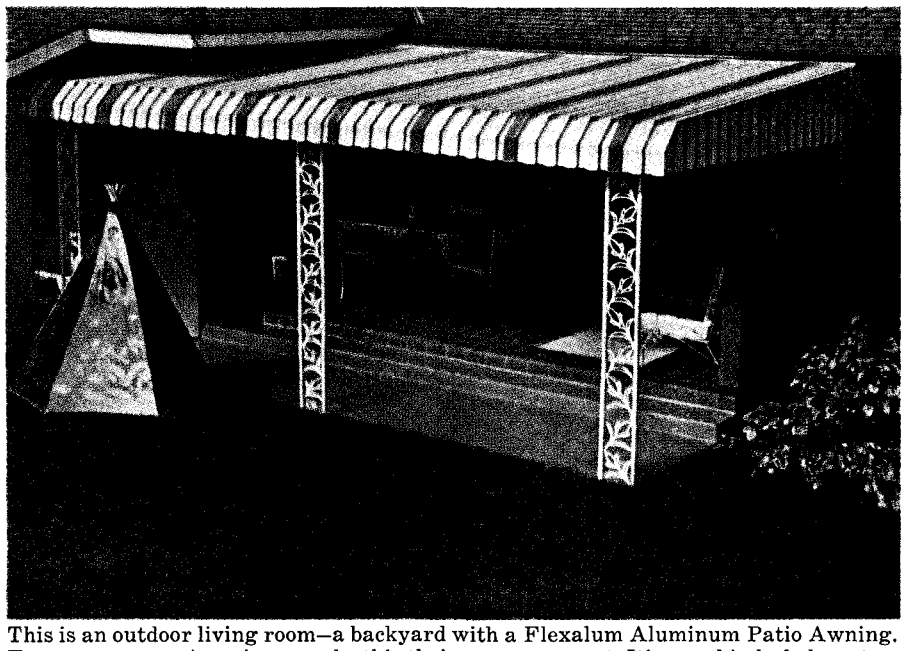
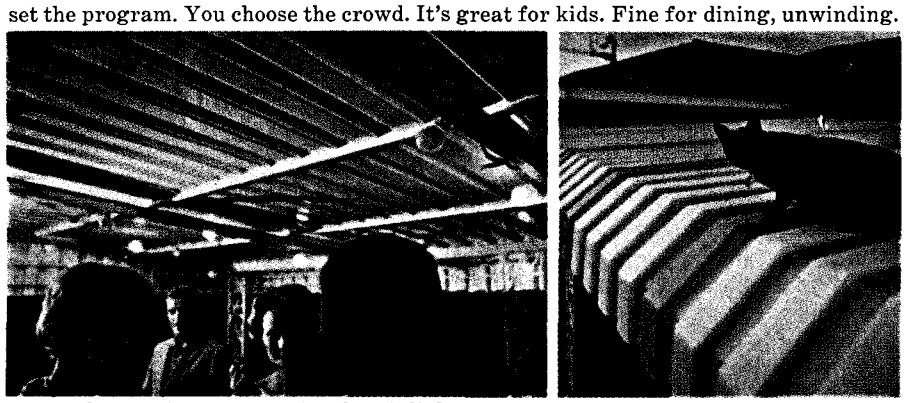
America's most popular summer resort

(the outdoor living room)

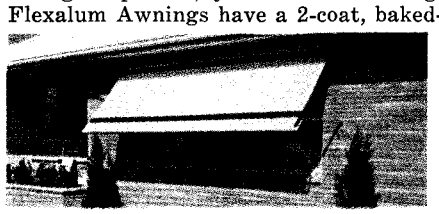


This is an outdoor living room—a backyard with a Flexalum Aluminum Patio Awning. Every year more Americans make this their summer resort. It's your kind of place, too.

You custom-style it—(getting this bonus: a cooler, prettier, more valuable house.) You set the program. You choose the crowd. It's great for kids. Fine for dining, unwinding.



For gala parties, just add colored lights. Upkeep? Relax and forget about it. Flexalum Awnings have a 2-coat, baked-enamel finish even your cat can't scratch!



Flexalum Aluminum Roll-ups for windows: shade when you want it, sun when you want it.

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LETTERS

TROUBLES AT STATE

Dear Sirs:

Just read Stewart Alsop's rather shallow article [THE TROUBLE WITH THE STATE DEPARTMENT, Mar. 3]. It's long been customary to blame trouble in government on the deadwood in the Civil Service, but most of our blunders have been at the highest level. State may have more employees than necessary, but they don't make the big decisions. The smart ones make the big errors.

O. L. BRANNAMAN
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I must say that the title gave me quite a start. I was afraid Mr. Alsop was going to explain why the State Department persistently failed to back anti-Communists such as Chiang Kai-shek, Mikhailovitch, Mikolajczyk, Batista, Jimenez and Tshombe and actively supported known Communists such as Mao Tse-tung, Tito, Castro and Betancourt.

Thank God he didn't upset us that way! Now that we know there are no sexual perverts in the State Department and that the only problem is one of inefficiency (which is unsolvable), we can all go quietly back to sleep.

R. A. VIGNEROT
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Now that nothing (ab-so-lute-ly NOTHING) is too daring for *The Post*, why not a real twisteroo, "What's RIGHT With the State Department," and this time don't hire Cassandra's brother.

ROBERT WATLAND RINDEN
Washington, D.C.

● *Mr. Rinden is a foreign-affairs officer attached to the Secretary of State's office.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

So our State Department is not full of "fuzzy-minded liberals." Alsop goes on to show that it is doubtful if he would know it if he saw one. He also thinks it would be too much to expect that a President should know what his policy should be toward a pro-Communist government. . . . This is the best whitewash by Alsop since his job on the C.I.A.

LAWRENCE BURGER
Dupree, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

After reading Stewart Alsop's fine article it's clear that the department's trouble narrows down to a surfeit of P's: people, paper, procedure and poppycock.

CLIFTON JAMES
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I think Mr. Alsop's article points up a truth that applies to all Federal Government bureaus. The golden flood flowing into Washington has developed governmental bureaus to a size all out of proportion to their value or competence.

JOHN M. GRAY
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We have long known that our State Department is not doing its job. Mr. Alsop explains to us HOW it is not doing its job—and certainly on the best authority. It only remains for the State Department to appoint an investigating committee comprised of its own members to investigate the department. Then they will tell us how they have told themselves they are ineffective. Then the committee will recommend a committee to investigate the committee, etc., etc., etc.

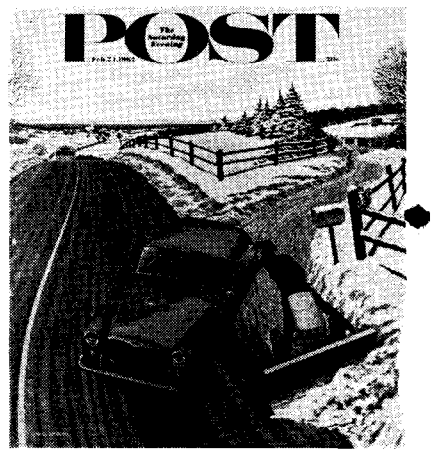
MADISON A. DAVIS
Bend, Oreg.

CAN A KISS KILL?

Dear Sirs:

The Feb. 24 cover picture [by James Williamson, below] might very well have been captioned, "For the sake of a kiss, a life was lost."

DAVID F. WESTON
Cincinnati, Ohio



Dear Sirs:

I wonder how many people were killed or maimed while the young man stopped on the *wrong side of the highway, at the top of a hill*, to steal that kiss!

GERTRUDE MATTHEWMAN
Picton, Ont.

● *Artist Williamson says that when the young man pulled out of his lane the road and visibility in the direction he was heading were clear for thirty-two miles.—ED.*

OBSCENITY PROBLEM

Dear Sirs:

The only thing wrong with your fine editorial, AFTER OBSCENITY, WHAT? [Feb. 17], lies in its supposition that "the last vestiges of Puritanism have been stamped into the earth." If this were so, there would be no market for smut.

MRS. BOB LINDSEY
Zirconia, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

In our haste [to stamp out Puritanism] we have failed to take the good that lies in the doctrines and beliefs of Puritanism. This has caused a void, and the void has been filled with obscenity. Cleanliness and modesty, honesty and integrity, ethics and morals, courage and loyalty were strong points in Puritanism. How can a novelist have outstanding characters to describe when he cannot give them some of these characteristics? If we have stamped out Puritanism, then perhaps we had better resurrect some of the good that was buried with it and so revive our literary excellence.

MARY C. BURGESS
Berea, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I resent the use of such words as "smut" regarding the *Tropic of Cancer*. This book is not smut or pornography. It is an exact illustration of the under-

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Each seat is
individually adjustable

Introducing the new Mercury METEOR S-33... Only car with bucket seat luxury and the best of both big cars and compacts. Available with hot new 260 V-8

Inside. The lap of luxury was never softer. The deeply contoured front seats seem molded just for you. Each adjusts individually for exactly the leg room and comfort you want. The upholstery, carpeting, trim, and instrument panel are all color-keyed to harmonize.

Outside. A crisp distinctive roof line. Special Meteor trim and ornamentation. Special wheel covers with tri-color emblems in the center. You can tell at a glance it's an S-33—the newest Mercury Meteor.

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All around. Everything you like best about big cars and compacts. Compact-car handling (turning radius only 19¾ feet), yet big-car performance (3 engines to choose from: an economy "6," a 221 V-8, and a hot new mile-melting **260 V-8**). Compact-car gas mileage and price, yet big-car room and ride. Sample the S-33. See why Meteor is . . .

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MANY, BLANC CORDIALS *(doo-boo-shay)*

change to a
DuBOUCHETT Cordial
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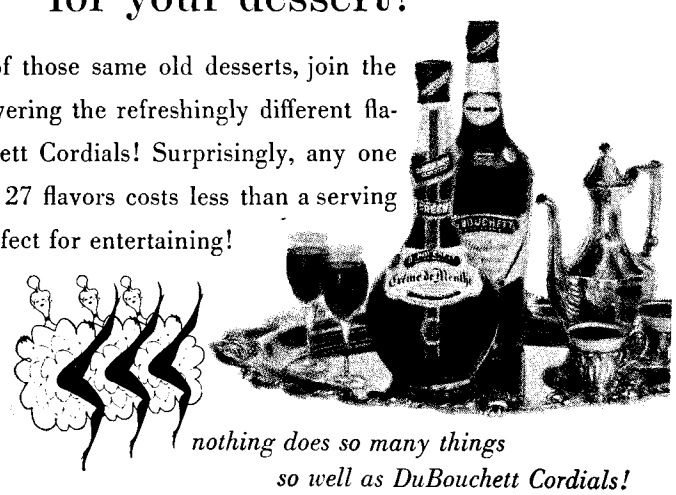


nothing does so many things so well as DuBouchett Cordials!

LETTERS

world of Paris in past times. Certainly Henry Miller has the right to pick this subject to write about, and if he picks this subject, how can he describe it exactly without being "frank" in his language and descriptions?

Certainly the type of life depicted in such books as the *Tropic of Cancer* will not disappear if this type of book is not written. We must know about such things as sexual perversion before we can combat them. There are two basic ways people become educated—artificially or through experience. Concerning many aspects of sex and social corruption, I prefer to be educated artificially, through the experience of others, than educated through my experience.

FRANK D. EAMAN
Dearborn, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial takes a healthy, balanced look at the problem and quite rightly refuses to see in *Tropic of Cancer* and similar books the collapse of western civilization. It should be read by all those Pollyannas who are supporting the Citizens for Decent Literature and similar groups that, although Christian in origin, are terrified by the thought that literature might discuss, either deliberately or unconsciously, that most Christian of concepts, sin.

REV. ROBERT W. HANEY
Minister of Education
First Church in Boston
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

You are so right! Modern novels are disgusting reading. However, to touch on the subject of sex (a necessity) with subtlety, not vulgarity, leaving something to the imagination, is an art in itself. A really good writer can do this. Perhaps the answer is lack of ability.

HAZEL PETTY
Rosemead, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It is not the writer's fault entirely. It is the publisher who prints this filth and distributes it over the land. The writer could write all the filth he wanted to, and it would not get out of his hands, except for the publisher. The publisher prints it because the public buys it.

DEDE SMITH
Harrison, Ark.

ECONOMIC BOOBS

Dear Sirs:

Luther H. Hodges [SPEAKING OUT: WE'RE FLUNKING OUR ECONOMIC ABC's, Mar. 10] asks, "Where do we start to stamp out economic illiteracy?" May I suggest he start at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue [the White House] and continue throughout the Administration he represents, and teach economic ABC's to the "boobs" who think standards can be raised by "increased Government spending."

CHARLES H. MCKEE
Covington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

One must assume that Secretary of Commerce Hodges is never permitted to speak at Cabinet meetings.

JOSEPH PAUL MORRIS, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

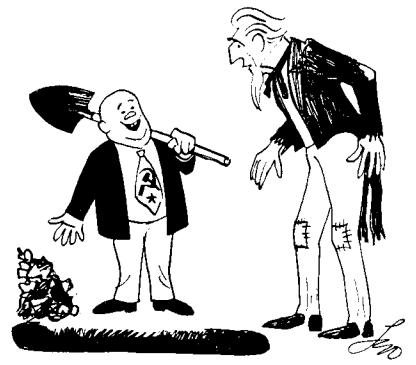
As a teacher of an adult-education course in economics, I applaud Secretary Hodges for his frank statement of a crucial problem. But his statement of the problem is almost too naïve.

Are we to suppose that President Kennedy, his economic advisers, and the professional economists who plot and plan in the interests of giant corporations are all agreed as to the proper answers to economic problems? Can Secretary Hodges really believe that economists will unite in a concerted effort to render clear that which they have for more than a century labored to confuse?

WILLIAM F. KRUMREIG
Lakewood, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I'm not as much concerned about the fools in Washington spending us into the poorhouse as I am about the eas



with which the Communists can take over poor ole bankrupt Uncle Sam.

E. A. COLEMAN
Old Greenwich, Conn.

MISS TEEN-AGER

Dear Sirs:

I was interested in your article on HOW THEY PICKED "MISS TEEN-AGE AMERICA" [by Joe Alex Morris, Mar. 3], but don't quite understand why it was necessary for Mr. Reynolds to give such great thought to establishing his format, which appears to be simply a small-scale copy of the Miss America competition. Atlantic City's September spectacular, as most people know, has been going strong since 1921.

LOU CUNNINGHAM, *Publicity Director*
City Department of Public Relations
Atlantic City, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Your article was very interesting. This is the kind of article we young people enjoy.

MARY KAY FRAYER (*age* 11)
Bell, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Joe Alex Morris may have been a trifle one-sided. This contest undoubtedly has its commercial and promotional aspects, but it certainly sounds like a healthy and delightful thing for teen-age girls.

DOROTHY GRANT
New York, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
3–Suzanne Szasz; Ormond Gigli; Burton McNeely. • 17–John Bryson; Zen Yonkovig. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25–John Bryson. • 26–Bernard Brussel-Smith. • 28–Ernest Reshovsky. • 29–Frank Ross. • 30–Arthur Shay. • 31–Elliott Erwitt. • 32–James Bama. 34, 35, 36, 38–Inge Morath. • 40, 41–Joe De Mers. • 44–Bill Shrout. • 53, 58–Suzanne Szasz. • 60, 61, 62, 65–Ormond Gigli. • 69–Jim Burns; John Burns; two by John Burns; two by Jim Burns; two by John Burns. • 76–S. Neil Fujita. • 96, 97, 98, 99–Hans Knopf.

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My pose, you see, is new—
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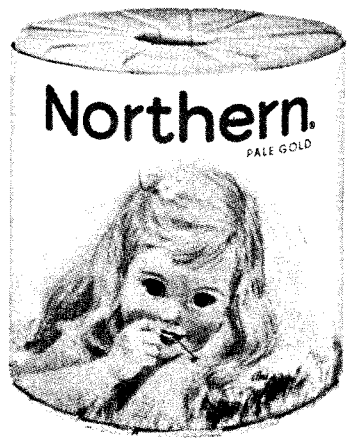
Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is made with fluff
Nothing else is soft enough



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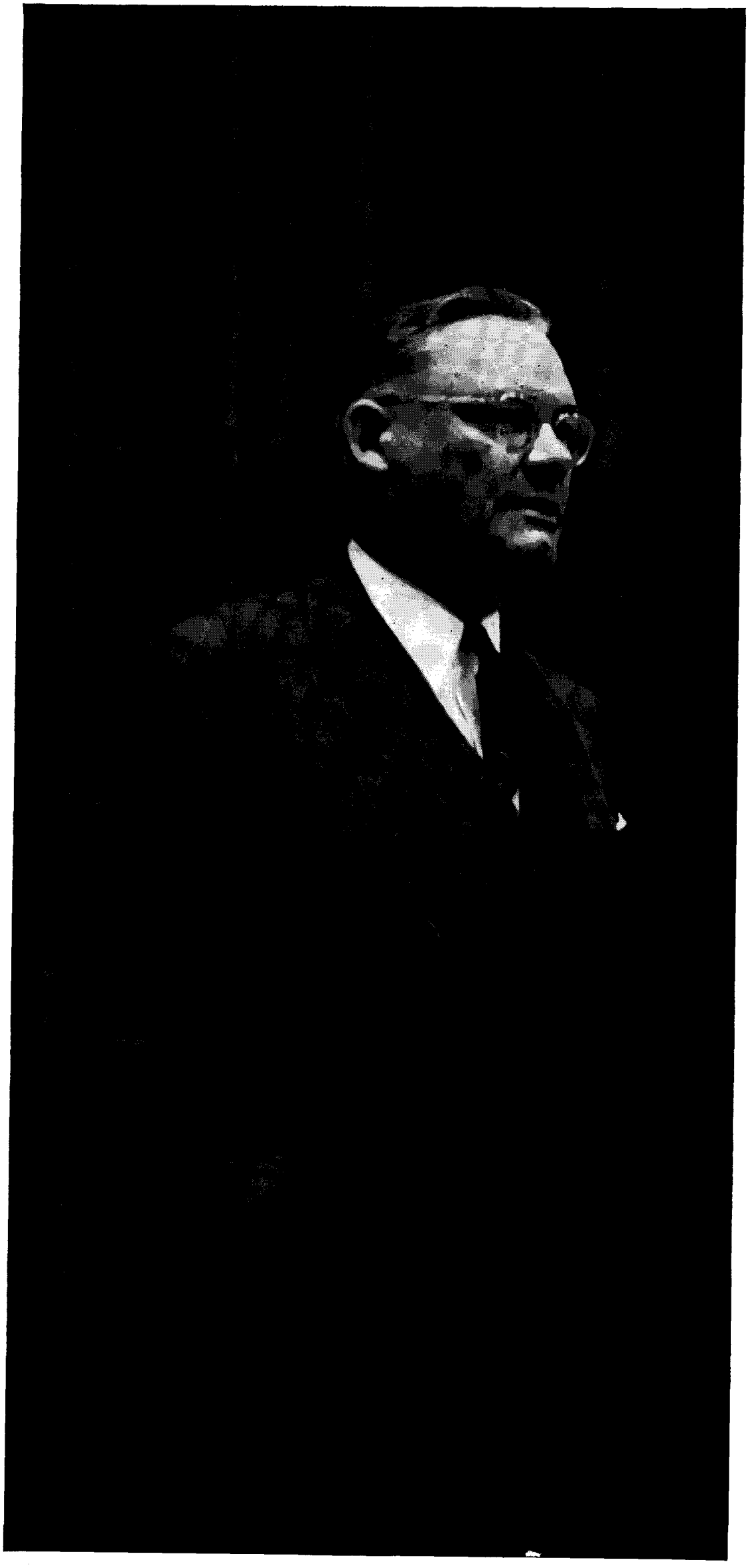

The Bell

THIS is a growing business.

It is a business based on continuous technical progress, which last year had a record $2.7 billion construction program.

To help keep it growing, $1.4 billion in new capital was raised in 1961. Our net income for the year amounted to $5.52 a share on the nearly 233 million average shares of stock outstanding—much less than the $8.18 a share paid in taxes.

Into space and under seas

Discoveries and developments made at Bell Telephone Laboratories—including transistors, solar cells that convert sunlight into electricity and long-lived "traveling wave" electron tubes—will make possible the "Telstar," an experimental communications satellite to be launched this spring, at our expense, by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Late this year, our new cable ship, "Long Lines," will start laying a new type of undersea cable with three times the capacity of the first cables laid only six years ago.

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System reports to the people it serves

We have just mailed our 1961 Annual Report to more than two million share owners. But that doesn't finish the job. Many of the other millions of people we serve may be interested in what's happening. Here are some of the highlights.

With all our concern for the importance of outer space and ocean floor, the BIG job, as always, is giving personal attention to every customer's every need.

In 1961, we made check after check of how we perform *from the viewpoint of the people we serve.*

As a result, we sincerely believe that more people than ever before are getting better, faster, more convenient service. But improvements are always needed *and we'll keep making them.*

Some of the year's advances

These are a few of the advances made in 1961:

We put many more public phones on city streets and public highways for your convenience and protection.

Direct Distance Dialing was expanded and is now available to nearly two-thirds of our customers.

To suit our customers' convenience, as suburbs continued to grow, many local calling areas were enlarged. As a result, and with modest rate adjustments, over 27 million more calls could be made without toll charges. This trend will continue.

Improved communications systems became available for the use of our business customers —to help them cut costs and improve profits.

Installations of DATA-PHONE service, which enables business machines to "talk" to each other over regular telephone lines, nearly doubled during 1961.

Looking ahead, two new "optical masers" lead us to think we'll learn to communicate on beams of pure light—with capacities enormously greater than any conductor today.

All these service improvements come sooner and at less cost to users because Bell Laboratories, Western Electric and the Bell operating companies work together, closely and constantly, as members of the same organization and toward the same goals.

Serving America's defenses

During 1961, Bell System people continued to design and build for the military services defense communications facilities that range from the Aleutian Islands to Iceland . . . others that link U. S. bases around the world.

Nike Zeus anti-missile systems, for which we designed and developed tracking and guidance systems, passed several tests successfully. An important outgrowth of this work is the "command guidance" system used for launching Titan 1 ICBM's and guiding satellites into orbit. This has worked without failure on more than 70 shots.

It all depends on people

We believe the performance of Bell System people was never better than in 1961. And they try to be not just telephone men and women but good citizens, active in community affairs.

Altogether, 1961 was a year which brought us closer to the goal expressed at the 50th Anniversary of the Telephone Pioneers last September:

"We shall build a greater communications system in keeping with the needs of a new era in man's history—and a service organization unparalleled anywhere in the world."

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Owned by more than two million Americans

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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

GRANDMA, STAY AWAY FROM MY DOOR!

By ROBERT and RUTH NEILSON

If you feel sympathy for your widowed mother, or in-law, don't. Giving grandma pity is the same as handing her a loaded gun—and she'll use it. Your home will become an occupied country.

We write from nine years' experience in the hope others will learn how to protect themselves when mother-in-law arrives on the doorstep. Few families will escape, for it seems we are becoming a nation of widows. Today the mother who has come to live with her children is the most discussed problem in our suburbs, but she is talked about—honestly—in secret, with whispers late at night behind closed bedroom doors or on those rare occasions when you can arrange a visit, without mother-in-law, with friends who have the same problem.

The reason for secrecy is not so much the threat of retaliation as your own sense of guilt. Grandma today is rarely an obvious cross to bear. Chances are she dresses stylishly—or at least casually—in slacks or shorts, has a drink or three with your guests, perhaps even drives a sports car. To the outsider she seems an enviable household appliance full of charm, good works, wit, wisdom, all topped with a helpful bundle of insurance money. Your friends can't understand why the delightful old gal who did the twist at the Holbrooks' party is as much a problem as the puritanical granny who terrorizes a home from her rocking chair. If your friends do sense a problem after a visit to your tension-torn household, they are likely to express smug affection for their own mothers, who are so different—one lives in Houston, the other in Saskatchewan. The fact that you can't have a peaceful household seems a tragic failure to those who can comfort themselves with the simple affection born of great distance and rare holiday visits.

Robert and Ruth Neilson (pseudonyms for the real-life authors) write from their own experience. They have been married twelve years, and Mrs. Neilson's mother has lived with them for more than nine years.

You know too well that you ought to love mother, and it is hard to be honest with your friends, relatives, your husband or wife or even yourself if you'd like to break the dinner platter, which used to be Aunt Julia's, over dear mother's skull. You are torn between the love you ought to feel and the true emotion akin to hate you do feel. Your guilt keeps you from solving the problem or even defining it.

This conspiracy of silence about the true dimensions of the mother problem in a nation so fond of advice-giving is extraordinary. Before we were married we were counseled by friends, relations, bankers, doctors, clergymen, insurance agents, real-estate people; and when our first baby was on the way, we even attended a course for parents at the hospital. No problem of marriage or parenthood was too intimate for this army of counselors; but when we faced the problem of being responsible children and caring for mother, not one person gave us a syllable of advice.

Innocent and full of sympathy, we visited her alone in the family home and said, "Come live with us." When the moving van arrived, we were occupied without a shot being fired.

We discovered the military comparison is quite appropriate. Each mother realizes, consciously or subconsciously, that she is engaged in a struggle for survival when she goes to live with the children. There is no secret about her need for a new role in life, and you even admire her courage, until you realize her victory is your defeat.

First comes the beachhead operation. Warm with togetherness, you plunk grandma in the study. It is "her" room now, you say, and grandma answers that she loves it but hates to put Bob out. The beachhead will slowly and innocently expand. This is accomplished skillfully with small things—nothing you can refuse. Grandma doesn't try, at first, to put a five-foot-wide steel engraving of *The Angelus* with gilt frame on the wall. The attack is more subtle.

"These candlesticks I brought were your Aunt Pearl's. They'd look sweet on the table tonight when Bob's boss is coming." Next Tuesday it's a lamp in the living room, then a mixer in the kitchen. Room by room mother makes the house hers, marching forward with resolute generosity, until you feel as if you were living in a hotel.

Instead of being credited with tolerance, you discover yourselves described as the fortunate, if a bit irresponsible, recipients of charity. We found our home, which was purposely kept clean, modern, and safe for the children to play in, filled with the taste of an age we loathed. Grandma, however, was smugly pleased that she could do something to relieve the barren squalor in which we existed before her arrival.

This crucial first stage of occupation is more effective if you accept the offer of a bit of the insurance kitty as either a gift or a loan to buy a larger house, fix up grandma's room, or finish the basement TV room. Grandma may even insist on contributing to family projects, but once you accept a dollar, you have become in her eyes—and the eyes of your brothers, sisters, neighbors and friends—indigent children accepting her full support.

More insidiously than the physical domination of your home comes the erosion of your privacy. You married to be alone together. Now you are never alone. Grandma is always listening. If you sit up to see the late show on TV, you can't neck like teen-agers—grandma is on the couch beside you, looking. Mother may have left you alone when you were courting, but now all that foolishness is over, there's no reason—in her mind—for privacy. The wife suffers worst here. She can't have a friend in for coffee, go down to the basement to do the laundry, make the beds or plant a tulip without grandma coming along. The quick trip to the supermarket turns into an expedition. The pressure is always on. Mother demands constant companionship. Mother's desire for affection is insatiable, and the daughter who is made vulnerable by the insidious combination of pity and guilt gives mother the love and attention which she should reserve for her family. Mother leaves her drained; she has nothing left to give her children and her husband.

The idea that mother is a built-in baby-sitter is the most infuriating myth perpetuated by family and friends. Actually, more than half the mothers-in-law living with their children hate to baby-sit. Grandma wants to escape the human zoo as much as you do, but not with her own friends, for she expects to go along on your party. If she isn't invited and if you hire a baby-sitter, she stays home and takes it out on the confused teen-ager.

A grandparent is a parent without responsibility. It is your job to see the children aren't spoiled or suppressed. You must temper your love with reason and direction. Grandma can be too lenient or too strict by whim. Discipline is undermined by a jelly bean one day, a cooky the next. The look of sympathy given by grandma to a spanked son makes him realize he has a powerful divisive force. With the instincts of Machiavelli, the average child constantly plays his three parents against one another. If the tension doesn't scar the children, it sure eats at the grown-ups.

A neighbor of ours described life with mother-in-law as "the death of 10,000 cuts." We agree. No single incident is serious enough to warrant a major scene. Who can get angry at grandma for wanting to fix the roast the way dad wanted it, for wanting to give the youngsters a piece of Valentine candy, for entertaining your friends, for putting her best antique umbrella stand in the hall?

It is a war of attrition. A great international power can be defeated by a few guerrillas on their own ground because the nation has vast global concerns while the band of guerrillas can concentrate on one mountain pass.

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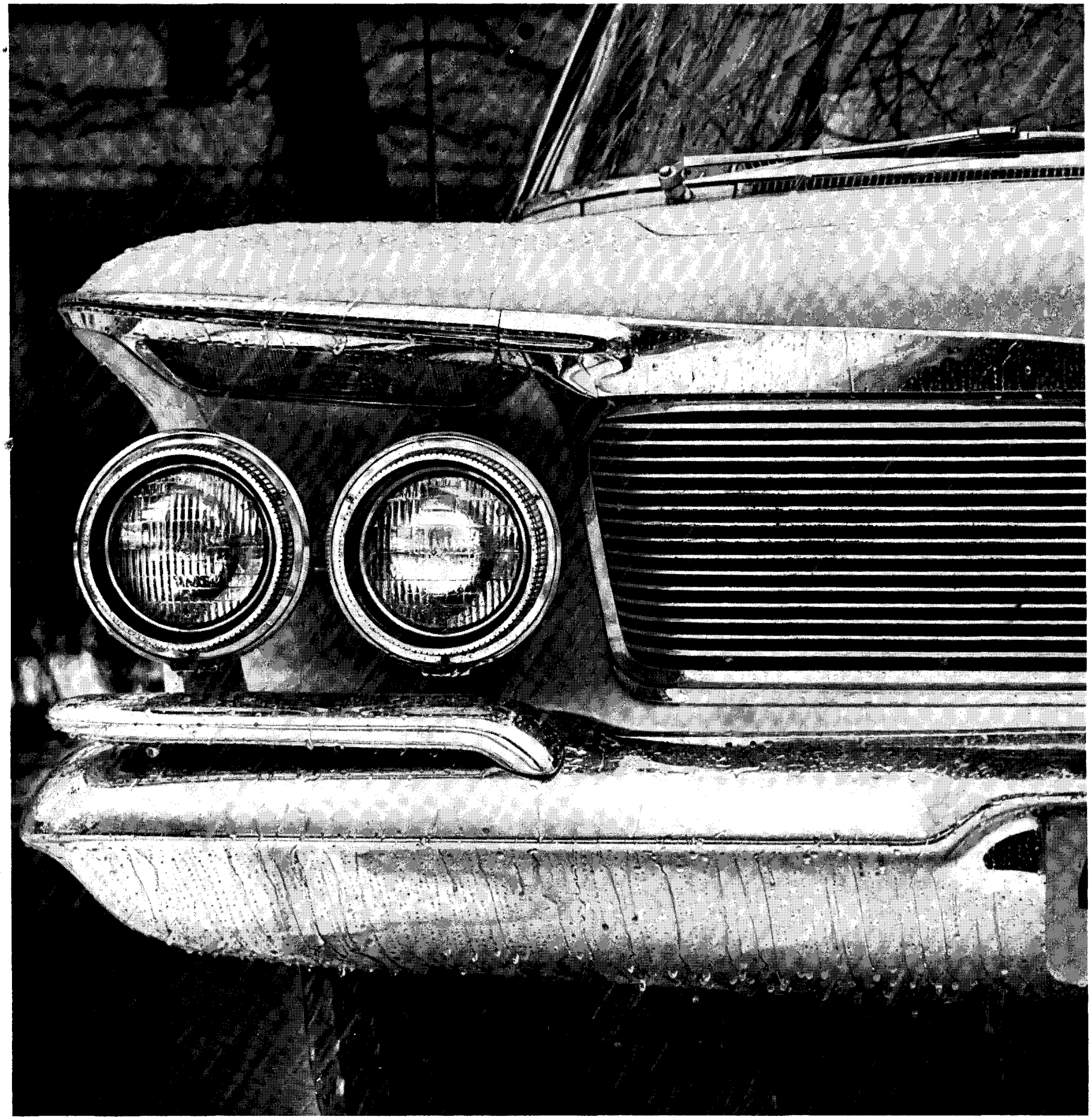

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Whether it's on your 1962 car or a new household appliance, quality Nickel-Chrome Plating assures a lustrous, long-lasting finish. Over 50 years of research by Inco has contributed to its development.

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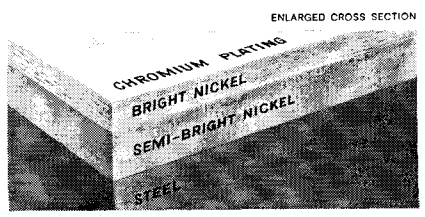

Double-layer Nickel-Chrome Plating gives your car's brightwork solid protection against rough weather, punishing wear. © *1962, Inco*

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SPEAKING OUT

Grandma succeeds in the same way. The husband has to go out to work; the wife has a hundred responsibilities in and out of the house, but Grandma's horizons are limited; she can focus all her considerable energies on the insignificant and the important with equal force. She can change the dinner hour minute by minute, persuade her daughter to stop wearing her hair the way her husband liked it, undermine your faith in your best friends, turn the late Saturday-morning snooze into an evil and indolent custom, control the Wednesday-night television shows, make son-in-law's career appear a failure—all with similar passion.

A husband and wife suffer the insidious need to justify themselves to mother—to apologize for punishing the children when they needed punishing, to explain the husband's decision to take a new job, which is none of her business, to excuse themselves for going to the church supper which they had a right to attend.

The magic of a good marriage is worn away by the weight of constant justification, and the weak marriage collapses under this pressure. Mother-in-law is thought of as a joke, not the third party in a divorce action. She is hardly ever cited, but she is often the real cause of divorce and of many more secret separations in which a husband and wife are driven apart and live as strangers in the same house, existing through a bleak middle age which is lonely and bitter.

The obvious solution to the mother-in-law problem is hinted at by friends and family who avoid expressing it honestly, the same way you refuse to admit it to yourself. The problem will be solved when mother dies.

True enough, but you can't live in the hope of another human being's death; no responsible person can pray for that solution. Worse perhaps than that—it just isn't practical. The chances are that mother will live on and on. Your friends who do not have the problem seem to feel it is something to be lived through, that it will all be over in a short time.

We agreed, and did little to solve our problem. Mother moved in when we were in our thirties. We are now in our forties. She is, thank goodness, in fine health. The doctor told us the other day that she has twenty years of life ahead of her. By the end of her normal life expectancy we will be at retirement age, not having had a home of our own for three decades.

We have one friend who is fifty-five years old and cannot make a cup of tea without her mother telling her how to heat the pot first. Her husband has become so involved in business and civic affairs that he is rarely home. In another case, a woman we know has to take her mother for a drive every afternoon. Mother is ninety-one, her daughter is sixty-two, and she hasn't had a weekend away with her husband in thirty-five years. His hobby, now that he has retired, is drinking.

We saw our own marriage being destroyed by mother. We had increasing problems with each other and with our children. Luckily we kept a line of communication open; we could talk over our problems and be honest about their cause. We said, aloud, the obvious truth that our marriage was on the brink of destruction—and it had been a good marriage. The reason was simple: Mother had taken over our home. She had divided us and she stood between us and our children. Hate and tension ruled our house instead of love and peace. It was not a haven; it was a place to flee.

It was years after we understood the problem that we were able to find a practical compromise, a workable solution which has given us some time by ourselves, alone with each other and alone with our children, a solution which, at least, relieved us of the burden of guilt.

At first we told mother off. Years of suppressed anger burst out. That was as effective as punching a pillow. Grandma will dissolve in tears, be understanding of your need for privacy; she will be a delight—for a day or a week, perhaps even a month. But inevitably she begins her subtle invasion again.

Reason, the logical solution of male minds, will not work at all. A husband who thinks he is talking to grandma about her taking a little vacation with her other daughter soon finds himself assuring the lonely old lady that there's no reason to put everything in storage and be incarcerated in a county home, that this is her house and, of course, they want her right here with them.

A counteroffensive with mother's subtle weapons isn't possible. You don't have mother's time, dedication or infinite petty resources. As her righteousness makes her strong, your guilt and sympathy make you weak.

The only real solution is something alien to most American homes—a stern, continuous sense of authority. This is best established when mother arrives. She should be allowed just enough belongings for her room; her money must never be borrowed, and her visits to other family members must be placed on a regular basis, without exception. Each time she interferes with the discipline of the children, she must be called on it, publicly.

You must grow up when mother moves in. You must exercise the responsibility of a parent—firmly, lovingly, without guilt. This is your home. Mother once lived in her own home and she made the rules, but now the role is reversed, and both of you must understand it. She lives in your home and has to obey your rules. This may be sad, but it is not your fault; it is the natural course of life.

You run your children's lives and you'll have to do the same thing for grandma, making sure that she has a place in your home, but that she stays in that place. You will have to guard your authority and privacy; you will have to work out a relationship for her with the children which is healthy for both of them. You will have to find her some friends and activities, take her to the doctor, insist that she visit her other children. It will not be easy, for she will always keep up a counterpressure with the same persistence as a three-year-old who wants a lollipop. Sulks, tantrums and even the fake heart attack which fooled us, but not the doctor who knew the situation, will be her weapons; but you must be as firm as you are with a boy who doesn't want to go to school.

You can protect yourself and your home if you are quietly firm, rewarding and disciplining grandmother with understanding, affection and concern. You will have to find a useful role for mother so that she can have self-respect without usurping your role. She has to learn to be a grandmother, to live in a stranger's house, but she can't until you grow up and become the head of that house. Don't feel sorry for grandma. Love her as you love your children—with responsibility and without guilt for the authority which is rightfully yours. THE END

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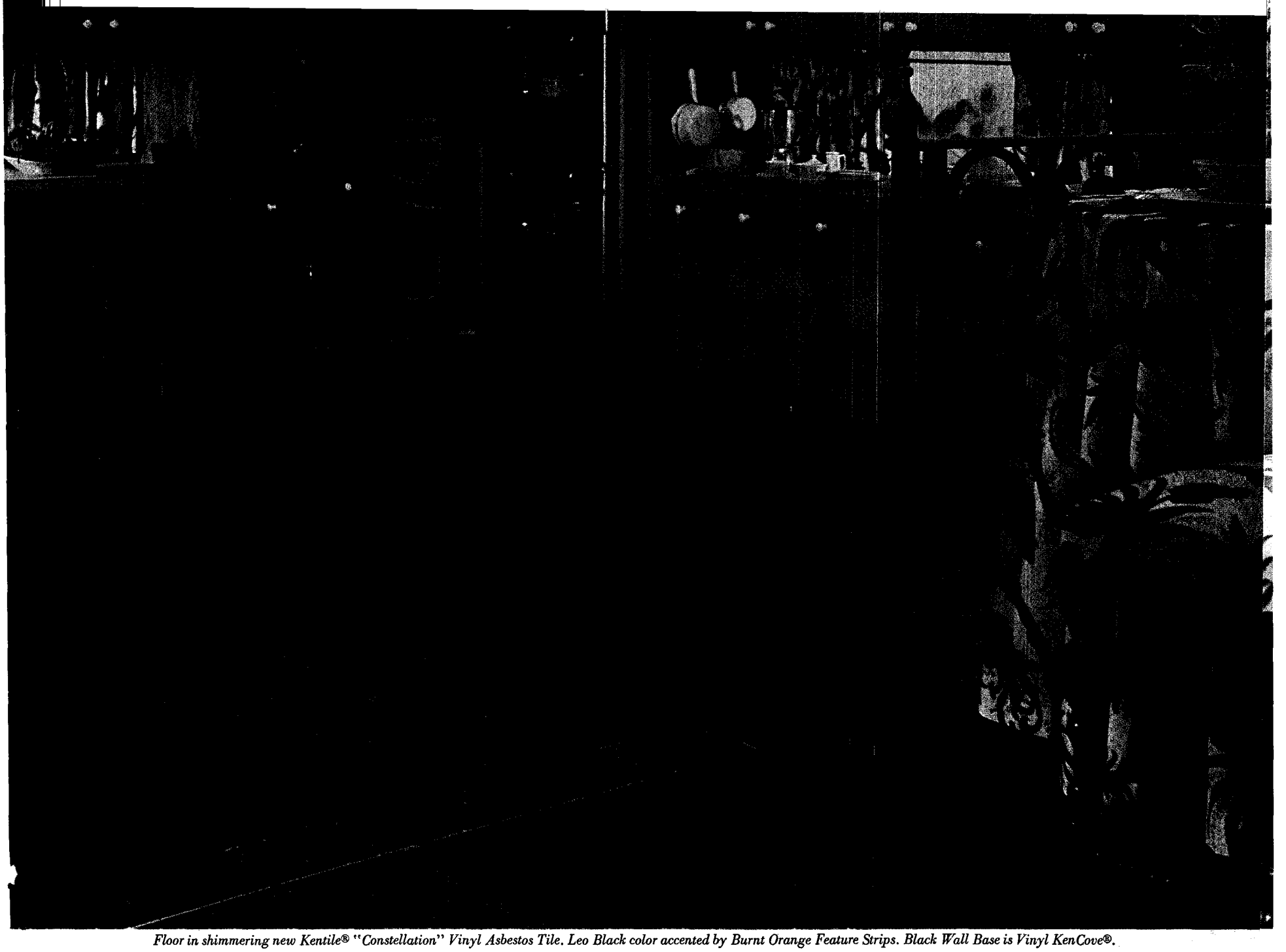
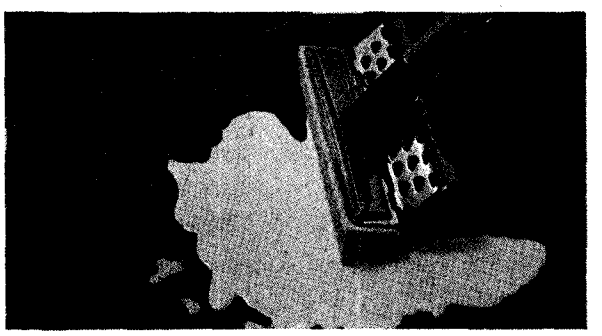


Floor in shimmering new Kentile® "Constellation" Vinyl Asbestos Tile. Leo Black color accented by Burnt Orange Feature Strips. Black Wall Base is Vinyl KenCove®.

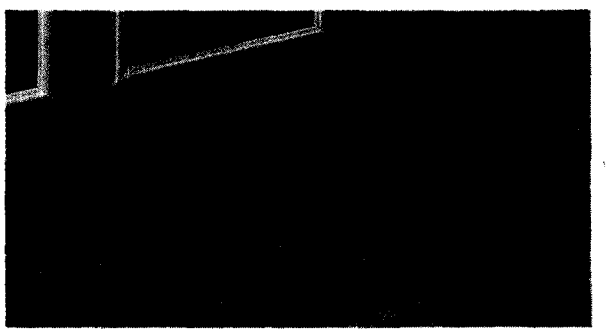
Here's a sparkling Kentile vinyl floor you can self-install for about $65!

Golden metallic chips embedded in translucent vinyl! That's new Kentile "Constellation" Vinyl Asbestos Tile. About $65 buys everything: tile, adhesive, *and* feature strip for any 12′ x 15′ area. Rather have your dealer do it? Tile costs less to have installed than flooring in rolls. See your nearby Kentile Dealer soon. Check the Yellow Pages for his name and address.

Install Kentile "Constellation" yourself . . . in any room in your home. Goes right over your old floor. All you need are scissors, a brush, and adhesive! Your choice of 6 colors.



Dirt and grease can't stick to this super-smooth surface. Result? Kentile "Constellation" is the easiest floor of all to clean . . . and keep clean. Each waxing lasts far longer!



Vinyl KenCove Wall Base simplifies cleaning. The perfect finishing touch where wall meets floor. Won't show mop marks. Never needs painting. Available in 7 harmonizing colors.

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WITH TUFSYN... 1962 Custom Super-Cushion run for 21,501 fast-wear miles.

New Tufsyn in Goodyear tires

These 2 tires were run the same distance. On the same car. To let you see the difference Tufsyn makes in Goodyear's new tread compound.

What is Tufsyn? Tufsyn is the name for Goodyear's polybutadiene—the new *tough synthetic*—as developed and specially processed for use in Goodyear tires.

Tufsyn is different from conventional "rubbers"—either natural rubber or previous synthetics. It looks the same. It feels the same. It's in the same family. But, it's tougher. More durable.

Proof? Look at the unretouched photos above. The tire at the right—a 1961 Goodyear—is *famous* for mileage. That's why it was standard equipment on so many makes of new cars last year.

Thousands more miles with Tufsyn—The tire at the left—a 1962 Goodyear with Tufsyn in the tread compound—was still good for thousands of miles when the test was over. Remember—both tires went the *same* mileage over the *same* roads on the *same* car—rotated every 1000 miles. Speed: 60-65 mph.

And we didn't stop with the tread. We added new Tufsyn to the tire body, too—to make it safer. Because Tufsyn holds a tire together

TUFSYN, SUPER-CUSHION, T.M.'s THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON 16, OHIO

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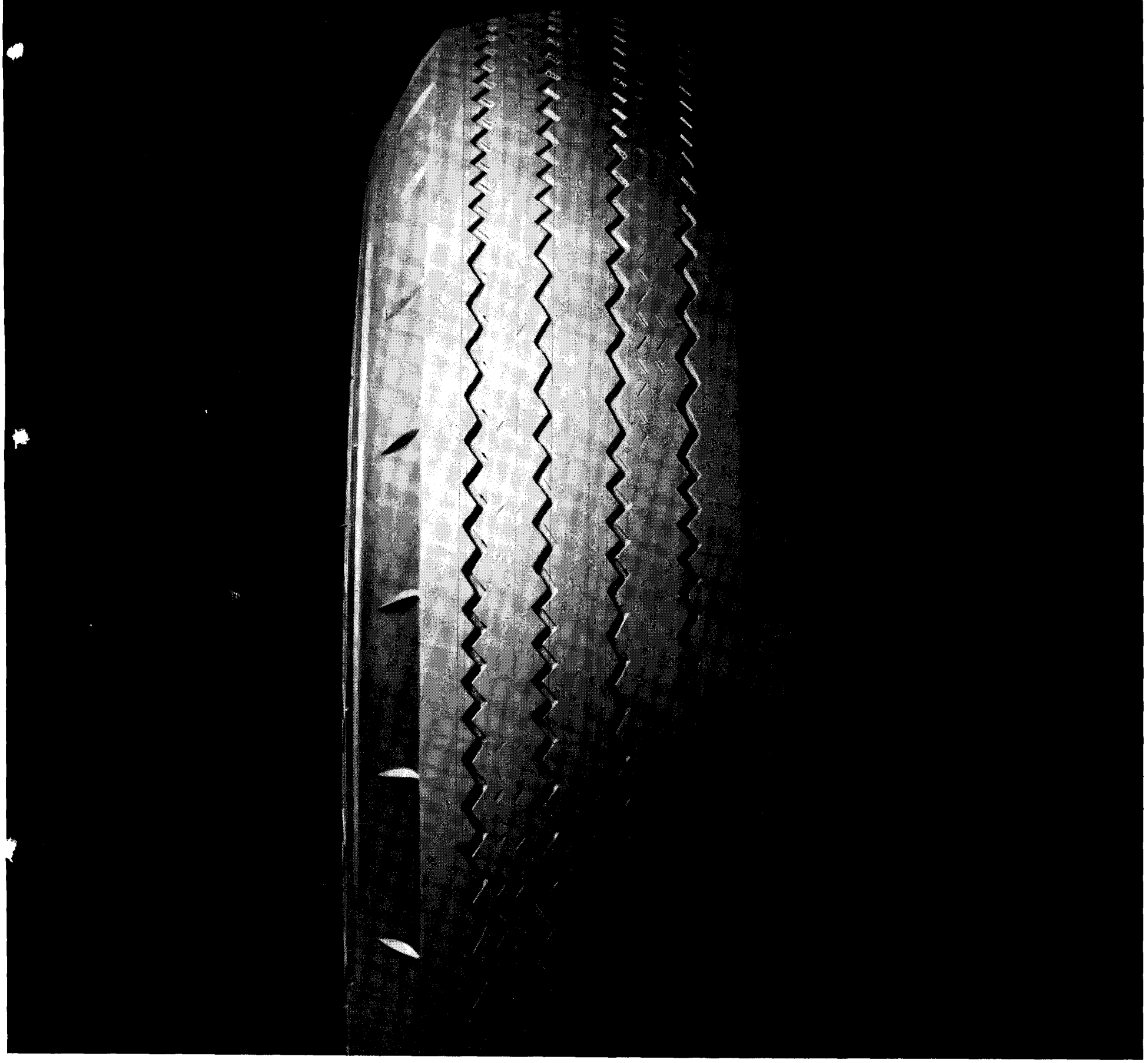
WITHOUT TUFSYN ... 1961 Custom Super-Cushion run for the same mileage.



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25% more durable tire body—In fact, Tufsyn when combined with
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sistance to road shock—increases tire body
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More than ever, you get a tire that's built for
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s all made possible by Goodyear's *know how*.

Our constant search for *better* materials and *better* methods means you get a *better* tire. You can count on it.

Remember the name: Tufsyn. Because you're going to want it. Your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store has it. Now.

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ON THE BEST OF TERMS. And any General Motors dealer using GMAC can arrange terms to fit *your* budget for financing your car and car insurance, also creditor life insurance.

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The king, the queen and their domain.

The Saturday Evening **POST**
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
B. Franklin

IRAN'S GOOD KING

BY HAROLD H. MARTIN Photographs by JOHN BRYSON

A report from the imperial realm of "our stanchest ally in the Middle East."

In Iran the New Year begins on the first day of spring. At the moment when the sun, on its northward journey, passes into the Sign of the Ram, cannons boom in all the little towns and villages to announce that Noruz, the New Day, has begun. Suddenly the ancient land comes alive. Dressed in new clothes, the people dance and sing, and give one another presents of fresh flowers and clay jars filled with new-sprouted grain. It is a time of new hope and fresh beginnings. It is the time also when His Imperial Majesty, Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi, Iran's King of Kings, and our stanchest ally in the Middle East, reports on the state of the nation to his 20,000,000 subjects.

Last year his message had a buoyant ring. Never before, said the Shahanshah, had he felt such confidence in Iran's future. Never had her horizon seemed more bright. Everywhere there were signs of progress—hospitals, schools, farms, factories, which showed that the people were busy with productive works. Allah had blessed Iran, he said, with all the material and spiritual factors needed to make it a model country, an example to others. Hope, optimism and self-confidence had replaced anxiety in the hearts of his people.

Less than two months later every Iranian, from the Shah himself down to the lowliest peasant, was gripped by anxiety. The country was on the brink of moral and financial bankruptcy. The treasury was empty of foreign exchange. Rumors of corruption in high places stirred the populace to anger, and 5000 teachers, striking for higher wages, and 25,000 students were fighting the Shah's gendarmes in the streets of Tehran.

Everything the Shah had said in his New Year's message had been true. For six years Iran had, indeed, far outpaced her Mideastern neighbors in the speed of her progress to better things. In Tehran, skyscrapers had sprung up everywhere, and the barren hills around the city were covered with new villas. In even the smallest villages, shops were filled with foreign goods, and in Tehran, luxury items from everywhere were on display—on easy credit terms. From the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf great highways were being built, and huge airports constructed to open up Iran to all the world. The United States could join with the Shah in taking pride in these things, for in the years since the war more than $1,000,000,000 in American technical and military aid had combined with Iran's oil revenues to create this prosperity.

Unfortunately, things the Shah had *not* said in his New Year's message were also true. The great inflow of new money, which had started in 1954 when Iran's nationalized oil industry began to produce again, had set off an explosive inflation. Riding this price spiral, thousands of Iranians had become vastly rich, but millions more had been driven to the point of starvation. A soaring speculative boom in land and buildings, based on easy credit and interest rates that rose as high as 50 percent, had given Tehran the glamour and glitter of a great modern city. But beggars haunted the unswept and broken streets, and in the vacant lots among the new apartment buildings hungry job hunters from the provinces slept on the ground like animals. In the villages feudal landlords still held their tenants in virtual serfdom, and the people, made apathetic by poverty, ignorance and disease, still lived in the medieval squalor they had endured for 2000 years. The highways and the airfields and the huge dams that tamed the rivers had been spectacular achievements, but they had done little to change the peasant farmer's lot.

To the United States Government this state of affairs was a matter of more than humanitarian concern. One glance at the map reveals why this is so. Iran shares an 1100-mile border with Soviet Russia. In 1955, with Turkey, Iraq and Pakistan, the Shah had signed the Baghdad Pact, out of which had grown the Central Treaty Organization which fringed southwest Russia with countries friendly to the Western world. When Mr. Khrushchev had rebuked the Shah for this move, he had stoutly stood his ground. Two years later we had agreed to defend his country from outside aggression by any means necessary, including armed force. We had no other choice. Iran, geographically, was the keystone of CENTO, which, in turn, was the link connecting Pakistan, the westernmost SEATO country, with Turkey, the eastern anchor of NATO's defensive line.

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"The Shah is no Farouk to be driven into exile. He is a king who knows the needs of his people."

The beautiful Farah, third wife of the Shahanshah and Queen of Iran. Her romance with the monarch began via a meeting arranged by his daughter.

"Iran," an American diplomat explained, "is like the stopper in the bathtub. Pull it out, and the Caspian Sea, which is a Soviet lake, will pour down into the Persian Gulf. Create a political vacuum here, and the Russians will seize the warm-water ports they've been wanting ever since the time of Peter the Great. They'll be in striking distance of 181,000,000,000 barrels of Mideastern oil—two thirds of the free world's known supply—and with control of that oil they could cripple West Europe's industry. And they'll be just three days' sailing time from the coast of Africa."

The Shah was well aware that the teachers' strike could set off a political explosion that would expose his country to grave danger from the north. Convinced that it is the duty of a Persian king to rule as well as reign, he met the crisis head on. He replaced the prime minister who had headed the corrupt, inflation-minded government, appointing in his place one of the government's sharpest critics—a sternly honest old statesman named Ali Amini. To give Amini a free hand, he dissolved a free-spending, pork-barrel parliament on the grounds that its members had been elected by fraud.

Armed with the Shah's mandate to do what was necessary to put the struggling country on its feet, Amini laid about him with a heavy hand. As soon as he took office, he jailed the minister of fisheries, the minister of finance, the minister of interior, the chief of army intelligence and a lady of high social station named Madame Davaloo, called the Queen of Caviar, who had been in charge of the world-wide sale of Iranian sturgeon eggs. All were charged with misuse of public funds. At the same time Amini slammed the door on the import of some 200 luxury items, including limousines and television sets, French perfumes and exotic foreign dancers. To brake the wild inflation, he clamped tight controls on bank loans and credits. And, to help him over the financial hump, we immediately advanced the country $53,000,000 in already allocated loans and grants.

Some months later the emergency seemed past. For a long afternoon the Shah laid aside his royal burdens to play a role which pleases every father. In the gardens of the summer palace on the outskirts of Tehran, he posed proudly for *Post* photographer John Bryson's camera with his beautiful young Queen, Farah, and the handsome young heir to the throne she had borne him eleven months before. It was a pleasant, domestic scene, in a setting bright with flowers. The royal poodles scampered about, barking in excitement. The court chamberlain, a man of great dignity, did a little dance and made faces, trying to make the baby laugh. His Imperial Highness, Prince Reza, who was teething, made everybody laugh. He seized a geranium, which his nurse held out, and popped it in his mouth. The Queen, with the aplomb that mothers show in such moments of crisis, promptly fished it out. There was no hint, in the quiet garden, of the greater crises which still lurked like ogres beyond the garden walls, nor of the dynamic forces of change which could, if uncontrolled, destroy this happy family and all it represented.

Later, in the palace, over tea poured from a golden pot, the Shah talked with utmost candor of his country's problems, its weaknesses and strengths, and of what kind of country he wanted to hand over to his son when the time came for him to leave the Peacock Throne.

In Iran, as elsewhere in the world, he said, a great spirit of nationalism was stirring among the people. The ancient shackles of imperialism were being thrown off, the chains of feudalism were being broken; and this was good. Unfortunately, in some Mideastern countries, this nationalist spirit was being transmuted into a spirit of neutralism—a neutralism which purported to see no difference in the political goals of the Soviet Union and those of the United States.

To him, as Iran's king, this neutralism was arrant and dangerous nonsense. One overwhelming political fact of life that no ruler of Iran would ever forget was that Russia was Iran's enemy and Russia's purpose was to dominate his country.

Iran, he said, could not be neutral where Russia was concerned. She had tried it, to her sorrow. During the Second World War, British, American and Russian armies had occupied his country. After the war the British and the Americans had pulled out. The Russians had stubbornly

Over tea from a golden teapot, the Shah talked candidly.

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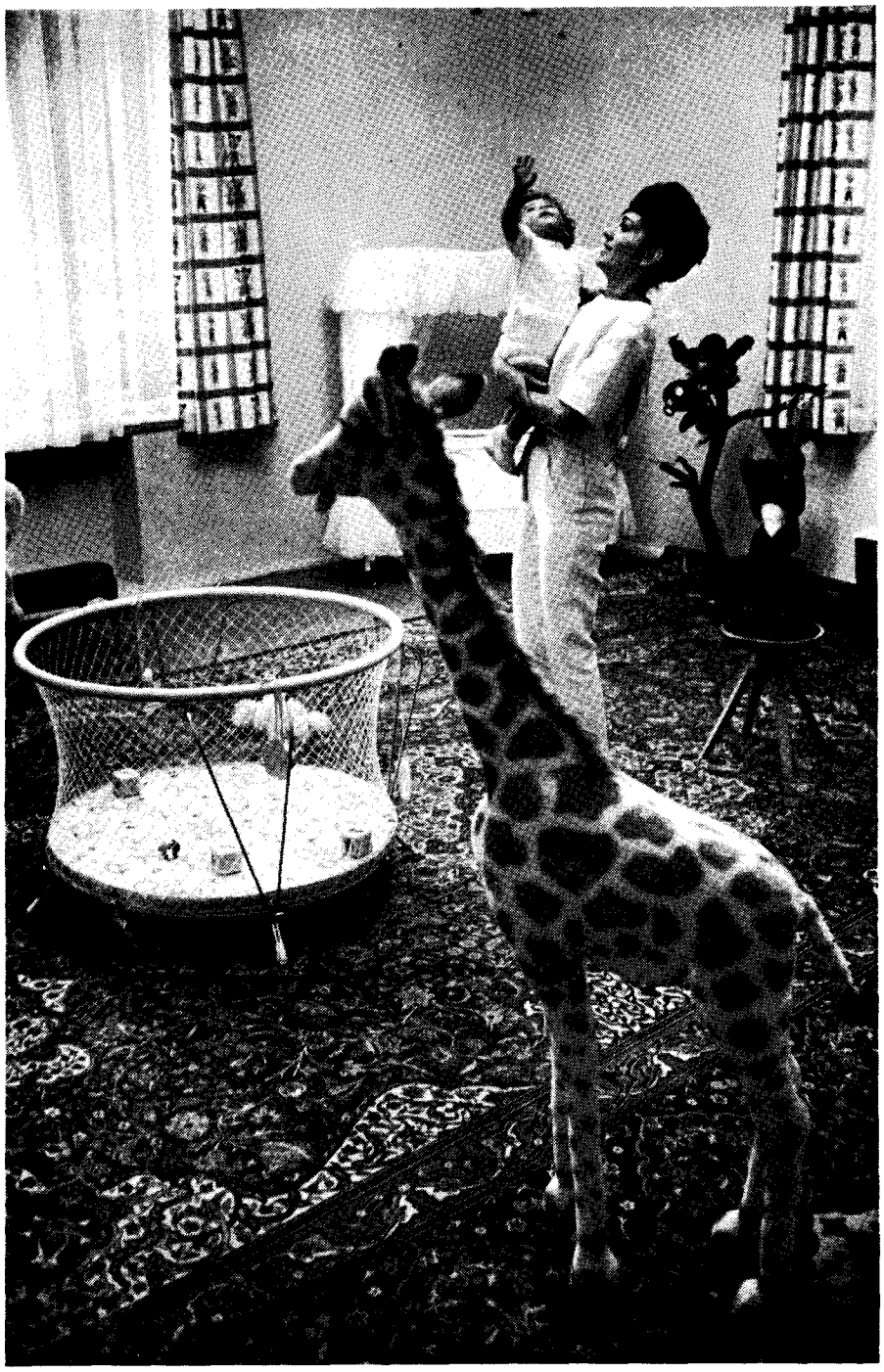
"How could the Shah be sure, I asked, that his son would have a role in the future of Iran?"



Queen Farah and Crown Prince Reza in the ornate nursery of the summer palace. The birth of this child fulfilled the King's long-frustrated hope for a son.

stayed on, setting up two puppet governments in the northwestern provinces of Azerbaijan and Kurdistan. There in 1946, he said, was fought what history would record as the first bloodless battle of the cold war. The United States had come to his aid in bringing pressure on the Russians to withdraw their troops. Once the Red troops were gone, the tribes and his own armies had moved in, and the puppet regimes had fallen.

Mr. Khrushchev, the Shah recalled, had said that the government of Iran was so corrupt, its people so discontented, that his regime in time would fall like a rotten apple, without any effort on Russia's part. This was silly, wishful thinking. Mr. Khrushchev did not believe it himself. Otherwise, why should he be trying so hard to shake the tree to make the apple fall? Every night, for example, a powerful radio station calling itself the National Voice of Iran, but located in Armenian Russia, beamed a campaign of vilification across Iran's borders. Its theme was violence: Amini was a tool of the Shah; the Shah was a tool of the American imperialists; Iranians could never be free until they dragged them both through the streets. Occasionally the radio voice took on a more soothing tone. Iran, it cooed, should get out of CENTO, sever all its military and political ties with the West and become truly neutral in the struggle between the two great powers. The great majority of the Shah's people were unimpressed by these broadcasts.

"We've lived as neighbors to the Communists too long to be frightened by their threats, or cajoled by their blandishments," the Shah said. "We know them too well."

He had particular reason to know them well. Smiling thinly, he touched a small scar on his right cheek. In 1949, at the University of Tehran a young Iranian, believed to have been a member of the Communist Tudeh party, had shot him in the face. Far from loosening Persia's ties with the United States, he said, he was for drawing them closer. Point Four and military aid had greatly helped his country. What he hoped for was an even closer partnership. If Iran's potential riches, not only in oil but in many other basic minerals, could be developed by American technical skill and capital investment, Iran in twenty years would have a standard of living as high as that of Europe; and this was the kind of country—prosperous, free and progressive—which he wished to pass on to his son.

In a time when monarchies are looked upon as archaic symbols of a dead past, how could he be sure, I asked, that his son would have a role to play in Iran's future? Iran, he answered, was one of the world's oldest kingdoms. It had endured for more than 2500 years. The idea of monarchy, of loyalty to a king, was deeply imbedded in the heart of his people, even the most ardent nationalist. Nationalism would flourish, and more and more, as Persians became educated, Iran's government would take on democratic forms. But the idea of monarchy would remain.

There was one other point he wished to make, His Majesty said, before the conversation ended. To be frank about it, American journalists puzzled him. They came into a country friendly to their own and wrote little or nothing of the great progress it had made. They wrote, instead, of poverty, ignorance, disease, corruption and discontent—and as soon as their dispatches appeared in print, Mr. Khrushchev's radio station gleefully seized them and broadcast them throughout Iran. Certainly there was ignorance, but schools were being built. There was corruption, but corrupt officials were being punished. There was disease, but disease was being attacked. There was discontent. But it is the nature of the Iranian to grumble bitterly against his government. In every field, he added, the groundwork of the good life was being laid. "But," he concluded, "without tyranny, it takes time."

The Shah's subjects make this same observation—but as a criticism. The Shah's reforms, they point out, come too slowly because he is not tyrannical enough. They wish he had more of the brutal, driving, dictatorial spirit of his father, Reza Shah, a six-foot four-inch giant who could cow men with a glare. A one-time illiterate army sergeant who fought his way up from the ranks, in 1921 he had seized the throne of Iran from a weak king of the decadent Qajar line. Thereafter, until 1941, when the British and the Russians forced him to abdicate for his friendship toward the Axis powers, he had dragged his country by the scruff of

Held by his mother, His Imperial Highness teethes on a trinket

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"Without tyranny, it takes time," says the Shah. Yet some Iranians wish he were more tyrannical.

Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi is a man of decidedly Western tastes. But as monarch, he is impatient with the notion that new elections are overdue in Iran.

the neck into the twentieth century. He had tamed the nomadic tribes, reformed the administration, snatched the veils from Iran's women and opened up the feudal country to the world.

"He was a brigand," a young Iranian nationalist said admiringly. "But when Reza Shah said 'Do it!' it was done, or a minister was horsewhipped. When our King says, 'Do it,' it may or may not be done."

This criticism is not entirely just. The slender, gray-haired, forty-two-year-old Shah does lack the towering presence of his father, and his violent spirit. But there is a quiet stubbornness in him. There is also an element of great courage, sustained by a mystic belief that in time of personal danger Allah will protect him.

The arrest of the ministers, and the sentencing of one of them to three and a half years in prison for the fraudulent sale of fish, indicates that the Shah, too, in his own way, gets things done. Other much needed reforms are also under way. For years the Shah has been distributing among the peasants the vast landholdings he had inherited from his father. He had hoped that other great landowners would follow his example voluntarily. Few did. Early this year, therefore, he signed a land law which limited an individual's holdings to one village. All other land must be divided into small plots and sold to the peasants, who would pay for it in fifteen years.

The crackdown on corrupt officials and the enforcement of the land law served to dilute the bitter cynicism with which the average Iranian has always viewed his government. It also served to crystallize the opposition of the aristocrats and the landlords toward Amini and the Shah. His Majesty seems unperturbed.

"They are parasites who know their day is over," he said, "and they are too few in number to be dangerous."

A far more numerous opposition is stirring on a lower social and economic level. Iran's great business upsurge began in the years after the war. It halted temporarily during the premiership of Mohammed Mossadegh, whose battles with the British over oil royalties shut down the great oil industry for three years. It resumed in 1954, after Mossadegh had fallen, and the oil wells began pouring some $300,000,000 a year into the treasury. Out of this boom was created a middle class of merchants and bankers which achieved a standard of living higher than any Iranian, other than the great landlords, had ever known before.

Mr. Amini's stern economic measures pricked the inflation bubble on which their prosperity was built, and their criticism now is loud and bitter. Mr. Amini, they claim, has ruined the country. The building industry has collapsed, merchants are bankrupt, money is hard to come by and unemployment stalks the land. Having nowhere else to turn, they have joined with Iran's intellectuals and students to swell the ranks of the opposition party, a catchall organization called the National Front, whose founder and hero is the aged nationalist hero, Mr. Mossadegh. They have been joined by Iran's great landlords, angered by a new law which would break up their vast estates, which include two thirds of all of Iran's arable land.

The political clamor raised against land reform and the kill-or-cure methods by which Mr. Amini seeks to put the country on its feet flared into open violence last January. At the University of Tehran, where landlords and merchants educate their sons, thousands of students, shouting for Mossadegh and the National Front, stoned police in a two-day battle that saw two students killed, 400 injured and 300 arrested. Backed by the Shah's security forces and secret police, Amini stood firm.

Such demonstrations point up the fact that, for all his earnest optimism, the Shah sits on a shaky throne. They also serve to obscure the fact that for all its floundering, Iran, with our help, has accomplished a great deal.

From 1951 through June of last year, United States economic grants and loans to Iran totaled $630,000,000. Much of it, as soon as it got into Iranian hands, melted away like snow upon the desert, through waste, inefficiency and outright theft. Much of it was well and wisely spent. With our technical aid, plus Iran's own oil revenues, huge dams and irrigation systems have been built, more schools and hospitals constructed than there are teachers and doctors to staff them. Squalid villages have been modernized

Iran's King of Kings, a true tennis buff, smashes one over.

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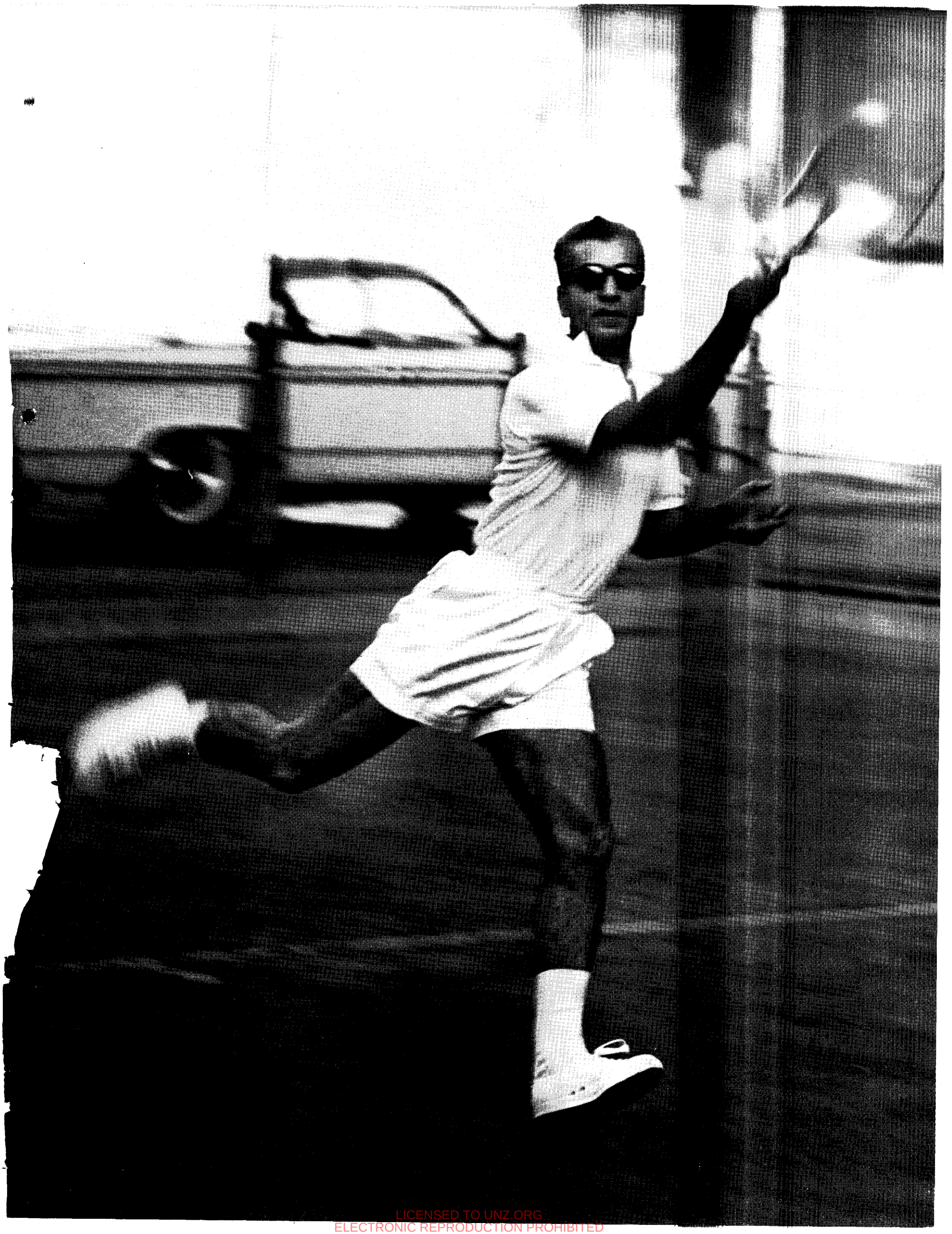

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"There is a quiet stubbornness in the Shah, and also an element of great courageousness."

"There was no hint, in this quiet garden, of the dynamic forces of change which could, if uncontrolled, destroy this happy family and all it represented."

with lights, clean water and paved streets. Malaria, once the scourge of the rich farm areas along the Caspian Sea, has been virtually wiped out, and the traffic in opium has been controlled. Thousands of young Iranians have been sent to the United States and Europe for training.

All that has been done so far represents a mere beginning. The great development plans so far have concentrated too much on huge, spectacular projects. The great need lies at the village level, where 85 percent of the peasants still cannot read and write, 500 babies out of every thousand die before they are five years old, and the average life span of the peasant is a brief forty years. The Plan Organization which directs development will concentrate on these grass-root problems.

Since 1950 we also have spent $540,000,000 to develop a 200,000-man Iranian army, equipped with tanks and eight-inch howitzers and supported by a small reconnaissance air force and a navy capable of limited patrol and escort duty. Nobody claims that this force could stop a Russian attack. It could, however, fight a brief delaying action in the great ramparts of the Elburz and Zagros mountains. And it is perfectly capable of putting down an internal revolt, or turning back an assault by any aggressive neighbor who did not have Russian military support.

Whether the Army would put down an internal revolt is a matter of warm debate in Iran today. In the officer ranks the cleavage between the old and new Iran is sharp. The high officers are old fat-cat generals from the ranks of the oligarchs, who live luxuriously, jealously guarding their perquisites. The young officers are drawn from that disgruntled middle class which, having tasted economic power, now demands a greater share in government.

In the violent clash between students and security police they made no move. Observers agree, however, that if a more widespread revolt should break out, these impatient young officers would be inclined to join it—against the government. There would be little likelihood that they would link Iran closely with the Communists. Inevitably though, in the chaos that would follow a take-over by inexperienced young nationalists, the tough old Communists of the outlawed Tudeh party would come out of the woodwork to weaken and divide the country as they did under Mossadegh. For this reason it is likely that the Shah would be kept upon his throne as a symbol of unity, to reign if not to rule; for he still has the loyalty of the peasant masses to whom the Communists would appeal.

"The Shah," a young Iranian nationalist said, "is no Farouk to be driven into exile. He is an enlightened king who knows the needs of his people and is genuinely trying to help them. It is a pity that some of those around him do not feel the same."

One dangerous element in today's picture lies in the fac that the Iranian impatient for reform has no public forum in which to let off steam. The Shah's security police sorely harass the National Front. The press is officially uncensored, but every editor knows that comment the government considers too outspoken will cause his paper to be closed. The Majlis is still dissolved and, as this is written, no plans have been announced for holding new elections.

"There is too much to be done for my country to waste its energies in cutthroat political campaigns," the Shah has said. "First the laws must be rewritten to insure honest elections. Once that is done, we can think about elections."

One question naturally arises: Does a great democracy like the United States feel embarrassment, supporting a king who dissolves parliament at will and rules by fiat?

Our answer is this: The vast, apathetic, peasant majority is beginning to stir restlessly, yearning for better things. But it knows nothing of democratic forms. And if the Shah should fall, where is the Iranian leader who could rule the country without turning it into a Nasser-type dictatorship?

"The Persians," an American official said, "need a strong hand guiding them for a while, until education can prepare them for democracy. Sometimes a good king can be a better democrat than a bad dictator. Twenty-five hundred years ago a Persian king named Darius wrote: 'I love justice. I hate iniquity. It is not my pleasure that the lowe: suffer injustice because of the higher.' We believe this King feels the same way. That's why we hope he can survive."

THE END

"For all his optimism, the Shah sits on a shaky throne."

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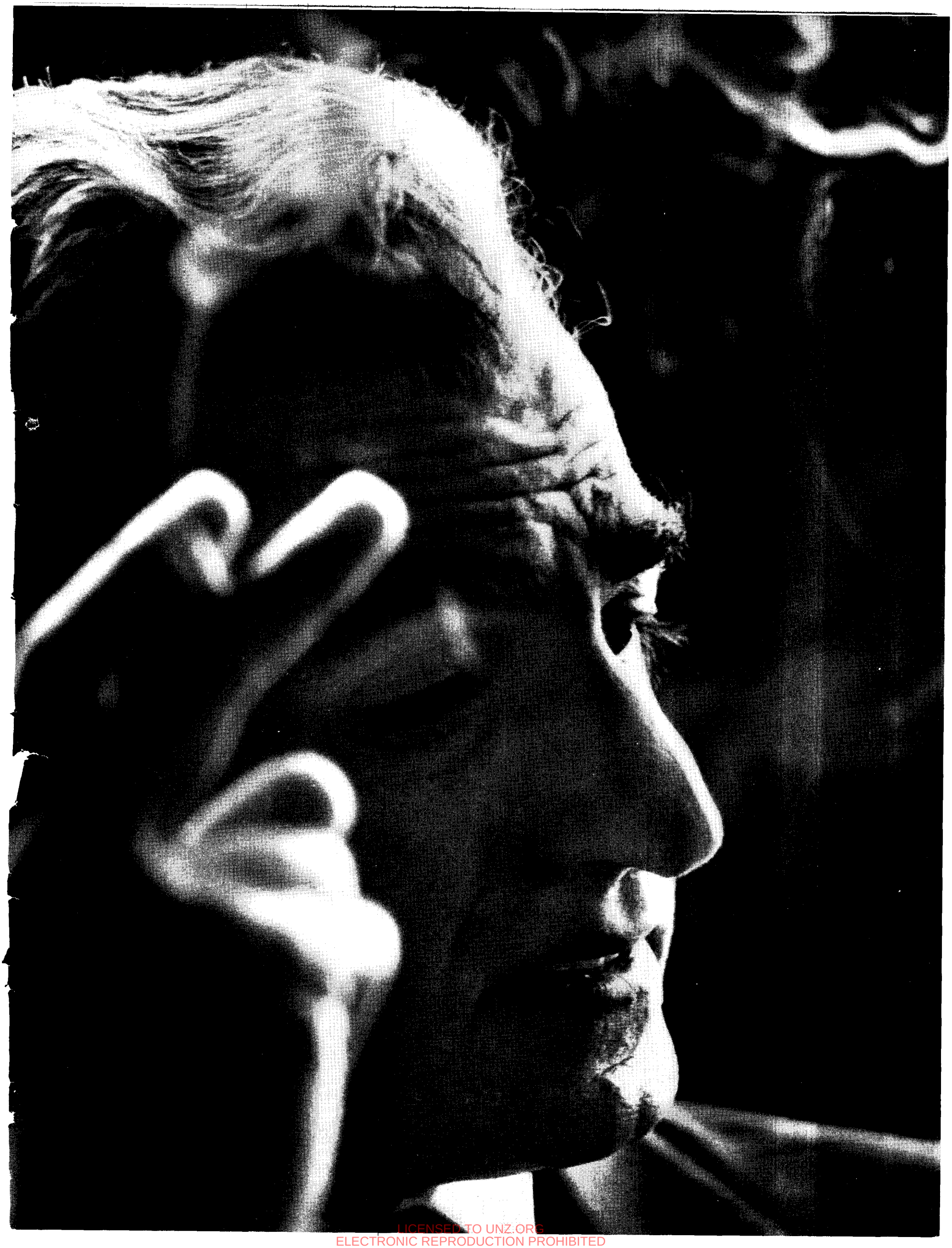

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UGLY AND ALONE, HE HAD LOST HIS FIRST LOVE AND BELIEVED NOTHING COULD BE THE NEXT BEST THING

BY N.J. CRISP

WOOD ENGRAVING BY BERNARD BRUSSEL-SMITH

The first one that I was going to tell was Liffey Jackson. It didn't seem strange. I had been telling Liffey Jackson things as long as I could remember.

Liffey Jackson was a greengrocer. His double-fronted shop was on the main street of Purbridge, between the chemist's and the draper's and opposite the Red Lion Inn.

Liffey was an institution, vaguely prized by the village as the next best thing to a village idiot. True, the older ones recalled that he wasn't born there. He was, in fact, a Scotsman. But he had been there all my lifetime. As far as I was concerned, he was as fixed a part of the landscape as the Saxon church, or the medieval water mill.

Liffey was a freak, a man of quite astonishing ugliness. Even I, who came to bear an affection for him curiously near to love, could never look at him without a slight shock—not revulsion, but a feeling of surprise that a member of the human race could be so astoundingly different from his fellows.

Liffey had no hair. He wasn't just bald, his head was completely hairless. His eyelashes and eyebrows were so pale that he seemed to have none at all. His eyes were a very pale, intense blue. His tremendous brow was set in a permanent scowl, and the rest of his face—cheekbones, jaw, chin—was as craggy and inhospitable as the Highlands themselves. He had a towering, uncertain temper, and the village both feared him and laughed at him behind his back.

Liffey was ageless. After nearly twenty years I had no idea whether he was fifty or seventy. He still looked exactly the same to me as the day he took me by the scruff of the neck and shook me until I thought my teeth would fall out.

I was five years old then. Some of Liffey's merchandise was set out on the pavement. Barrels of apples, crates of oranges, boxes of plums—Liffey dumped them there unceremoniously, almost contemptuously, in the morning and retired into the nether regions of his shop. If you wanted Liffey to serve you, you had to go and find him.

Consequently adventurous infants, bent on a dare, were liable to plump for grabbing an apple or an orange from the front of Liffey's shop and running for their tiny lives. It combined the thrill of seemingly tremendous danger—for we children retold the village gossip among ourselves until Liffey was a giant, a demon, capable of unimaginable horrors—while yet remaining tolerably safe, since Liffey was invariably somewhere else, and the worst that happened was an awful roar of impotent rage as we

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scurried round the corner to the safety of the water meadows.

There, the purloined fruit was passed round, a bite for each. Hearts thumping pleasurably, cheeks flushed with excitement, we lived the episode over again and wondered, with wide eyes and held breath, what ghastly fate would have overtaken the dared one, had he been caught.

I was the one who misjudged matters—and found out.

It was my own fault, the result of a certain inverted pride. There was to be no hurried sprint, no furtive dab, no mad scoot for safety for me. I proposed to approach nonchalantly, to choose with care the largest orange in sight—the previous week's loot had consisted of one very small plum, which didn't go round very far—and finally to stroll casually away.

It was a foolhardy idea at best. And since Liffey happened, for once, to be in his shop, it never got beyond half cock. I had only selected the orange when a huge, shouting figure grabbed me, lifted me off the ground and shook me. "Wretched boy," he roared.

At first I was too terrified to cry. Then, with a small boy's cunning, I perceived that his huge, shovellike hands were not being employed to cuff my ears, or paddle my behind, or haul me off for nameless tortures. I allowed myself to begin to weep.

Liffey stood me on an upturned box and glared at me. "Stealing," he bellowed. "Do you not know 'tis wrong to steal?"

"It's not stealing," I sniffled. "It's a dare."

"What's the difference, I'd like to know?" he said, scowling at me horribly. "When you've an orange in your hand that does na belong to you. What would your mother and father say? Eh? Tell me that!"

"I haven't got a mother and father," I said. I was slightly triumphant about it. I was scoring a point off him.

"Have you no'?" Liffey said in a quieter tone. He stared at me in silence.

I wriggled uncomfortably. I didn't like this silent scrutiny. I said, "I live with my Uncle Tom and Auntie May."

"Ay, the Simpsons. You boys all look alike to my eyes," Liffey said disgustedly. "Well now, be off with you. And don't let me find you stealing again. Do you hear?"

I scrambled off the box and scampered off thankfully. I was a hero for days after that—the one Liffey Jackson had caught.

I started school a week or two afterward. For a while I skirted Liffey's shop, crossing the street higher up by the post office. But one day on the way home from school I forgot. I was right outside his door when he bawled, "Hey, boy."

I weighed the chances of running and decided against it. I turned my head. Liffey was standing in the doorway, glowering at me. "Yes, you," he said. "Come in here."

Reluctantly I shuffled inside. It was a dark cavern of a place, bare floors, bare walls, the smell of green vegetables thick in the air. "There's some stuff here that I want out of the way," he said. "Apples and the like. It's no use to me."

He picked up two brown paper bags and pushed them into my arms. I said, "What shall I do with them?"

"I don't care what you do with them," Liffey snarled. "Take them home. They can still be eaten, I daresay."

I took them home and told my Auntie May. She sniffed. "Anything that old miser gives away can't be good for anything," she said. "Throw them in the dustbin."

"But he said ——" I began.

"Do as I say!"

I put the bags in the dustbin. But before I put the lid on, I peeped inside the bags. There were shiny, rosy apples, plump oranges, crisp lettuces, a cauliflower carefully trimmed and some firm Brussels sprouts.

I ate an apple before I went back into the cottage. But I didn't tell my aunt what I had seen. I was afraid of my aunt.

I was a good deal older before that fear gave way to some measure of understanding. She was in late middle age when her younger sister died, leaving a three-year-old boy. My aunt's husband was a farm laborer. They were poor. And they were tired, after a life of hardship.

Even twenty years ago life in parts of a village like Purbridge could be primitive. In our cottage there was no running water, no electricity. Water had to be fetched from the well; there was a bucket closet in an outhouse; there were oil lamps for lighting; cooking was done on a coal range.

My Aunt May had labored and worried for long enough—without a thoughtless, noisy child to look after, at an age when all she wanted was a bit of peace. She was not obliged to take me. I could have gone into an orphanage. But she did take me, and she gave me a place to live in.

Curiously when, later on, she became infirm and I had to do things for her, we became close to each other with an affection which had never shown itself before.

But when I was small and maybe difficult, she was irritable and hard and unreachable. She did her duty as she saw it. I was clothed and fed and kept healthy. But for many years I was a very lonely child.

Like any other boy, I ran errands. I was in and out of Liffey Jackson's shop several times a week. But I don't think he spoke to me, except to grunt the price of something, for years after his uncharacteristic present.

Liffey Jackson was a miser—the village was agreed upon that. He never spent money without complaining, and he never spent a penny at all if he could help it. He was also, though he lived in the middle of a tight-knit community of some 2000 people, a hermit. He opened his shop at eight o'clock in the morning and closed it at six o'clock at night. At lunchtime he shopped ungraciously for his necessities, but apart from that he didn't go anywhere, he didn't see anyone. He had no friends, though the postmistress had been heard to remark that he received occasional letters from Inverness and that he posted irregular replies.

He didn't drink, he didn't smoke. He was never seen in church, or at the village hall, or any of the places where people met together. He had a noisy old van with which he collected his fruit and vegetables. (Though he didn't deliver. Not Liffey! Customers could come to the shop.) Those from whom he bought his produce complained of his tightfisted bargaining, but admitted grudgingly that he knew his business.

The next time he singled me out I was nearly eleven years old. I was on my way home from school when I remembered that I had been told to bring some potatoes.

Liffey looked at the books I was carrying and said, "What've you got there?"

"My homework."

"Let me see," Liffey commanded.

He squinted at the pages and shook his head. "The light's no good," he said. "Come in here."

He led the way toward the rear of the shop, opened a door and went inside. I followed him into the room and stopped dead.

Liffey took no notice of me. He sat down at a table and began to go through my books. I stared about me in wonderment.

It was a kitchen, a large, wide room. It was light, airy and spotlessly clean and tidy—quite unlike anything I had imagined Liffey's living quarters to be. But what astounded me were the books. Two whole walls were shelved and covered with books. I had never seen books in a kitchen before.

Come to that, I had never seen so many books in my life. The only book in my home was the Bible, a huge family volume which lay on a table at a meticulous

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Civil War Gunman: Blazing away as head of a thriving firearms business, Val Forgett, 31, aims high. "By the time I'm thirty-five," he says, calling his shot, "I expect to be a millionaire." It could happen. Four years ago Val was just another gun buff, working for his father's Ridgefield, N.J., welding firm. Last year he sold $500,000 worth of weapons—antiques, reproductions and obsolete World War II arms. "This year," he says, "I hope to double that figure." Val started his business by buying surplus foreign machine guns, then selling them for twice what he paid, through Service Armament, the mail-order firm he set up for the purpose. Later he formed a second company, Navy Arms, to produce working copies of such great Civil War guns as the Navy Colt pistol and the Remington Zouave rifle. "Thousands of collectors," Val says, "get a bang out of shooting old guns, but shootable weapons are in short supply." Trading on that shortage, Val looked for a manufacturer to turn out quality reproductions, found one in Italy, where labor costs were modest. "The response from collectors was overwhelming," Val says. Navy Arms, in Ridgefield, N.J., has sold 10,000 weapons—at $90 to $125 apiece. Since boyhood, Val has spent most of his waking hours with firearms. Drafted into the Army, he helped write a weapons manual, and at Clemson Agricultural College he was so obsessed with guns, he says, that he "just got by." (He won an engineering degree in 1956.) He is an expert on all kinds of arms, except, he regrets, the kind which rock the cradle. "I've been too much in love with my work to think about finding a wife," he says. "But there's still time." PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK ROSS.

Mother-Mayor: In the chamber of the city council, housewife Norma Gibbs, 32, occupies the seat of honor. Mayor of the resort city of Seal Beach (pop. 7000) in Southern California, she was voted to the office by her fellow council members, all men, after her landslide election to the council two years ago. (On the day she won the mayoralty she also learned she was to have another baby: "I didn't expect either one," she says.) Once elected she established a city-manager form of government, launched programs for street and beach improvements and led in the annexation of land to the city. Daughter of Swedish immigrants, Norma was born in Chicago. She was graduated from Northwestern University in 1949, later studied at the Free University of West Berlin, returned to the United States to earn a master's degree in psychology from the University of Illinois. While teaching at Long Beach (Calif.) State, she met businessman Bill Gibbs, and in 1958 they married and settled in Seal Beach. Despite her concern over local politics, she was reluctant to run for office, finally yielded to her friends' urging. "My experiences in East and West Germany influenced my decision," says Norma. "I realized that all, not just a few, must take an active part in government." While the two older children (Bill's daughters by a previous marriage) were in school, Norma left year-old David with a baby sitter and campaigned at "coffee hours." Stumping for a government reform which would put a professional city manager in charge of administering the city's business, she captured 70 percent of the vote. She outpolled seven other candidates running for two vacant council seats. Norma believes that more people, all over the country, should work at the local level of government: "Interest in local politics," she says, "is as important as in national politics. Unless we can do things at our own level, close to home, we can't expect much from our national government." PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST RESHOVSKY.

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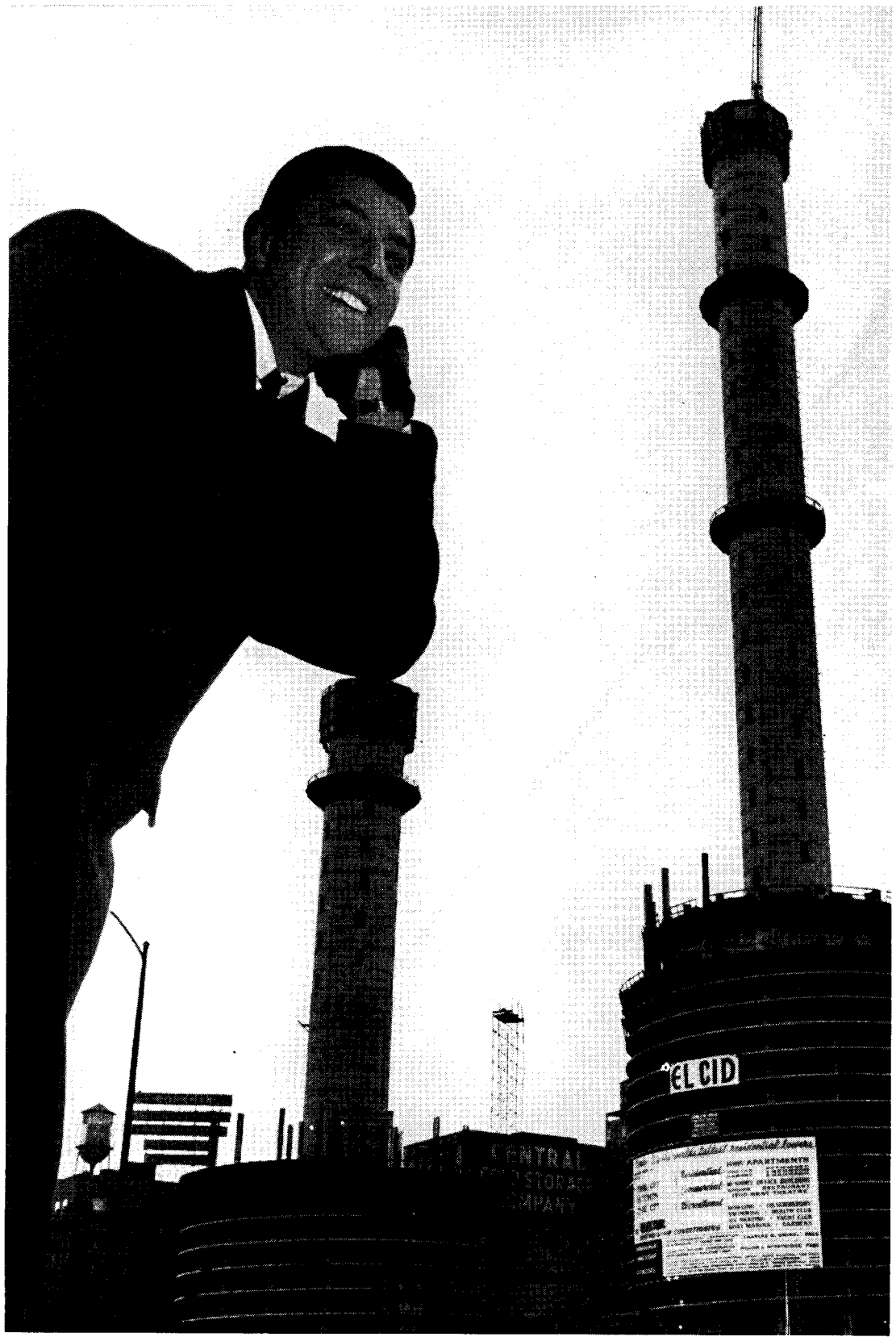
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Banker-Builder: Clowning with the towers of his Marina City, Charles Swibel, 35, is serious about luring suburbanites back to a once decaying section of downtown Chicago. Swibel's bait: a $36,000,000 middle-income complex boasting the tallest apartment buildings in the world. Everything about Marina City is spectacular. The towers are cylindrical. (Shown here are the central cores which will contain the elevators.) The first 18 stories will be garages; above that, 40 floors of wedge-shaped apartments. Within the complex will be a 1700-seat theater, a bowling alley, a skating rink, a swimming pool and, on the adjacent Chicago River, a marina with dry storage for 700 boats. Swibel arranged the financing, a mammoth deal drawing on 19 New York banks and the pension fund of a labor union. Masterful with money, Swibel has risen rapidly from poverty to affluence. Born in Poland, the son of a bootmaker, he emigrated to America with his parents in 1935, lived in a dingy walk-up on Chicago's West Side. He did well in school, gave up a University of Illinois scholarship after one year to join a mortgage-banking firm as a clerk; at age 33 he became the firm's president. As a member of the Chicago Housing Authority, Swibel has battled for municipal housing for the city's poor and aged. Says Chicago's Roman Catholic Archbishop Sheil: "Swibel has tremendous concern for the poor. He has a great heart, a heart that feels." Swibel shows the same warmth in his feeling for his family—he has two sons, aged 8 and 11. "What do I do with my spare time? I go home and play with my kids," he says with a smile. "Corny, isn't it?" PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR SHAY

Parisian Performer: To be in a play, for aspiring actress Catherine Anouilh (pronounced Ann-noo-ee), 27, is to be completely alive. "I love even the bit parts, like the one I had in *Les Grandes Manoeuvres*. I sat on the stage and embroidered and, when the hero entered, I spoke my one line: 'Oh, Armand.' I did it very well too." For her stage debut in 1956, Catherine played the title role in *Cécile, or School for Fathers*, written by Jean Anouilh, her father and France's most illustrious playwright (*The Lark*, *Waltz of the Toreadors*). Being Papa's daughter was a big help at the beginning of her career, she concedes—"but now it is a pain in the neck. Nobody ever says, 'Ah, she would be great in the role.' They just wait until they need a blond ingénue and they call me, so they can use my name." Growing up in the sophisticated world of the Paris theater, Catherine bypassed adolescence ("I have never gone through that pimply, awkward stage"), married an assistant director at 16 ("My parents did not like the idea, but he threatened to commit suicide. I thought it was romantic.") and divorced him five years later. Despite her precocity she sees herself as an uncomplicated woman. "Even when I am being my most silly or stupid, I have still got one foot on the ground. I have too much common sense." Catherine lives in a two-room-plus-terrace Paris apartment with her eight-year-old daughter (by her first husband) and her second husband, Parisian photographer and ex-paratrooper François Pages. "When I am alone, I do a little writing, just for fun. What we mostly do together when we're not working (She's currently performing in the Paris production of *Ring Around the Moon*) is putter around the house. We paint walls and make trellises and fix furniture. Every once in a while we'll break loose on the town and make an arm-in-arm tour of the nightclubs, laughing like lunatics until dawn. But what I love most of all is acting." PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT ERWITT

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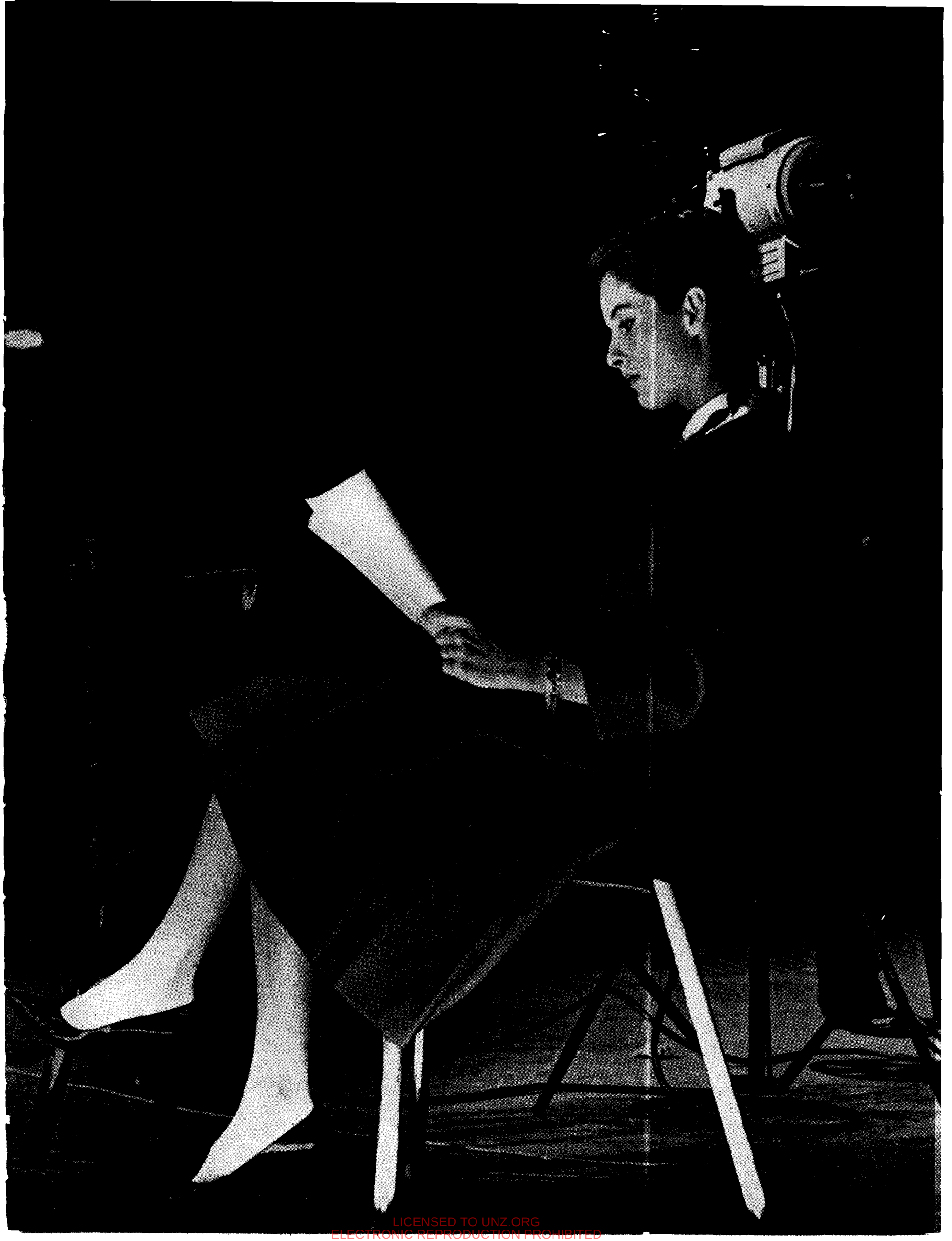

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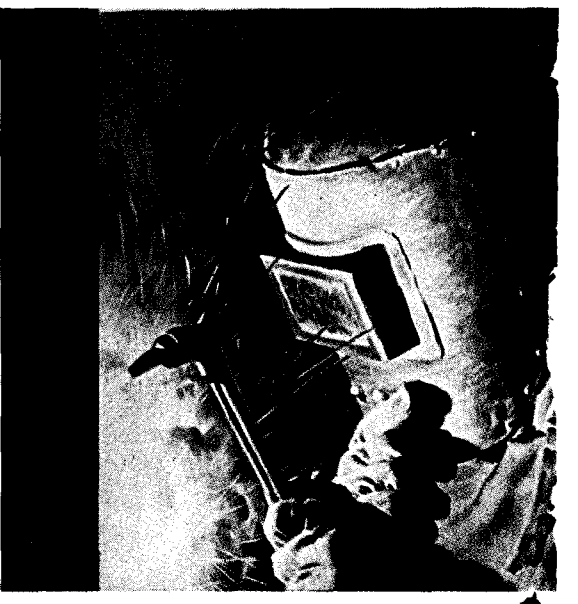
THE UNSAFE DEPOSIT BOX



YOU have a sharp eye, sir, a very sharp eye indeed, if you recognize me by those photographs that used to appear in the newspapers and the sensational magazines about 1947. I fancy I must have changed somewhat since then; but yes, I am Peter Perfrement, and they did make a knight of me for some work I did in nuclear physics. I am glad, for once, to be recognized. You might otherwise mistake me for an escaped convict, or a lunatic at large, or something of that sort; for I am going to beg you to have the goodness to sit in this shadowy corner and keep your broad back between me and the door. Have an eye on the mirror over my head and you will in due course see the reflections of a couple of fellows who will come into this cozy little bar. Those men will be looking for me. You will perceive, by the complete vacuity of their expressions, that they are from Intelligence.

They'll spot me, of course, and then it will be, "Why, Sir Peter, how lucky to find you here!" Then, pleading business, they'll carry me off. And evading those two young men is one of the few pleasures left me in my old age. Once I got out in a laundry basket. Tonight I put on a workman's suit of overalls over my dinner suit and went to a concert. I intend to go back home to the Center after I've had my evening, but I want to be left alone a bit. Of course, I have nobody but myself to blame for any slight discomfort I may at present suffer. I retired once and for all, as I thought, in 1950. By then the inwardness of such atom bombs as we let off over, say, Hiroshima was public property. My work, as it seemed, was done.

So I withdrew to a pleasant little villa at the Cap des Fesses just outside that awful holiday resort Les Sables des Fesses in the south of France. Fully intended to end my days there, as a matter of fact—set up library and study there, and a compact but middling-comprehensive laboratory. I went to all the music festivals, drank my glass of wine on the *terrasse* of whatever café happened to take my fancy, and continued my academic battle with Doctor Frankenburg. This battle, which was in point of fact far less acrimonious than the average game of chess, had to do with the nature of the element fluorine. I take it that esoteric mathematics are, mercifully, beyond your comprehension; but perhaps you were told at school something of the nature of fluorine. This is the *enfant terrible* of the elements.

Fluorine, in temperament, is a prima donna and, in character, a born delinquent. You cannot keep it pure; it has such an affinity for practically everything else on earth, and what it has an affinity for, it tends to destroy. Now I had a theory involving what I can only describe to a layman as tame fluorine—fluorine housebroken and in harness. Doctor Frankenburg, whose leisure is devoted to reading the comic papers, used to say concerning this, "You might as well imagine Dennis the Menace as a breadwinner." However, I worked away not under pressure nor under observation, completely at my leisure, having access to the great computer at Assigny. And one day I found that I had evolved a substance which, for convenience, I will call fluorine 80+.

I do not mean that I made it merely in formula. The nature of the stuff, once comprehended, made the physical production of it really absurdly simple. So I made some—about six ounces of it, and it looked rather like a sheet of hard, lime-colored gelatin. And potentially this bit of gelatinous-looking stuff was somewhat more potent than a cosmic collision. Potentially, mark you—only potentially. As it lay in my hand, fluorine 80+ was, by all possible calculations, inert. You could beat it with a sledge hammer or burn it with a blowlamp, and nothing would happen. But under certain conditions—conditions which seemed to me at that time quite impossible of achievement—this morsel of matter could be unbelievably terrible. By unbelievably, I mean immeasurably. Quite beyond calculation.

The notebook containing my formula I wrapped in paper with the intention of putting it in the vault of the Banque Maritime des Sables des Fesses. The sheet of fluorine 80+ I placed between two pieces of cardboard, wrapped it likewise, and put it in my pocket. You see, I had a friend in the town with whom I often had tea, and he had a liking for the weird and the wonderful. Like the fool that I am, I proposed to amuse myself by showing him my sample and telling him that this inoffensive little thing, in a suitable environment, might cause our earth to go *pssst!*—in about as long as it takes for a pinch of gunpowder to flash in a match flame. So in high spirits I went into town, paid my visit to the bank, first having got a pot of Gentlemen's Relish and a jar of Oxford Marmalade for tea, and so called on Doctor Raisin.

He was another old boy who had outlived his usefulness, although time was when he had some reputation as an architect specializing in steel construction. "Something special for tea," I said and tossed my little package of fluorine 80+ on the table.

"Smoked salmon?" he asked.

Then I brought out the marmalade and the relish, and said, "No," chuckling like an idiot.

He growled, "Evidently you have just paid a visit to the Café de la Guerre Froide," and sniffed at me.

"No, I've just come from the bank."

"So," he said, "that's a parcel of money, I suppose. What's it to me? Let's have tea."

I said, "I didn't go to the bank to take something out, Raisin. I put something in."

"Make me no mystifications, if you please. What's that?"

"That," I said, "is proof positive that Frankenburg is wrong and I am right, Raisin. What you see there is half a dozen ounces of absolutely stable fluorine eighty-plus and a critical mass, at that!"

Dry as an old bone, he said, "Jargon me no jargons. As I understand it, an atomic explosion takes place when certain quantities of radioactive material arrive, in certain circumstances, at what you call 'critical mass.' This being the case, that little packet may, I take it, be considered dangerous?"

I said, "Rather so. There's about enough fluorine eighty-plus there to vaporize a medium-sized planet."

Raisin said, "A fluorine bomb, an ounce of nitroglycerin—it's all the same to me." Pouring tea, he asked nonchalantly, "How do you make it go off? Not, I gather, by chucking it about on tables?"

I said, "You can't explode it—as you understand an explosion—except under conditions difficult to create and useless once created; although, perhaps, while valueless as a weapon, it could be put to peaceful uses."

"Perhaps me no perhapses. A fighting cock *could* be used to make chicken broth. What did you want to bring it here for, anyway?"

I was a little put out. Raisin was unimpressible. I told him, rather lamely, "Well, neither you nor anyone else will ever see fluorine eighty-plus again. In about fourteen hours that piece there will—as you would put it—have evaporated."

"Why as *I* would put it? How do you put it?"

"Why, you see," I explained, "in point of actual fact, that stuff is exploding now. Only it's exploding very, very gradually. Now, for this explosion to be effectual as an explosion, we should have to let that mass expand at a temperature of anything over sixty degrees Fahrenheit in a hermetically sealed bomb case of at least ten thousand cubic feet in capacity. At this point, given suitable pressure, up she'd go. But when I tell you

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IF THE VAULT WEREN'T OPENED BEFORE MORNING, A MONSTER BOMB WOULD GO OFF...

BY GERALD KERSH

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES BAMA

that before we could get such a pressure under which my fluorine eighty-plus would undergo certain atomic alterations, the casing of our ten-thousand-cubic-foot bomb would need to be at least two or three feet thick."

Being a Russian, Raisin stirred marmalade into his tea and interrupted. "It is a chimera. So let it evaporate. Burn your formula. Pay no further attention to it. . . . Still, since you have brought it, let's have a look at it." He undid the little parcel, and said, "I knew all along it was a joke." The paper pulled away, there lay nothing but a notebook.

I cried, "Good heavens—that ought to be safe in the bank! That's the formula!"

"And the bomb?"

"Not a bomb, Raisin—I've just told you that fluorine eighty-plus can't possibly be a bomb of its own accord. Confound it! I must have left it at the grocer's shop."

He said, "Is it poisonous?"

"Toxic? I don't think so. . . . Now wait a minute, wait a minute! I distinctly remember—when I left the house I put the formula in my right-hand coat pocket and the fluorine eighty-plus in the left. Now first of all I went to the Epicerie Internationale to get this marmalade and stuff, and so as not to crowd my left pocket I transferred. . . . Oh, it's quite all right, Raisin. There's nothing to worry about, except that this is not the kind of notebook I like to carry about with me. The sample is safe and sound in the bank. It was a natural mistake—the packages are very much alike in shape and weight. No cause for anxiety. Pass the Gentlemen's Relish, will you?"

But Raisin said, "This horrible little bit of fluorine—you left it in the bank, did you?"

"Fluorine eighty-plus. Well?"

"You bank at the Maritime?"

"Yes, why?"

"So do I. It is the safest bank in France. Its vaults—now follow me carefully, Perfrement—its vaults are burglarproof, bombproof, fireproof, and absolutely airtight. The safe deposit vault is forty feet long, thirty feet wide and ten feet high. This gives it a capacity of twelve thousand cubic feet. It is maintained at a low humidity and a constant temperature of sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. The walls of this vault are of hard steel and reinforced concrete three feet thick. The door alone weighs thirty tons, but fits like a glass stopper in a medicine bottle. Does the significance of all this sink in?"

"Why," I said, "why ——"

"Yes, why? You can say that again. What you have done, my irresponsible friend," said Doctor Raisin, "is put your mass of fluorine eighty-plus in its impossible casing. That's the way with the likes of you. It would never dawn on you that a bomb might be an oblong thing as big as a bank. Congratulations!"

I said, "I know the manager, M. le Queux, and he knows me. I'll go and see him at once."

"It's Saturday. The bank's closed."

"Yes, I know, but I'll ask him to come over with his keys."

Raisin said, "I wish you luck."

A telephone call to M. le Queux's house got me only the information that he was gone for the weekend to Laffert, about eighty miles inland, up the mountain, where he had a bungalow. So I looked about for a taxi. But it was carnival weekend, and there was nothing to be got except one of those essentially French machines that have run on coal gas and kerosene, and have practically no works left inside them, and yet, like certain extremely cheap alarm clocks, somehow continue to go, without accuracy, but with a tremendous noise. And the driver was a most objectionable man in a beret, who chewed whole cloves of raw garlic all the time and shouted into one's face as if one were a hundred yards distant.

After a disruptive and malodorous journey, during which the car had twice to be mended with bits of wire, we reached Laffert, and with some difficulty found M. le Queux.

He said to me, "For you—anything. But to open the bank? No, I cannot oblige you."

"You had better," I said to him, in a minatory tone.

"But Sir Peter," said he, "this is not merely a matter of turning a key and opening a door. I don't believe you can have read our brochure. The door of the vault is on a time lock. This means that after the lock is set and the door closed, nothing can open it until a certain period of time has elapsed. So, precisely at 7:45 on Monday morning—but not one instant before—I can open the vault for you."

I said, "Then as I see it, you had better send for the locksmith and have the lock picked."

M. le Queux laughed. He said, "You couldn't open our vault without taking the door down." He spoke with a certain pride.

"Then I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to have the door taken down," I told him.

"That would necessitate practically taking down the bank," M. le Queux said; and evidently he thought that I was out of my mind.

"Then," I said, "there's nothing for it *but* to take down the bank. Of course, there'll be compensation, I suppose. Still, the fact remains that, by the sheerest inadvertence, for which I hold myself greatly at fault, I have turned your bank-vault into a colossal bomb—a bomb compared with which your Russian multimegaton bombs are milk-and-water. Indeed, you would no more weigh or measure my fluorine eighty-plus in terms of mere megatons than you'd buy coal by the milligram or wine by the cubic centimeter."

"One of us is going crazy," said M. le Queux.

"Call a Hiroshima bomb a megaton," I said. "Dealing with my fluorine eighty-plus we have to make new tables. So a million megatons equal one tyrrannoton. A million tyrrannotons equal one chasmaton. A million chasmatons make one brahmaton. And after a million brahmatons we come to something I call an ultimon, because it is beyond even the scope of mathematical conjecture. In a certain number of hours from now—and we are wasting time talking, M. le Queux—if you don't get that vault of yours open, the universe will experience the shock of half a chasmaton. Please let me use your telephone."

So I called a certain branch of Security, and after that told a minister, who shall be nameless, to be so kind as to get a move on—referring him, of course, to several other nuclear experts, in case my own name was not enough for him. Thus I was able, within twenty minutes, to tell M. le Queux, "It's all arranged. Army and police are on the way. So are some colleagues of mine. The Custodia Safe Company, who installed your vault, are flying their best technicians into Fesses. We'll have your vault open in a couple of hours or so. I'm sorry if this inconveniences you, but it's got to be done, and you must put up with it."

He could only say, "Inconveniences me!" Then he shouted, "After this, Sir Peter Perfrement, you will kindly take your banking business elsewhere!"

I was sorry for him, but there was no time for sentiment just now, for I found myself caught in a sort of whirlpool of giddy activity. Accompanied by the usual quota of secret police from Security, four highly regarded nuclear physicists were rushed to Fesses. I was pleased to see among them my dear old enemy Frankenburg, who would have to admit that in the matter of fluorine he was totally confuted. There was also, of course, a swarm of policemen, both uniformed and in plain-clothes, and, goodness knows why, two doctors, one of whom kept talking and talking without rhyme or reason about fluorine being found in relatively high concentration in the human embryo and how good it was for children's teeth. An expert from the quiet old days of the high-explosive blitzes said that since one invariably evacuated the area surrounding an unexploded bomb until it was defused, it would be wise to evacuate Sables des Fesses.

At this the *maire* went into ecstasies of Gallicism. To evacuate this place at carnival weekend would be to ruin it—death rather than dishonor, and so forth. I said that if my fluorine 80+ blew, the problem of evacuation need not arise; for nobody anywhere, ever, would be any the wiser. The chief of police, giving me a suspicious look, said that the present danger was only hypothetical; but the panic that must attend a mass alarm would be inevitably disastrous. It would be necessary only to surround the block in which the bank was situated. This being in the business district of the town, and most of the offices shut up for the weekend, the matter might be accomplished—a hairsbreadth this side of impossibility.

So said the chief of police, filling a pipe as a pioneer fills his muzzle-loader with his last hard-bitten cartridge, and pointing it right at me. He made it clear, without speaking, that he thought this was all a put-up job, to get that bank vault open.

M. le Queux said, "But the armored car has been and gone, and the bank is just about empty of cash until Monday." Still the chief of police wasn't satisfied. Watching him tamp down the charge in his pipe, I could not help reciting a hunting proverb of my grandfather's: *Ram tight the powder, leave loose the lead, if you want to kill dead.* He made a note of that. Meanwhile, Frankenburg and the others were poring over my notes, which I had been compelled to hand over.

Frankenburg growled, "I want to check, and double-check. I want a computer. I want five days."

But little Doctor Imhof said, "Come, we must grant *(Continued on Page 66)*

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THE MENNINGERS OF KANSAS PART TWO

Menninger doctors draw meaningful information from patients' artwork, such as this brooding sculptured head.

The Hopeless Patient Is a Myth

A staff that "emanates friendliness, understanding and firm kindness" helps troubled patients rediscover reality through creative and useful work.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

One might expect the air to be blue with psychiatric jargon in a community where, to quote a jingle from the Menninger students' *Freudian Follies* of a few years ago, "Every snack and ice-cream bar sounds just like a seminar."

Surprisingly the atmosphere of Topeka, Kansas, is relatively free of polysyllabic smog. Doctor Karl and Doctor Will Menninger are qualified psychoanalysts, and they can pitch a "superego" at an "id" with the best of them. But they have the down-to-earth Midwesterner's distrust of fancy language as a working tool. They are even opposed to sorting mental illnesses into tight, taxonomic pigeonholes, feeling that such terms as neurotic, psychotic and schizophrenic no longer have very useful meanings.

"Names do not create illness forms; they only comfort the doctors and impress the relatives," Doctor Karl once observed. "Pinning a label on a patient may actually impede his ultimate recovery. The word 'schizophrenia' becomes a damning designation. To have it once applied to a young man can be to ruin a career, despite all evidence of subsequent healthiness."

"It is far more helpful simply to consider mental illness in terms of disorganization," Doctor Karl remarked during one of our conversations in his restful, walnut-paneled office at the Menninger Clinic. "In assessing the patient we try to determine how disorganized he is, how much loss of self-control there has been and whether it is increasing or decreasing.

"Patients should be considered only as suffering from personality disorganization of varying degrees," he continued. "Each case is distinct from every other one. As a matter of fact, we all have mental illness of different intensity at different times. Sometimes some of us are much worse or much better."

In line with this philosophy the staff of the Menninger Clinic has a conviction that "the hopeless patient is a myth." As Dr. Bernard H. Hall, a senior psychiatrist on the staff, puts it, "None of us has ever seen a patient we couldn't do something for.

"It was once thought that the mute, withdrawn patient was a victim of an irreversible organic impairment and hence was beyond help," Doctor Hall said. "Now, largely through the insights Freud gave us, we know that this man is mute because it is the best way he has at his disposal to deal with what he is suffering and struggling with. We also know that if we bring the right skills to this suffering person, getting someone to sit with him a little every day, for example, he will start talking again. We can then find out why he had to be silent, and we will be able to help him find other ways of dealing with things that bother him."

Mental illness often develops slowly, with late events joining a stream of causative factors from the past. This was the story of a man we'll call William Bleaker. He had been the youngest of three children, with sisters twelve and thirteen years older, and was thus surrounded in his childhood by four grown or almost grown people who doted on him. He greatly admired his father and was much like him, smoking the same brand of cigars, using the same expressions, even walking like him. He entered his father's business and took it over when his father died. But friends noticed that William Bleaker did not seem to mourn his father's death, and they were surprised when he married one of the nurses who had cared for the father during his short illness. His wife was eight years younger than he, an age separation identical with that existing between his own mother and father.

Life went along well for William Bleaker until he bought out a competitor who, soon after the sale, died in his sleep from a heart attack. Bleaker then became preoccupied with his own heart, complaining of various pains and discomforts. A specialist found him in good health, but Bleaker would not be reassured. He read somewhere that persons with apparently normal hearts can still die of a heart attack. He began to work only half days and started to cling to his wife for fear something would happen to him. If she tried to leave his side, he would panic, break out in a trembling sweat and start to choke. This frightened his wife as well as himself.

On one occasion Mrs. Bleaker felt she had to get away to consult her doctor about her own health; but the husband wailed that if she left him alone he would surely have a fatal heart attack. By this time he was no longer going to his office and his wife finally persuaded him to come to the Menninger Clinic. Here, after six months of treatment, including psychotherapy and work in the greenhouse and craft shops, he rid himself of his imaginary heart disease and regained his self-confidence.

The Menninger Hospital doctors employ all the accepted forms of therapy, including tranquilizers and an occasional electroshock, although they doubt that any pill or machine will ever completely take the place of skillfully directed human relationships in restoring the mentally ill to health. In the opinion of Doctor Karl, psychoanalysis itself is a powerful medicine that many have used indiscriminately. "In its standard form it is not applicable to highly disorganized cases," he has written, "and it is not necessary in mild illness." He also believes that formal psychotherapy is of two general sorts and warns that psychiatrists should be careful which they use on which patient. One type is suppressive, supportive or hortatory; the other is expressive, deep or exploratory.

"Essentially these differ," he says, "in the same way that poulticing an abscess differs from incising it. . . . Some scars can be removed by surgical excision; others had better be left alone rather than be replaced by larger ones."

Major emphasis in the Menninger treatment formula is "milieu therapy"—providing the patient with a socially favorable environment, one that will give support to a lost or tottering ego. Every member of the hospital staff is a part of this environment. Some of the relationships, such as that between psychiatrist and patient, are more deliberately structured than others. But every one serves the function of the friend in need.

As Doctor Karl says, "When someone begins to behave in a bizarre manner, the average person's initial reaction is to draw away. But the proper thing to do is to get closer to the mentally ill individual, instead of isolating or excluding him.

"It's as Nathaniel Hawthorne said, in *The House of the Seven Gables*, 'The sick in mind . . . are rendered more darkly and hopelessly so by the manifold reflection of their disease, mirrored back from all quarters in the deportment of those about them.' How much better to surround the patient with people who emanate friendliness, understanding and firm kindness."

Because the mental patient is often fearful, suspicious, even hostile, it is not always easy to make friendly overtures. The psychiatrist especially must make his opening approach with tact and skill. Doctor Karl places great emphasis on this phase of the treatment. We watched him interview a patient before a class of fifty young doctors enrolled in the Menninger School of Psychiatry. The place was a classroom in the Topeka State Hospital, and the students were all first-year psychiatric residents there and in the Veterans Administration Hospital.

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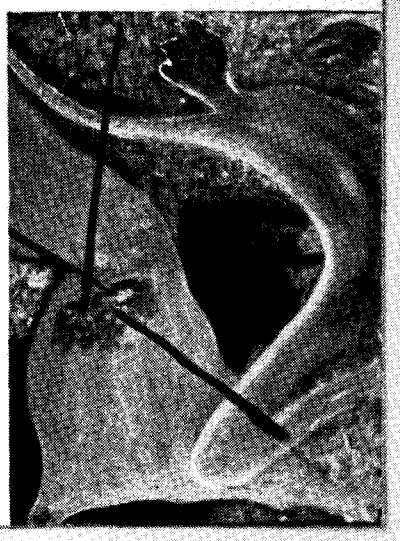
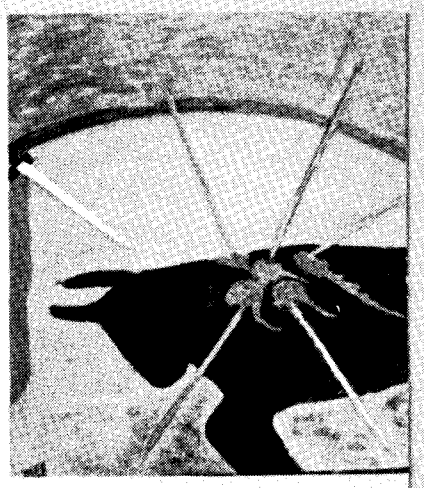
"I HAD FOUND A RELEASE . . ."

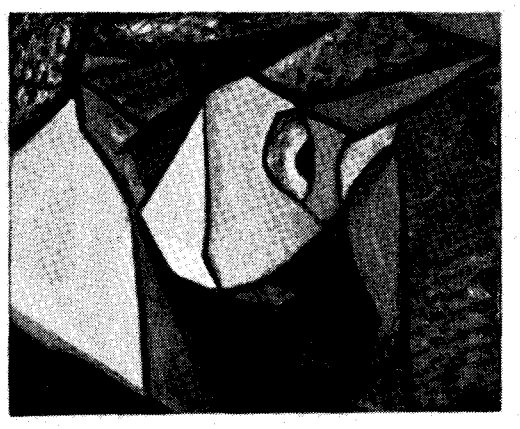


"There is anger here. I saw myself as both the matador as well as the bull. I was angry and wanted to destroy. After painting, I felt much better. I had found a good release!"

"Sheer anger! I am the bull. I will not say who the matador might represent. Getting this out on canvas made me feel much relieved.



"I did not consider myself the bull. I may have been the sword."



"This time he is not goring anything, other than the red cape. Anger was the reason, but I became interested in style."

These paintings, with the patient's own comments about his work, show how the Menninger art-therapy program acts as a relief valve for inner turmoil.

Photographs by Inge Morath

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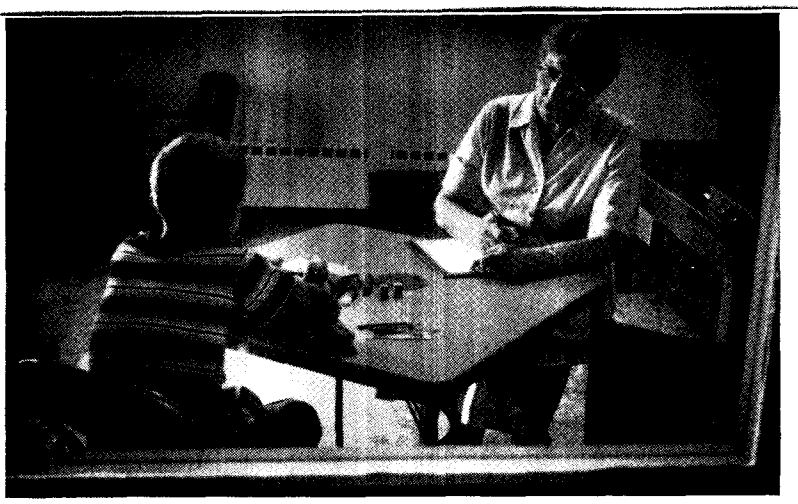

A psychologist of the Menninger Foundation's child-psychiatry service gains her small patient's confidence in a pretreatment diagnosis, photographed through a two-way mirror to preserve the privacy of the interview.

MENNINGERS

The patient was a slender young woman who had been in the state hospital only a short time. After being introduced to the class, she was seated on the platform facing Doctor Karl, with the audience on her right. Her history, not read until later, after she had left the room, revealed a long-standing illness, with paranoia. Recently she had suffered several emotional shocks, including the death of an infant and the loss of a sister in an airplane crash. She had then heard "spirits all over the house" and had become alternately excited and withdrawn.

Doctor Karl avoided these matters in the opening interview. To put her at ease, he spoke about a number of small things. Then he began to question her gently about her home and husband, to whom she was devoted. He asked her if she was glad she had come to the hospital.

"Well, frankly, no. I'd like to be back with my little boy."

"How old is he?"

"Three."

"He needs you, doesn't he?" He spoke quietly and sympathetically.

"Yes, I'm sure he does."

"Who takes care of him while you're away?"

"My mother and husband."

"They all need you. Have some of the things that bothered you cleared up?"

The patient murmured something.

"It takes a good deal of courage to come over here and talk to a bunch of us doctors," Doctor Karl said. "You don't give yourself enough credit. You've done fine here today. Have you made some friends on your ward?"

"There's one girl there with ideas like mine."

Doctor Karl shifted in his chair. "Now I've asked you a lot of questions. Do you want to ask me some?"

There was a long silence. Finally Karl said, "Well, if you do think of any, you can ask Doctor Smith. She's in your building every day."

While the attending doctor was escorting the patient back to her room, Doctor Menninger asked if anyone could give him a little more of the patient's history. He was told that she had been in the hospital for a year at an earlier date.

"Ah! She didn't tell us that. Was that good or bad on her part?" He pointed to a student for an answer.

"Bad. She wanted to prove something she is not."

Another student: "Good. She wanted to make a good impression."

Doctor Menninger: "Why?"

"She wanted to be accepted and to be loved."

"But *why? Why?*" Karl was getting more and more impatient. "*Why* did she want to make a good impression?" Then he answered himself. "Because she knows it's the thing to do. It's like eating soup with a soup spoon. You do it because it's *done*. The dominance of the mores takes over in very subtle ways."

At that point the attending doctor returned to the room. "When I was taking the patient back," she said, "she volunteered that she was at ease with you, Doctor Karl. She said she realized there were a lot of people out there in the audience, but she felt at perfect ease with you."

Doctor Karl grinned. "We like to put patients at ease," he said. "But not students. *Not students!* Keep them on their toes. Keep them thinking."

Before the class ended he turned to another facet of the relationship between doctor and patient. "When you treat him you must start with the idea that you are entering into a contract with him," he said. "You promise the patient, 'If you answer my questions, if you tell me about yourself, then I'll help you get well.' But you can't say to the psychiatric patient, 'Listen, buddy, if you aren't frank with me I won't treat you.' The mentally disturbed person is one who *can't* be frank with you, or won't be frank. In fact, few sick people are perfectly frank, and the general medical man is naïve when he thinks patients tell only the truth and nothing but the truth. The paradox is that they tell more of the truth than they intend. They just don't tell it with their words."

Before the class broke up, Doctor Karl went into the matter of calling patients by their first names, a practice he detests.

"I never use first names unless I've known the patient well enough to use his first name before he became a patient. For a doctor to use first names with adults he doesn't know well depreciates them. It's even worse to call them by their last names alone. Call them 'Mr. Jones' or 'Mrs. Brown.' I wouldn't like it if a patient came to me and said, 'Look, Menninger, when are you going to get me out of here?' It sounds hostile."

"But 'mister' can be a two-edged sword," a student protested.

"I don't use it as a *one*-edged sword." The Menninger dander was up. "It's no sword at all. It's a title, whether the man is white or black, sick or well."

Class dismissed.

Doctor Will differs in many ways from his brother Karl. He is less thorny, less apt to nettle people. His smoother approach is an asset in his fund-raising activities. He and a Menninger Foundation Board of outstanding American business and professional men must raise more than $1,000,000 each year to balance the foundation's educational and research budget. He is also a tireless speaker on behalf of more public appropriations and improved care for the mental patients in state hospitals.

But Doctor Will finds it difficult to persuade people to serve on the boards of mental-health organizations. "The problem is to make psychiatry respectable," he remarked, "to get people to recognize personality disturbances and to realize that something can be done about them. We should think about mental health in a more familiar context. For example, any time I'm worried and upset, I know I am not mentally healthy."

He laughed and tapped his finger on a clipping under glass on his desk. "If I feel a bit out of sorts I glance at this *Old Man's Prayer*." He read a few passages from it:

"Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will some day be old. . . .

"Make me thoughtful but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom it seems a pity not to use it all. But Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end. . . .

"Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possible that I might be mistaken. . . .

"Keep my mind free from a recital of endless details. Give me wings to get to the point."

The point we wanted to get to that afternoon was the common symptom of compulsiveness, which we had been discussing in a previous conversation.

"A certain amount of compulsiveness is necessary," Doctor Will observed, "if one is to do the work expected of him and accomplish anything in his life. But it can reach the point of obsessiveness, where an idea goes around and around like a tune you can't get out of your head." Compulsiveness sometimes takes ritualistic forms, he explained, such as obsessive hand washing. The victim may feel forced to wash his hands every ten minutes.

"Hand washers are ridden by guilt, but they are not always sure of what they feel guilty about," said Doctor Will. "A successful businessman had a sense of sin because he had stolen fifty cents from his father's pocket when he was a boy. And he continued to lash himself with a twenty-foot bullwhip, figuratively speaking."

It takes more than cheerful encouragement to help such a guilt-ridden individual. "You just can't give a severely depressed friend the sunshine-and-roses treatment," Doctor Will asserted. "He'll only think you don't understand him. His troubles are burning his soul—and he has to expiate in some way. The Flagellants were driven by the same white-hot feeling of guilt. They reacted by actually whipping themselves.

"We know it's a mistake to let people go on punishing themselves emotionally. So we get them to punish themselves with menial tasks. I once had the president of a bank scrubbing the walls of the ceramics studio, which get all spattered with clay and colored glazes. His family protested, said they couldn't understand why, when he was paying so much for his treatment, he was asked to do work like that. Well, I persuaded them it was the best thing for him, that it was an important part of his treatment."

A fragile, elderly woman at the hospital was set to the task of cleaning up a black, soot-encrusted cooking pot which had been bought at a secondhand store. She worked away at it with fierce determination, until she had it burnished bright. A favorite prescription for the guilt-ridden

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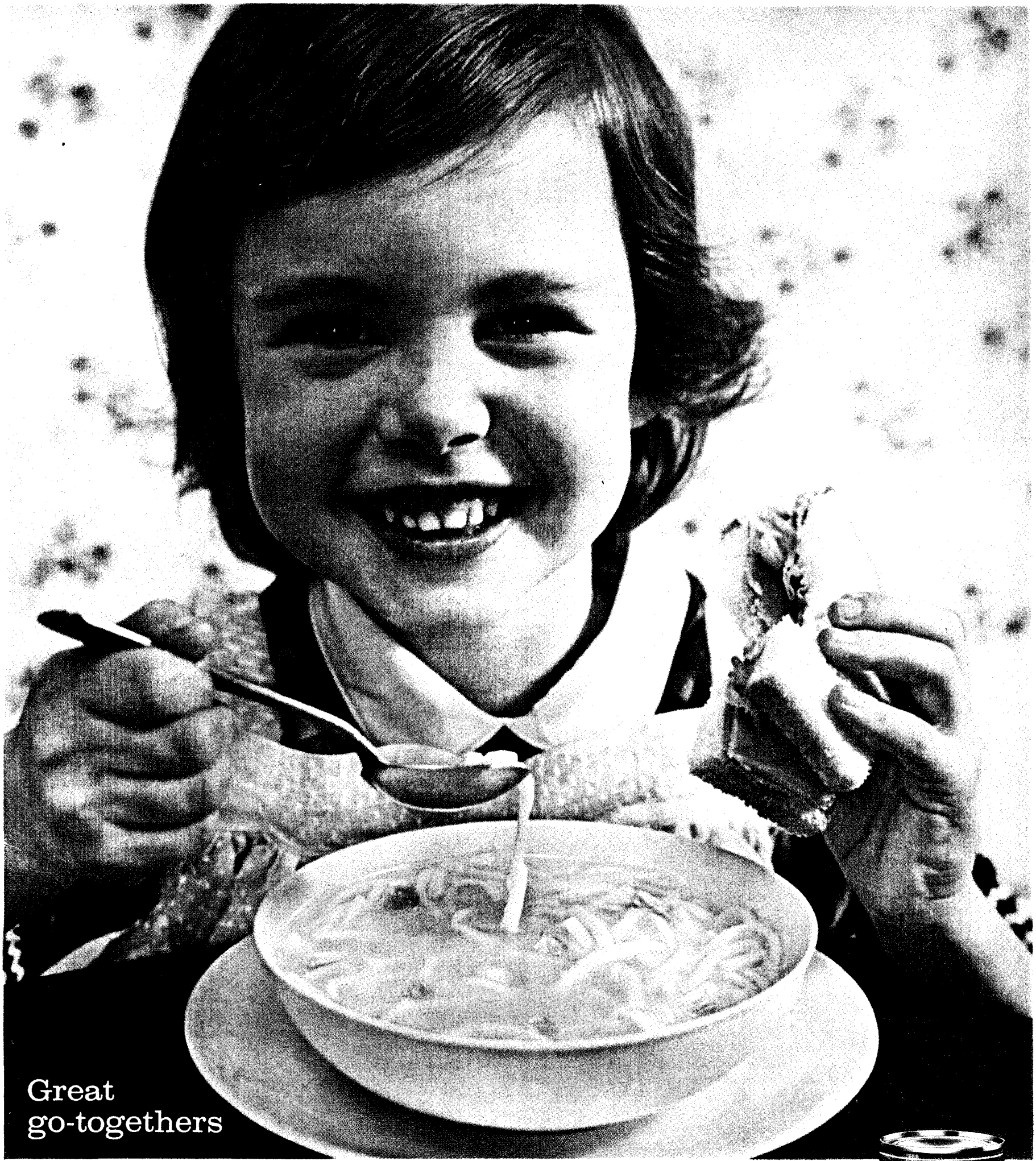

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Dr. Robert G. Menninger, one of three third-generation Menningers on the foundation staff. He supervises the "adjunctive therapy" program for channeling pent-up energies into such activities as tennis, dancing, painting—or simple manual labor.

MENNINGERS

patient is sanding an old table or chair. But whenever a monotonous or dirty task is assigned, a member of the staff works along with the patient at the same job, to avoid any suggestion that the patient is being exploited or abused.

Another common symptom of emotional turmoil is hostility, and the psychiatrist's ingenuity is often called on to find ways of sublimating it. "Several years ago we had a woman patient here who was filled with hate," Doctor Will recalled. "I didn't blame her much; she had such mean relatives. But her hate was really consuming her. We had to do something to channel it outward without hurting someone.

"Well, I found that she liked to go out to a golf-driving range, and one day I went with her. We decided, just for fun, to name the golf balls for her 'beloved' relatives. So she would tee up 'Uncle Bob' and 'Aunt Mamie' and 'Cousin Joe,' swing back her club and really let 'em have it. I don't know how much lasting good it did her, but after a few minutes of whaling the daylights out of her relatives in this harmless way, I think she was easier to get along with."

Casual and offbeat as these therapeutic maneuvers may sound, they are based upon a careful study of the patient's emotional status and needs. Without such thorough knowledge it would be easy for someone to prescribe the wrong "medicine," to encourage violent behavior where it should be subdued, to suppress hostility where it should be released, to be permissive with a patient who requires firm discipline. Dr. H. G. van der Waals and Dr. Peter D. Fleming, director and assistant director of the Menninger Hospital, spend hours with others of the staff evaluating each patient's progress and planning the next step in his therapy.

In the more conventional forms of self-expression the Menninger Hospital patients are instructed by professional artists, craftsmen and teachers, officially designated as adjunctive therapists. Some thirty-five are on the staff, mostly young people, who try to maintain easy, friendly relationships with the patients. They are assisted in this by a hospital rule that all unpopular orders are to be given by the doctors. Thus any resentment is directed at the doctors and not at the therapists. This makes for freer and more productive sessions in the studios and shops.

The length and frequency of the sessions, however, as well as the type of assignment and the way the instructor should approach the patient—these are all ingredients of the "prescription" the psychiatrist writes out, often with the instructor's help. If a patient, because of his illness, tires quickly or has an attention span of only ten minutes, the art teacher may be asked to start him off with a short, simple task, such as washing a handful of brushes, or cutting out a figure from paper. Another patient's problem may be his strong, aggressive impulses, and these he can release by wedging clay—that is, cutting it across a wire and slamming it on a table to remove the air bubbles.

The patient who needs his ego bolstered can be put to easy work assembling a tile mosaic, which comes in a kit, and brings quick self-gratification. The person driven by guilt feelings, on the other hand, can't stand success and must be assigned to menial, monotonous or annoyingly difficult tasks—scrubbing tables, sorting buttons or solving a 2000-piece jigsaw puzzle.

As the patient's mood changes, so does his "art prescription." And many times both his mood and his progress are graphically portrayed in his own paintings. Several examples of this were shown to us by Don Jones, one of the hospital's most experienced adjunctive therapists, a perceptive and articulate young man who exchanges his smock for a clergyman's robe every Sunday to preach at the nearby town of Rossville.

Jones opened a cabinet and lifted out four or five large canvases. "Here was a man," he said, "who on the one hand had a punitive, rigid conscience, but on the other hand—from the cellar, so to speak—there came emotional, erotic elements. In this conflict he was immobilized and couldn't do a thing. When these erotic impulses came, he went through a ritual. He would tap on the table or get up and walk in and out of a doorway. Well, we thought art would be a neutral field in this situation, and he became interested. Once he became absorbed in it, his rituals diminished, and he began to improve. These are some of his paintings, with his own comments about them."

His first production was a series of bullfight scenes, done in bold strokes and vivid colors. "There is anger here," the artist had written on an attached label. "I saw myself as both the bull and the matador."

Later, after the art therapy and psychiatric counseling had smoothed out some of his troubled thoughts, he painted several excellent dream-like pictures of a sailboat against dark-blue waters.

A remarkable succession of mood changes was recorded in another series of paintings, turned out by a sturdy blond girl over a period of only two months. "She had a tremendous amount of hostility," her art instructor said, "and her first work was just a big blob of blue. Here it is. We called it 'Wave of Anger,' and that's just what it was. But now look at these."

The second painting in the series was a free but interesting geometric design laid on with white-red-and-blue pigments mixed with cement for an embossed effect—a sort of formalized Jackson Pollock. A few weeks later the patient had progressed to an impressionistic tree design on a black panel, still free but showing considerably more control. And the fourth picture was an extremely well-executed and pleasing pen-and-ink drawing of buildings.

As we stepped out of the art studio, Don Jones pointed to a stone planter beside the path. "This was made by a man who had an obsessive habit of picking at his skin until he had many sores on his face," he said. "We gave him this block of stone, a three-pound hammer and a chisel, and he picked away on it for days until he had hollowed it out. In the meantime he stopped picking at his skin."

In a shop across the lawn four men were rebuilding an old Model T, working with metal lathes, welding equipment and drill presses. At a bench in the corner a sandy-haired man in a red sport shirt looked up as we admired the green-enameled ashtray on which he was working. It was in the shape of a golf green, with a small flag in the center.

Late in the afternoon we dropped into a room of the music building to see how plans for a patients' new literary magazine were progressing. The staff, a group of men and women in their twenties and thirties, was going over a sheaf of manuscripts for the first issue. As a visiting editor I was handed several to read—an essay on international affairs, a short story, two poems. All were thoughtful, lucid, obviously the work of intelligent, well-educated persons apparently in good control of their mental processes.

Most members of the magazine staff were, to be sure, well along on the road to recovery. They exhibited in my presence none of the symptoms of emotional illness. But I saw few such signs no matter where I went in the Menninger Hospital. Some patients did have lost, absorbed or troubled expressions. But there was none of the grimacing, groaning, chattering or bizarre posturing I have seen in every state hospital I have visited.

I was assured, however, by the doctors and therapists that there was still plenty of inner turmoil or mental confusion behind these relatively calm façades. "The main reason our patients don't look sick to you," Doctor Karl emphasized, "is that they are being treated before they develop the symptoms of chronicity. Those at state hospitals either have been there a long time, have been neglected, or waited too long before seeking help."

The stimulating environment of activities and the contagiousness of good behavior—the social pressure by the better patients upon the more disturbed—are other factors affecting patients' appearance. There are no "back wards" at the Menninger Hospital. Every patient is seen by a doctor every day, instead of only once a month, as in the crowded, understaffed hospitals of many states.

Obviously private-hospital rates are too high for the great mass of people needing treatment. But in Kansas this does not mean they are neglected. The ideas, attitudes and activities that provide such a health-promoting atmosphere at the Menninger Hospital have penetrated also the larger, public mental hospitals in the state. To find mental patients living in ranch-type kitchenette apartments on the grounds, for example, is only one of the heartening surprises that greet the visitor to the Topeka State Hospital, with which our next article will be concerned.

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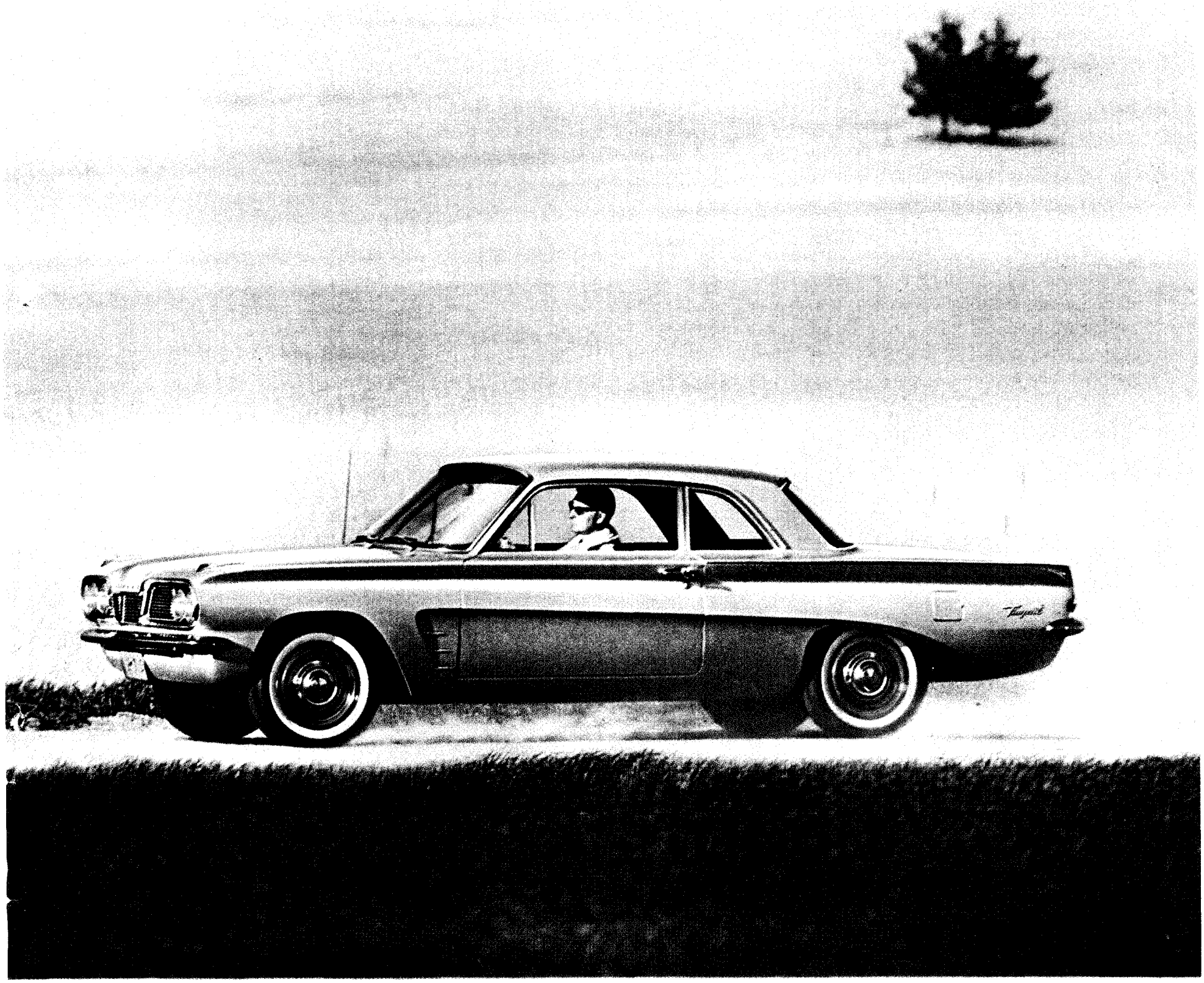

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PETE HARRINGTON, known variously to the tabloids as "heir to the Harrington fortune," "wealthy sportsman," "wastrel" and "night-club habitué," was admittedly all of these. But such convenient labels did not wholly describe his character. The fact is that Pete was a natural athlete. Under different circumstances he just might have won the tennis crown at Forest Hills, played left field for the Yankees or been a golf pro. Instead, gifted with an independent income, he was inevitably characterized as a playboy by the sensational press.

The elder Harrington, a director of numerous corporations, was determined that Pete should have a little grounding in finance before the full Harrington fortune fell to him, and had established his son in a small brokerage business into whose keeping he had entrusted a few foolproof and self-perpetuating accounts.

The offices of this modest operation faced the canyon of Broadway and looked out over the shimmering waters of New York harbor. Having arrived at noon, Pete was gazing at the tugs and ferries plying their way busily to and fro, speculating on the mystery of why people worked at what they did. He finally pressed the red button which summoned Miss Sachs and Charley Gates. Charley, an experienced securities salesman, and Miss Bertha Sachs, an efficient secretary-bookkeeper, ran the office, while Pete handed down such weighty decisions as what to have for lunch, whether to play gin or three-handed bridge during slack periods, and so on. "I stopped by and spoke to George." George was special caterer in the building. "He's doing the curried lamb."

They both thought the lamb would be fine. Pete signed some letters, then the waiter arrived with the food in a little wagon, set the table, and the staff put aside the cares and worries of commerce to take its midday meal. "Why," asked Pete, "would a chap want to become a ferryboat captain? Back and forth. Back and forth. It certainly must get monotonous."

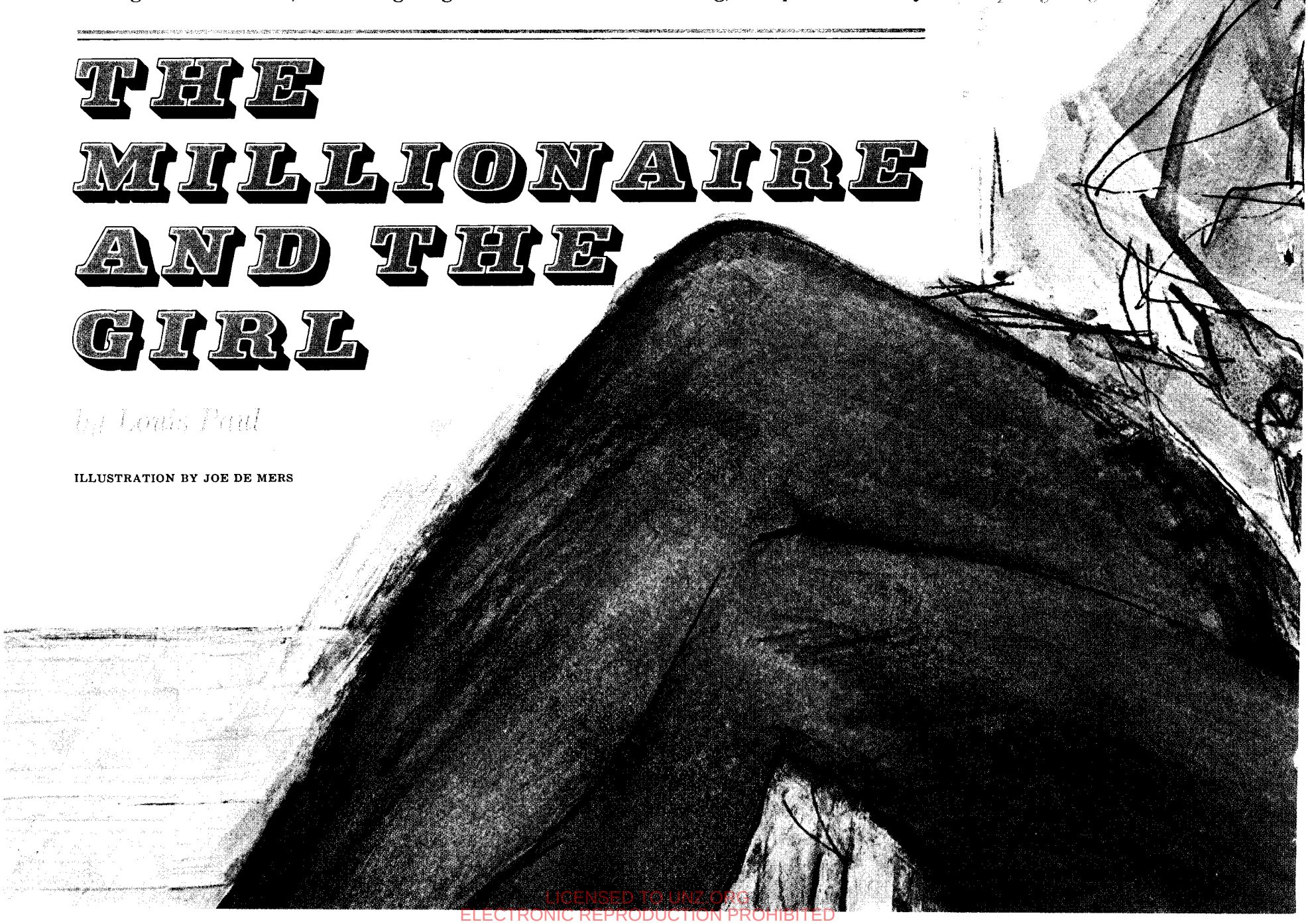
Coming from someone who had never had to earn his own living, the question merely

Not even for love would she marry a playboy....

THE MILLIONAIRE AND THE GIRL

by Louis Paul

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE DE MERS



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drew a shrug from Charley. "Fate probably."

"My grandfather," volunteered Miss Sachs, "was an elephant trainer. Thanks, I will have another roll. He was finally killed by one. They say elephants won't step on you. They stepped on grandfather just the same. Mr. Randolph was in again this morning. He wanted to talk to you about some new kind of feed for the horses."

"Tell him to see Bronson at the stables. Well, what made your grandfather go in for elephants?"

"That's what my dear grandmother kept asking."

"I'll be leaving a little early," Pete announced. "I've got to get her back by the time the first show goes on." They waited for him to clear up this remark.

—COMING—

THE TRUE BOUQUET

on the art of preparing that rare delicacy, the well-turned compliment.

—by—

Phyllis Mc Ginley

"Works in a little dive over in Greenwich Village called the Robbers' Den. There's a chorus of five girls, and she's the third from the left."

"What, another!" exclaimed Miss Sachs.

"I feel this Connie Ralston is just a little more than a night-club dancer," said Pete defensively. "What I mean is. . . ." It was difficult to explain exactly what he did mean, since he was quite fond of girls in general. Some he'd sent on to college, others to Milan to study opera, and still others had benefited by being set up in the millinery business. However, the third one from the left at the Robbers' Den had made a special impression on him. True, in her skimpy black tights Miss Ralston performed her numbers in a way that left no doubt of her essential femininity. But femininity to Pete Harrington was hardly a novelty. Rather, there was a certain air of unaffected simplicity about this creature that ——

"Well," Miss Sachs was saying, "don't do anything silly, like marrying the girl or something."

"I won't, Sachsy." Pete smiled seriously. "I've never been able to fit marriage into my tight schedule." And this was true. He'd been engaged to a few attractive debutantes, but for some reason these young ladies always seemed to get lost somewhere between the Meadow Brook Polo Field and the Bayville Yacht Club.

Pete had offered to call for Miss Ralston, but the statuesque dancer had suggested the Biltmore Plaza. The 10:30 deadline for her floor show placed a severe limitation on any plans he might have, and her idea was a bit of a shopping tour, then a leisurely dinner at the Four Seasons.

Oysters Mignonette and pink champagne seemed like a happy, pleasing combination. Connie, cautious by nature, had looked him up in Dun & Bradstreet, just to be sure. Precisely what he had in mind undoubtedly would manifest itself in good time. Meanwhile she had accepted his invitation with alacrity. Every night-club dancer had dreams of meeting a bona fide millionaire. Why should she be an exception?

In the lobby of the fashionable hotel she suggested the little shopping excursion—there was always the chance that he might buy her a trinket at Cartier's—and dropped the hint about Oysters Mignonette.

Decisively he motioned for the doorman to bring up his black Italian sports car. "For oysters there's only one place." Seated in the low-slung racer, he turned a bronzed smile in her direction. "Ever been to Coney Island?"

"I ——" Connie bit her lip. "I'm afraid so."

"This is an inspiration," he declared enthusiastically. "Oysters, hot dogs with sauerkraut, salt-water taffy, and maybe we'll win a baby doll pitching rings."

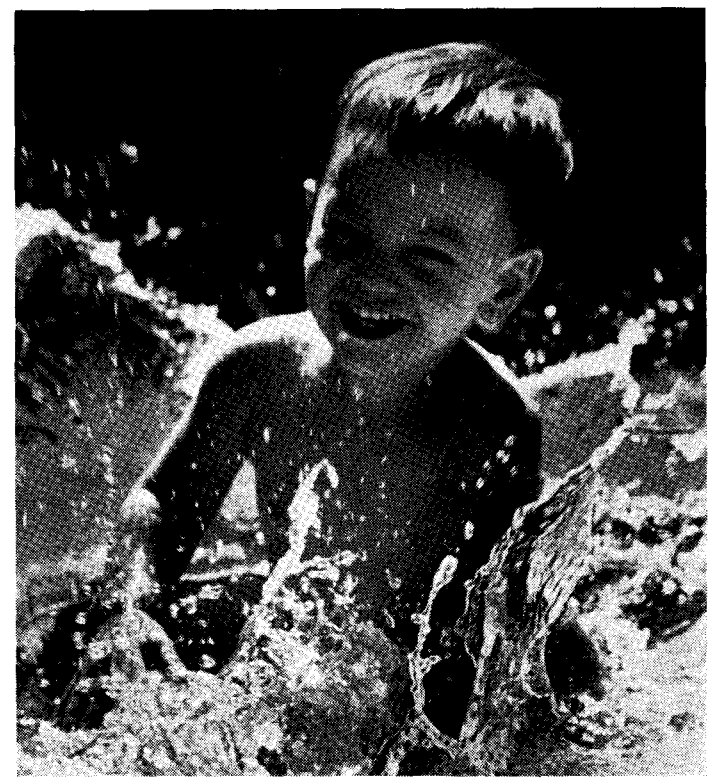
Tears almost started in her eyes as the gleaming towers of Manhattan receded into the distance. The guy had millions, and he thought hot dogs and salt-water taffy were an inspiration! Finally arrived at Coney Island, which she had visited only the week before with a soda clerk from Brokaw's Drugstore, she looked on with boredom as they moved along the midway munching oyster sandwiches. A succession of green dragons, fat ladies, living skeletons, dwarfs, and gypsies left her cold. In a shooting gallery she emptied four rifles without shattering one of the clay birds.

"Lady," said the shooting-gallery man, "you come so close you won yourself a prize." He handed her a pennant on which was printed the legend: CONEY ISLAND. SOUVENIR.

They came to a place called the Tunnel of Love, in which flat-bottomed boats, designed to represent Siamese swans, floated through mysterious wooden canals. The dispatcher eyed the pair with a practiced glance, then pushed the gondola into the darkness. They observed other boats drifting in the opposite direction, lovers snuggled together and oblivious of the weird exhibits which punctuated the more welcome periods of darkness. Pete took Connie's hand, his other arm crept over her shoulder, and finally the Siamese swans swung into the light, completing their journey.

Slowly a curious mood took possession of them, aided by the hypnotic blare of the carrousels, the roar of the roller coaster, the distant murmur of the ocean. Everything seemed to spin, whirling them up like the action of a cream separator. Now, sustained on this slightly dizzy plane, Pete and Connie were trying to win a twelve-pound ham by tossing wooden rings over a set of pegs. In rapid order, as though guided by some invisible genie, Miss Ralston pegged the required

How to give him an education and the freedom to use it



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MILLIONAIRE

number. "Imagine winning a twelve-pound ham just for pegging five rings!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

Tucking the heavy package under his arm, Pete took her hand. "You're ——" He began again. "I don't know how to say this, Connie, but—well, let's take a ride on the merry-go-round."

She shrugged. After all, why not? The dress she was wearing would never again be fit for human use. Pete mounted the horse alongside her, and the brilliantly enameled steed she was on began to rise and fall on its brass axis as she experienced a feeling that something momentous was about to happen.

They came down and bought two bags of popcorn, and it took a while to master the technique of holding each other around the waist and eating popcorn at the same time. The flow of sensation created by the contact of their bodies was like a stream of liquid music. Enthralled by this magic ardor, they effected an entrance to view the waxworks in Madame Zelda's Chamber of Horrors.

"How do they get them so lifelike?" Connie inquired.

"Death masks," volunteered the attendant. "Taken at almost prohibitive cost."

They went on, halting before Dreyfus on Devil's Island.

"Have you ever ——" Pete realized he was not phrasing this with the desired elegance, but he went on anyway. "Have you ever, that is to say, considered marriage?"

Her heavily penciled eyebrows went up. "What, exactly, do you mean, Mr. Harrington?"

"Well, you sort of get engaged, and then, as time goes by, what with one thing and another ——"

"But I hardly know you!"

"At first," Pete admitted, "I had a different idea in mind."

"Yes. I gathered that in the Tunnel of Love, when I put your hand back where it belonged. Force of habit," she added primly. "I've been putting fellows' hands back where they belong since I was sixteen."

Pete turned away from the stilted figure of Lizzie Borden, pictured in the act of wielding a papier-mâché ax. "But now," he said, "I seem to have the feeling that I'd like to keep going around and around with you more or less forever."

"That's very flattering, Mr. Harrington," murmured Connie, suspicions clawing at her from every direction. The trouble with millionaires, you could never be sure when they were sincere. "What about your parents?"

He grinned. "If you keep calling me Mr. Harrington, they'll think you're my switchboard operator."

Suddenly Connie's face fell. "Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter?"

"My ham. What did you do with the ham I won?"

He blinked. "I must have put it down somewhere."

"My lovely ham!" Connie moaned. "I was going to live off that ham the rest of the week."

"I'll buy you another."

"It's not the same. It's living off a ham you've won just by throwing rings." She sighed. "Well, it was nice winning it anyway. We'll always have that to remember."

"When will I see you again?"

"Almost any time—if you insist."

"Then let's get together at Locust Valley tomorrow."

She took a last glance around and said, "It's been such a nice night, I thought ——"

"Yes?"

"Well, if I could have just one more oyster sandwich."

The Harrington estate at Locust Valley on Long Island was modest by certain standards. It was an old-shoe sort of place of thirty walled acres, with a rambling granite mansion brought over block by block from the Rhineland, a handsome ell of stables for Pete's animals, a small collection of employees' cottages, a carriage house of twenty rooms or so, gardens and greenhouses and an unpretentious lake stocked with fish of various species.

Miss Ralston, having accepted Pete's invitation to inspect his horses, was still suspicious and puzzled. It was all very well to ask if she had ever considered marriage, to talk about engagements at the end of which something permanent might take place. His expressed desire to keep going around with her more or less forever was flattering but inconclusive. She therefore adopted a wait-and-see attitude, meanwhile confident that she could beat back any temporary assault on her virtue that he might be planning to launch. In this sense there was no observable difference between soda clerks and millionaires. The approach might be different, but the objective was the same.

At present Pete's parents were in Spain, shopping around for an El Greco, and so, aside from a couple of dozen servants, they had the place to themselves. She thought if you had to be a horse, this was the outfit to work for.

"These are my polo mounts," said Pete. "And over here is General Grant. I'm shipping him to Saratoga for the fall meeting." General Grant's high chest and withers, thickly rippled with great muscles, absorbed her whole vision. When she reached up and gingerly stroked his neck, a warm thrill quivered through her. Actually she'd never been quite this close to a horse before. "He's—he's sort of beautiful," she said with awe. "I mean with his legs and head and all."

Two persons arriving at the inevitable conclusion that a great chestnut Thoroughbred is beautiful produced a special kind of rapport. Pete glanced at the stunning girl beside him, and he could have sworn that fairies were jumping rope with the golden strands of her hair. "I was thinking ——"

Her eyelids fluttered. "Yes, Pete?"

He gulped. "I thought you might like to know that—well, that every horse's birthday comes on January first." He went on to describe the conventions that govern the breeding of registered animals.

"Gosh, that's very educational!" she exclaimed.

Pete felt as though he were being swallowed in a pool of blue emotion—her eyes. If this kept on —— Drawing back from a stack of freshly opened hay, he stammered, "Look. We better get out of here."

She knew exactly what he meant, what with General Grant and the suggestive pile of hay and so forth.

"Time I popped you back to the city." They climbed into the deep green-leather bucket seats of the Italian racer. "Actually there's a method in my madness,"

THE CAT

A NEW POEM BY ROBERT MEZEY

Nellie is watching you, her green eyes
Closing and opening like a languid pulse,
And in the black, narrow pupils, your face
Looks back at you, and her. It is someone else.
If, tired with such amusement, she uncurls
And moves like oil to some other place
Of mute, insentient contemplation, this,
The uncertain stillness a green study leaves,
Throbs and enlarges in you. In her gaze,
Wakeful, impassive, frigid, less than wise,
You will find only the trivial mysteries,
That stun the heart. And there is something else.
If cats are mastered, then her master sees—
Having been taken to be what he is,
Another kind of cat—the hackles rise,
The abrupt curvature of the spine, the face
Contort with indecision, and he knows
What you knew as you stared into that endless
Green corridor of time and limpid seas,
Your brute jaw quivering. You are someone else.

Robert Mezey was born in Philadelphia 27 years ago. His poems have appeared in The New Yorker, Partisan Review, Kenyon Review, Harper's, Poetry *and other well-known magazines as well as several anthologies. His volume,* The Lovemaker (*The Cummington Press, Iowa City, Iowa*), *won the Lamont Poetry Prize for 1961.*

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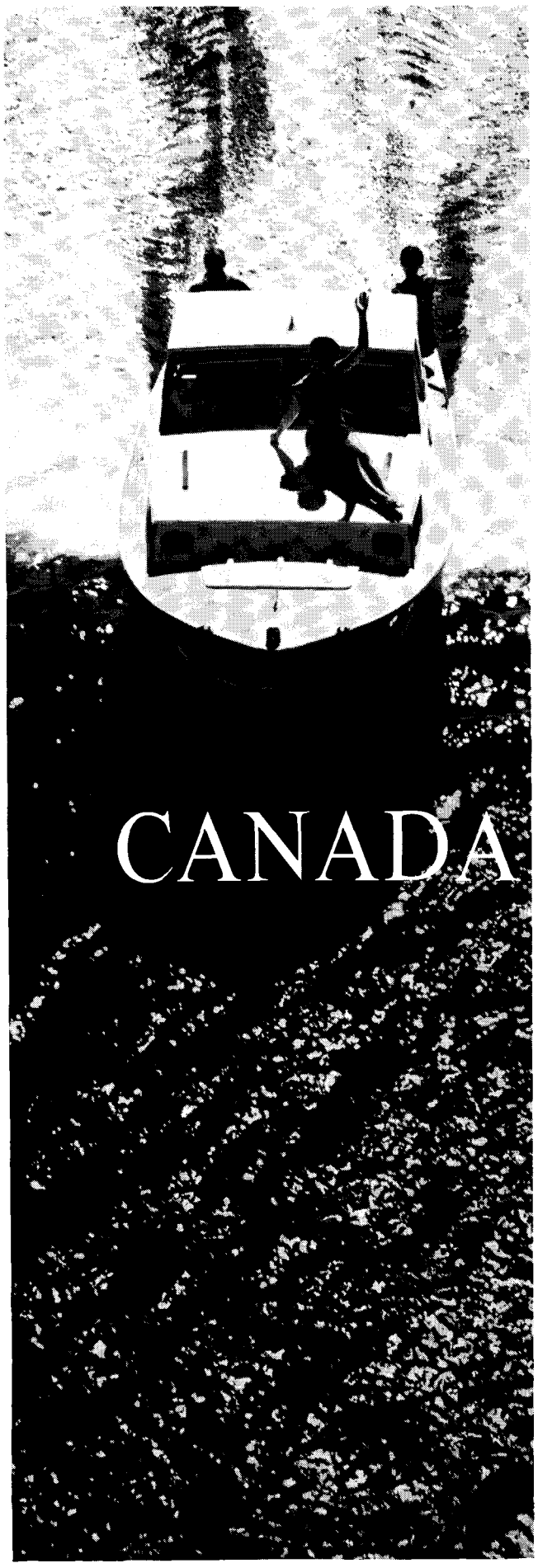

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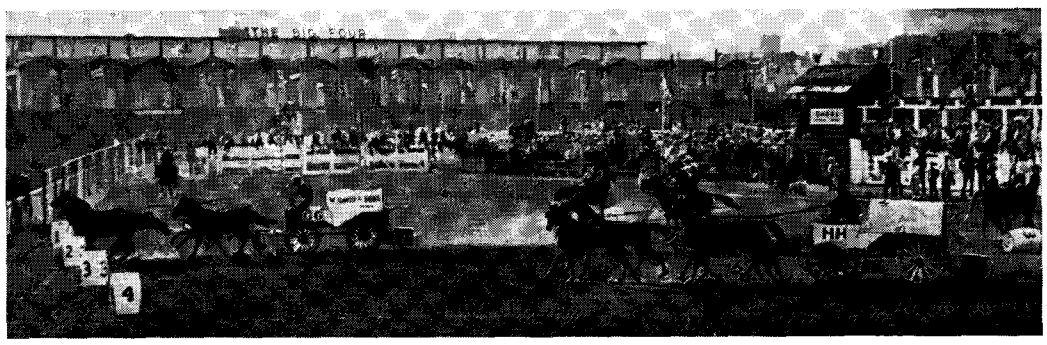

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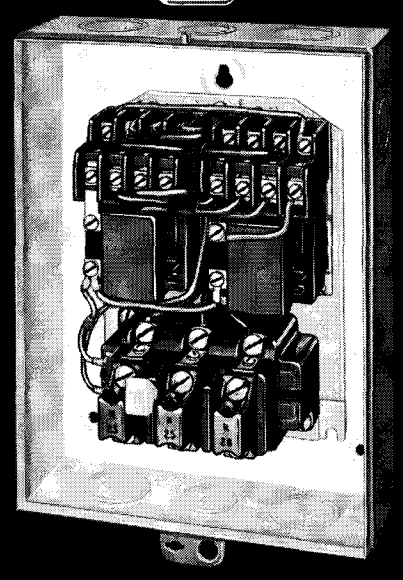

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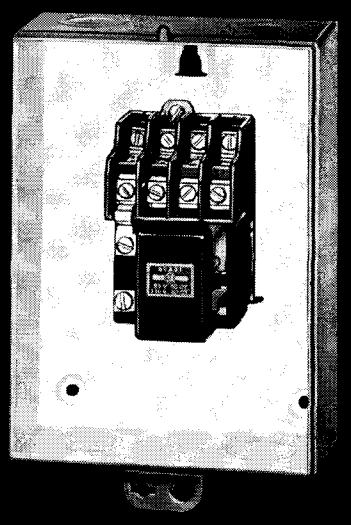

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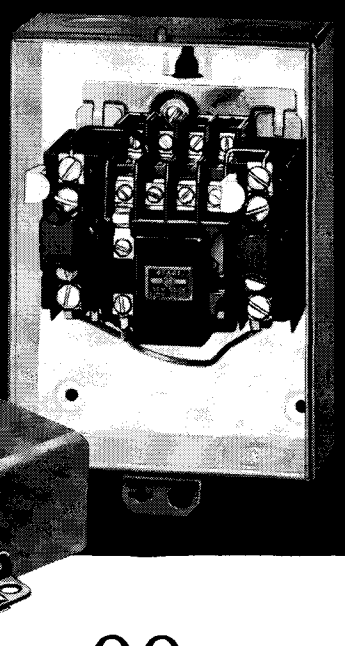

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MILLIONAIRE

he told her. "Eventually the cool weather will be coming on." The method in his madness, to her delight, was a little shopping spree along Fifth Avenue. Connie stared avidly at the jewels and precious ornaments arranged in their windows with price tags coyly hidden—ruby earrings, opal friezes, bracelets set with simple square diamonds.

What Pete had in mind, however, was a sable jacket. When it came to trying it on, she worried a little. "I don't know if I ought to." She twisted this way and that before the mirror.

"Why not?"

"Well, when they see somebody wearing a sable jacket and running around with a rich fellow, people say, 'What some girls won't do for a touch of luxury.' "

The saleslady, coming up, said delicately, "Where will madam have it delivered?"

"I'll keep it on."

"Doesn't madam think it a bit—er—warm?"

"I take cold easy," she explained. Outside she hugged the coat close around her. "I can't believe it," she sighed. "I feel like Cinderella and the magic carpet."

Fortunately for this sort of thing her hours at the Robbers' Den were ideal, as were Pete's, who had only to stop by at Harrington & Co. occasionally to sign a document or two.

The next day Pete took Connie to Belmont Park for the races. A mellow haze hung in the air, and the fringe of verdure that ringed the outer track was like a bracelet of living emeralds. The excitement of the horses pounding down the stretch, the bellowing crowds, the thrill of seeing the horse she had bet on draw away and breeze over the finish line drew a high-pitched exclamation from her. "Gosh!" If this sort of thing kept up, she told herself, she'd have to increase her vocabulary.

Another afternoon they went sailing. Pete owned a racing sloop—his parents were out with the family's ocean-going yacht, of course—and they sailed up the sound to Sachem Head, around to Port Jefferson, then back to Oyster Bay. The breeze was crisp and the sloop lay over at a slight angle as he tacked her easily. Overhead pearl-tinted clouds floated in an expanse of azure blue. Shortening the headsail jib, Pete turned the wheel over to her. She gripped the spokes rigidly as she stared at the complicated binnacle.

"No. Ease her off if she wants to go, then roll her back when she rises. Just work her around when the needle swings past south-southwest. That's it. Now you've got it."

"Gee," she murmured. "I never thought I'd be steering a big ship right out to sea all by myself."

Pete was amused. "This is a Class B boat, and we're not exactly at sea, Angel." He had started calling her Angel for no accountable reason. "But don't let that stop you from having a good time." The wind was making little golden pennants of her hair. Reaching down, he kissed her on the chin. "I guess I've been nipped by the love bug," he confessed.

"Well, I've been stung a few times myself," she murmured, thinking in particular of a certain Mr. Selkirk, who had borrowed eighty dollars from her and vanished into thin air.

Pete, however, was giving her little time to make any firm judgment concerning his character. Just keeping up with his rigorous routine was as much as she could manage at the moment. Polo, for example, meant the drudgery of practice so many hours a week, with a hard-played contest at periodic intervals. Ponies had to be exercised, doctored, kept in tiptop trim. He was explaining these things to Connie as they sped on another afternoon toward the playing field. A four-goal handicap wasn't anything to shout about from the housetops. On the other hand, you didn't get a four-goal rating just by whistling *Dixie*.

She kept her eyes glued on him (No. 2) as he dribbled the willow ball with easy strokes along the turf in practice, first on the near and then on the far side, thrusting his pony into a sudden gallop, then wheeling. The umpire rode out on a gray gelding, the teams moved into position, the umpire tossed in the ball and the riders went into action. It became so fast that Connie could hardly follow it. She merely kept her eyes on No. 2. He galloped down on his man defensively and rode him off the ball. The play became increasingly rough. During the rest of the game she was lost in a blur of admiration for the rider with the No. 2 on his jersey.

Pete kept complaining about his own performance all the way back to town. "It just wasn't my day, Angel."

Connie put this down to an excess of modesty. "I always thought polo was a sissy's game."

"It is," he said. "Any sissy who's willing to risk breaking his neck can do it."

There was no keeping her affair secret from the other girls at the Robbers' Den—already the press had begun to take notice of their comings and goings. "Maybe he's just toying with your affections, dearie," Verée Delise suggested.

"Maybe he's just toying with her, period," said Irene Fisher.

Connie smile smugly. "Maybe."

"A girl who would accept a sable jacket from a man she hardly knows," said Nola Tremaine, loosening her tights to breathe a little more freely, "is looking for trouble."

Verée sighed wistfully. "I wish some millionaire would get me into that kind of trouble."

"What's he really like?" asked Elsa McCord.

"Like a moving target—I mean, he's always in motion, in that racing car, in boats, on the polo field. It's a good thing I've got plenty of muscles in my legs."

And it did take stamina of the muscular kind to dance at the Den all evening, then dash during the day from swimming beach to sports-car races, from tennis match to polo again at Meadow Brook. There were mornings when her feet rebelled, refusing to get out of bed. It was more like an essay in physical endurance than a courtship. But that wasn't all. The trouble with millionaires was the aura of mystery surrounding them. What was a guy after who had everything? The previous evening he had given her a brooch as thick with pearls and diamonds as raisins in a fruitcake. What was he trying to buy with his jewels and sables?

The constant round of activities left her little time to speculate on such matters. There were prize fights, golf matches, yacht races, and he insisted on giving her riding lessons. From the saddle the ground looked a mile away.

"There's nothing to hold on to," she complained.

"You don't hold on. You balance yourself in the stirrups."

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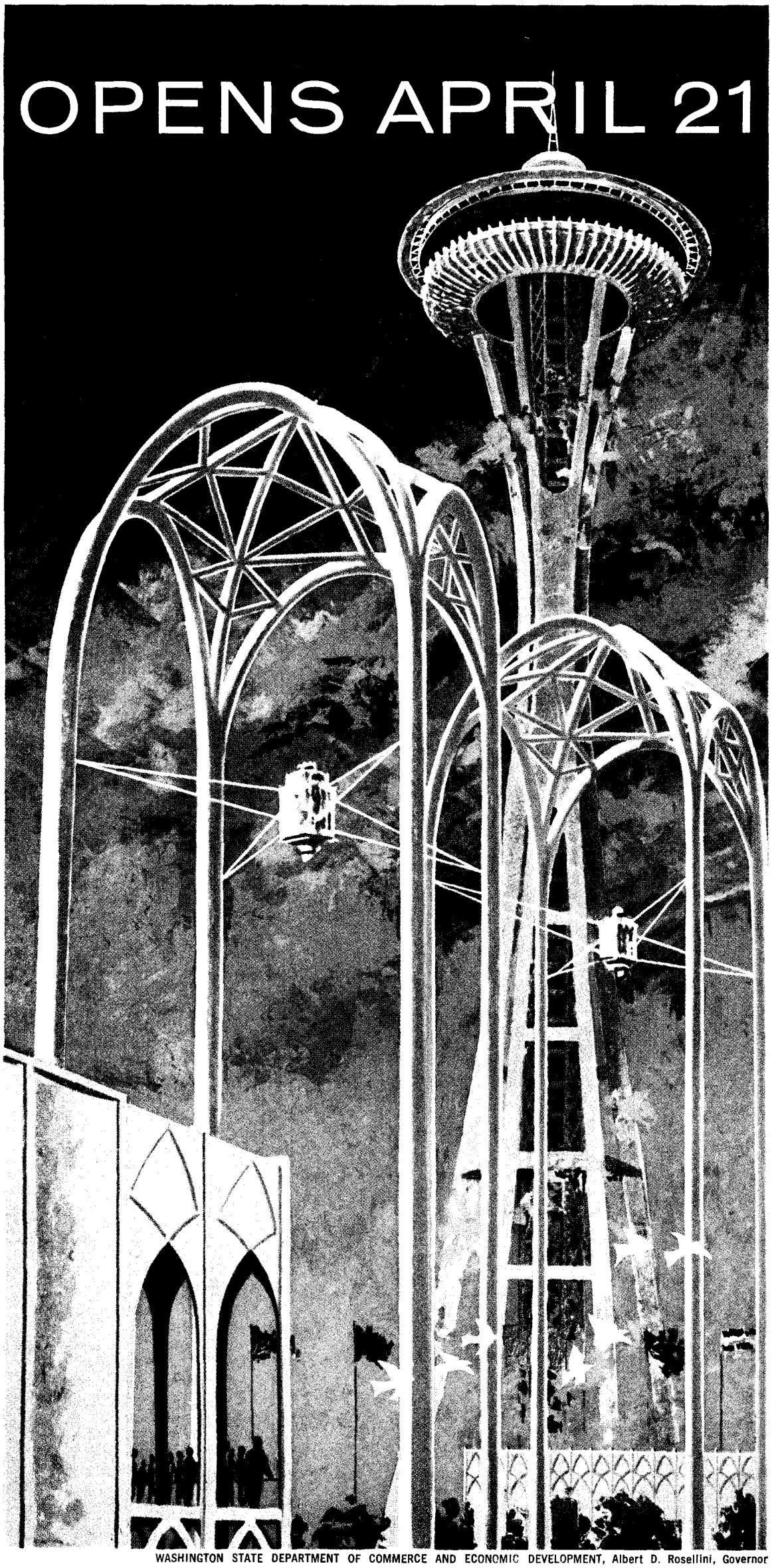

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WASHINGTON STATE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT, Albert D. Rosellini, Governor

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MILLIONAIRE

"In cowboy pictures they have saddles with a thing that comes up in the middle. Why can't I have a cowboy saddle?"

He laughed. "Because you're not a cowboy. The horn of a stock saddle comes in handy for roping steers. You don't have to rope steers, so you use an English saddle."

"Well, I'm not English either."

To act as her cicerone was to relive the novelty of familiar pleasures. She had never gone swimming at a private beach at Rye, never flown in a plane, sat in a box at the opera, attended the first night of a play, or had supper at Paul & Eddie's, where a meal could cost as much as a month's meat bill for an average family.

Driving back from the yacht club one day, Pete was moved to wonder how people of limited means managed to afford amusements.

"They steal it," said Connie.

"Steal?"

"I mean from themselves," she explained. "You have to give up a necessity now and then if you want a little luxury. A girl will share an apartment with three others so she can dress better. She'll do without lunch because she has to watch her figure anyway. After all, if a person doesn't get to see a new movie or take an excursion boat to Boston once in a while, he'd go nuts."

"Excursion boat?"

"Well, it's sort of like going abroad, only it gets you back in time for work on Monday morning. Mostly lovers go on it. People in love. They can't hang around the flat with the kids in the family whooping it up. So a fellow and a girl chip in, and the smart ones find out in advance when there's going to be a full moon. Then they fix chairs on the deck and watch the shoreline go by, with the lights twinkling and all. They get more necking done on a boat ride than they would in a year on dry land."

"And you've been on these excursions often?"

"Oh, yes. There was a boy when I had my first job selling costume jewelry in a department store. His name was Fred and he developed asthma and went out west to Phoenix. Then there was Mr. Hotelling. It didn't take long to find out he was married."

Suddenly she had become his cicerone, describing a world he had never known. "It's like a circle," she went on. "What I mean is, almost everybody's fighting to get up in life. Like, say, a fellow practices the violin till his fingers are worn off so's he can earn the price to eat in a good restaurant where the owner is trying to make enough money to go and hear some genius play the violin. At least that's the way it is around New York."

She was giving him an insight into things which he had somehow never got from those debutantes. "Maybe this is why it feels sinful when you buy me presents," she said. "People like us don't think a thing is being paid for unless we have to put up a struggle to get it."

"Maybe ——" He began again. "Maybe you'd rather marry some working chap."

"Look," she said, "a little-sinful feeling once in a while is O.K. with me. Being married to a poor fellow is like trying to learn the breast stroke in the bathtub. It cramps a girl's style."

"In that case," said Pete, his throat as dry as a bag of bread crumbs, "why don't we get married? Today."

Taken by surprise, her reaction was curiously mixed. "I—I hardly know what to say."

"Just say yes."

"But ——" Her startled mind went fishing for a reply, any reply. "But what will your pa and ma think?"

"They'll be delighted. Mother will shed four tears, two to an eye, and father will crack me over the back and shout, 'I didn't think you had it in you, my boy.'"

Gazing at the looming towers of Manhattan as they negotiated the Triborough Bridge, she said finally, "I won't pretend I wouldn't love to marry a millionaire. But, well, marriage is so *intimate*."

"Considering everything, I sort of thought we were kind of in love with each other."

She stared ahead of her. "Love" was an illusive word at best. All along a little voice had kept whispering, "Watch out. You don't know this guy, not really." Their embraces had been warm—indeed, sultry. But —— "When I was little," she said, "I used to make up stories like how Prince Charming came along and asked me to marry him, and did I want a yellow yacht or a blue one." She smiled. "I always took the yellow one because it went nice with my complexion."

"I'll have the sloop painted yellow."

"Only that was dream stuff, like those movies where you see how girls in the five-and-ten get married to wealthy brokers and go off to live in Palm Beach or Italy or somewhere. I never could figure out why those wealthy brokers were shopping in the five-and-ten anyway."

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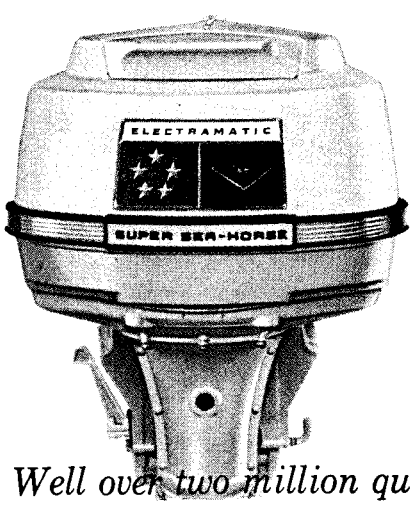

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"This is more or less for real," he observed.

"I know." The point was, those dream movies never said whether the brokers were good guys or bad guys, just that they were rich. "I know. That's why I need a little time to think about it, Pete."

She was still trying to find a term for her hesitation when he dropped her off at the Robbers' Den. A bent old man, with a peddler's tray suspended from his neck, murmured, "Buttons, key-rings, pencils, pins, novelties of all kinds."

Pete stopped. "Just a minute. I've been needing a pencil for weeks." He selected one, then slipped the little bent man a bill.

The old man's hands trembled. "Mister—mister, I can't change this." It was a fifty-dollar bill.

"Hm," said Pete gravely. "Well, according to law, the Supreme Court says nobody can be forced to make change in a democracy. So I guess that's my tough luck." He turned to Connie. "Good night, Angel. And—and try to make up your mind soon."

"But I have." Butterflies were beating against her diaphram. "I've already made it up. Would tomorrow be all right?"

"What made you decide?" he asked huskily.

"Oh, I don't know." But her reason was perfectly clear. Though he had been generous enough with her, how could she know he was not merely trying to buy what she had no intention of selling? What good were jewels and sables unless they went with a kindly heart? Now, though he was unaware of it, that little humane gesture toward a lowly peddler had dispelled her doubts. Indeed, had she known that Pete Harrington was a steady contributor to a list of charities a mile long, her mind could have been set at rest a lot sooner.

Truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders than from the arguments of its opposers.

William Penn
Some Fruits of Solitude

The peddler, still staring at the large bill, was saying, "You mean it, mister? I can keep this?"

Impulsively Connie leaned over and patted the little man's shoulder. "For what you sold Mr. Harrington, he got the best of the bargain."

Pete looked puzzled. "Am I missing something?"

"No. But hang on to that pencil. I'd like it with us on our honeymoon."

Now they were gathered in the parlor of the old New England house in Connecticut while the Reverend Mr. Parker assembled his professional instruments. Charley Gates and Bertha Sachs were looking grave, as witnesses to a marriage should.

The Reverend Mr. Parker examined the license, then drew out a stack of blank marriage certificates from a roll-top desk. "This is the four-dollar one. Plain but nice. The next is seven-fifty. Then we have this de luxe parchment affair, with genuine engraving and a border of cherubs, that goes for fifteen."

"We'll take the fifteen-dollar type," said Pete. "This whole thing is a little new to me."

"It is to most people," said the minister. He turned to Charley. "I presume you have the ring?"

"Check," said Charley, always the soul of efficiency.

The minister turned to the place in his well-worn manual where the faded blue-silk bookmark lay. "Clasp hands. Dearly beloved, we are gathered. . . ." And so on. By the authority vested in him he pronounced them man and wife. "You may kiss the bride."

Their lips met and held a moment. "You ——" The word came out like the sound of a suction pump, and she had to begin again. "You—you mean that's all? We're really married?" said Connie.

"I make it a custom to celebrate the nuptials with a glass of elderberry cordial," said the Reverend Mr. Parker. "Unless, of course, you don't indulge."

"Maybe just this once," said Pete.

The man procured his jug and poured the libation. Sachsy choked on hers. Charley Gates shook his head as though he'd been sideswiped by a sack of cement. "Isn't this a bit powerful," Pete gasped, "for elderberry cordial?"

The minister shrugged. "Just fresh fruit gathered by my grandpa forty years ago, squeezed and put up in casks."

Outside at last, Pete said, "Sorry you did it, Angel?"

"Sorry? With a shot of that cordial under my belt, I couldn't feel sorry if I wanted to."

"We still haven't got the honeymoon question settled," said Pete. "Any suggestions?"

South America was mentioned, but won no votes. Paris, Rome, Vienna were rejected for various reasons. Cuba was out. "What about Scotland?" murmured Miss Sachs, a tear of sentiment still clinging to her eyelid.

"No, but I've got an idea." Pete went back and called out the minister. "You're married, reverend?"

"Indeed. Mrs. Parker at present is visiting relatives."

"Where'd you go on your honeymoon, if I may ask?"

"Niagara Falls."

"How was it?"

The minister smiled. "If memory serves, we found it most romantic."

"Well, what do you say to Niagara Falls, Angel?" asked Pete.

Connie was delighted. "How is it we didn't think of that before?" Bertha and Charley kissed the bride, and the new Mrs. Harrington said to Pete, "You brought the pencil?"

"Sure. But I still don't get it."

"You don't have to, Pete." She sighed happily. "Later, when we're old and gray, I'll explain it to you."

"Explain it now. I don't like mysteries."

"Let me see if I can simplify it. In my experience there are two kinds of guys in the world—those who give and those who take. I wasn't sure which one you were until that pencil deal."

Pete turned to Charley. "Look, friend. Why don't you treat Sachsy to a trip to Coney Island while we're gone?"

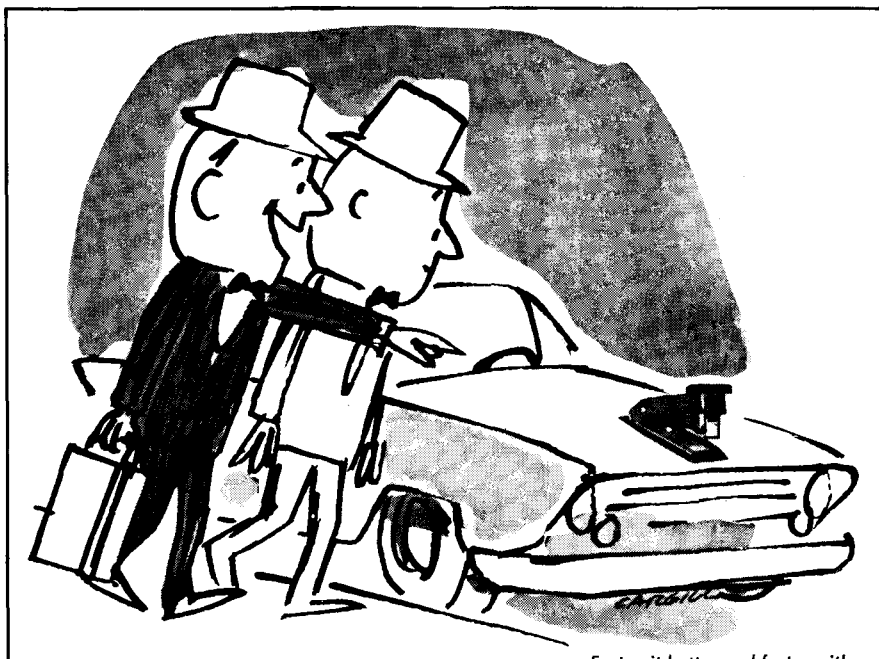
"Coney Island?" Charley was puzzled. "Why Coney Island?"

"You've got to start somewhere. Try the Chamber of Horrors. I can recommend it highly."

Connie was smiling broadly. "He forgot the merry-go-round. You have to get her dizzy first."

Charley turned to Bertha. "Do you know what they're talking about?"

Sachsy shook her head. "No. But it sounds interesting anyway." THE END



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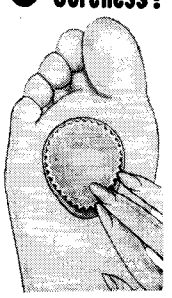

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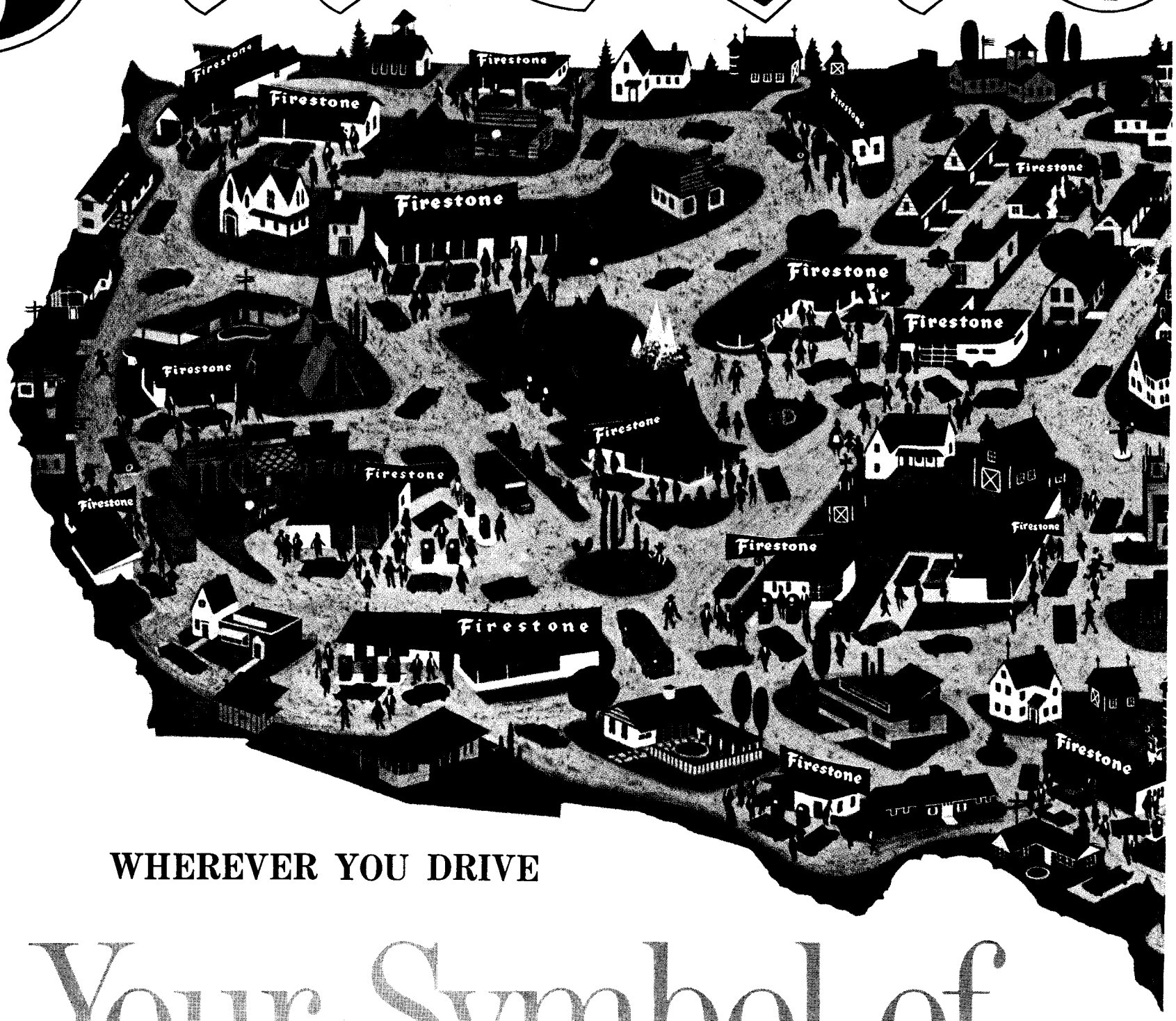

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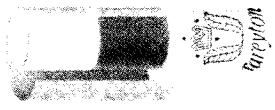

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By WILLIAM K. WYANT Jr.

READING: A WAY UPWARD

How school officials in St. Louis are showing that education, especially the ability to understand and appreciate good books, provides a road out of poverty.

One rainy evening recently the lights burned late in George Washington Carver Elementary School, an old red-brick structure in the poorest district of St. Louis. Surrounding the school is a wilderness of slums that calls to mind the prophet Ezekiel's desolate Valley of Dry Bones.

Who could breathe life or hope into such a place? This is the very citadel of urban blight, the cancer at the core of major American cities. Here are the dispossessed, the culturally deprived, the unskilled, the ignorant, the Negro migrants from the rural South. No district could be less promising from the standpoint of educational advancement. Yet in this barren St. Louis area, spectacular educational progress is being made.

The lights of the Carver School were burning for a meeting of parents, faculty members and a team of educators led by Samuel Shepard Jr., director of the Banneker Group of twenty-three elementary schools. The Banneker Group is one of five areas into which St. Louis's 150 elementary schools are divided. Covering fifteen square miles, it embraces a railroad yard and five low-income public-housing projects.

In the Banneker schools more than 95 percent of the students are Negroes. St. Louis's four other school groupings include one other that is heavily Negro, two that are from 25 to 30 percent Negro, and one that, because of residential segregation, is almost totally white. None of them has made any better headway than the Banneker Group, which is named after Benjamin Banneker, an eighteenth-century Negro mathematician, surveyor and astronomer.

By sheer drive and determination Samuel Shepard, a Negro himself, has succeeded in the last four years in raising the student achievement level in his schools as much as two years, measured at the eighth grade. What is the secret behind this accomplishment? One searches in vain for sleight-of-hand innovations in teaching; there are only hard work, high morale and excellent leadership.

"You are not going to find any gimmicks," says one of Shepard's superiors, "except facing reality."

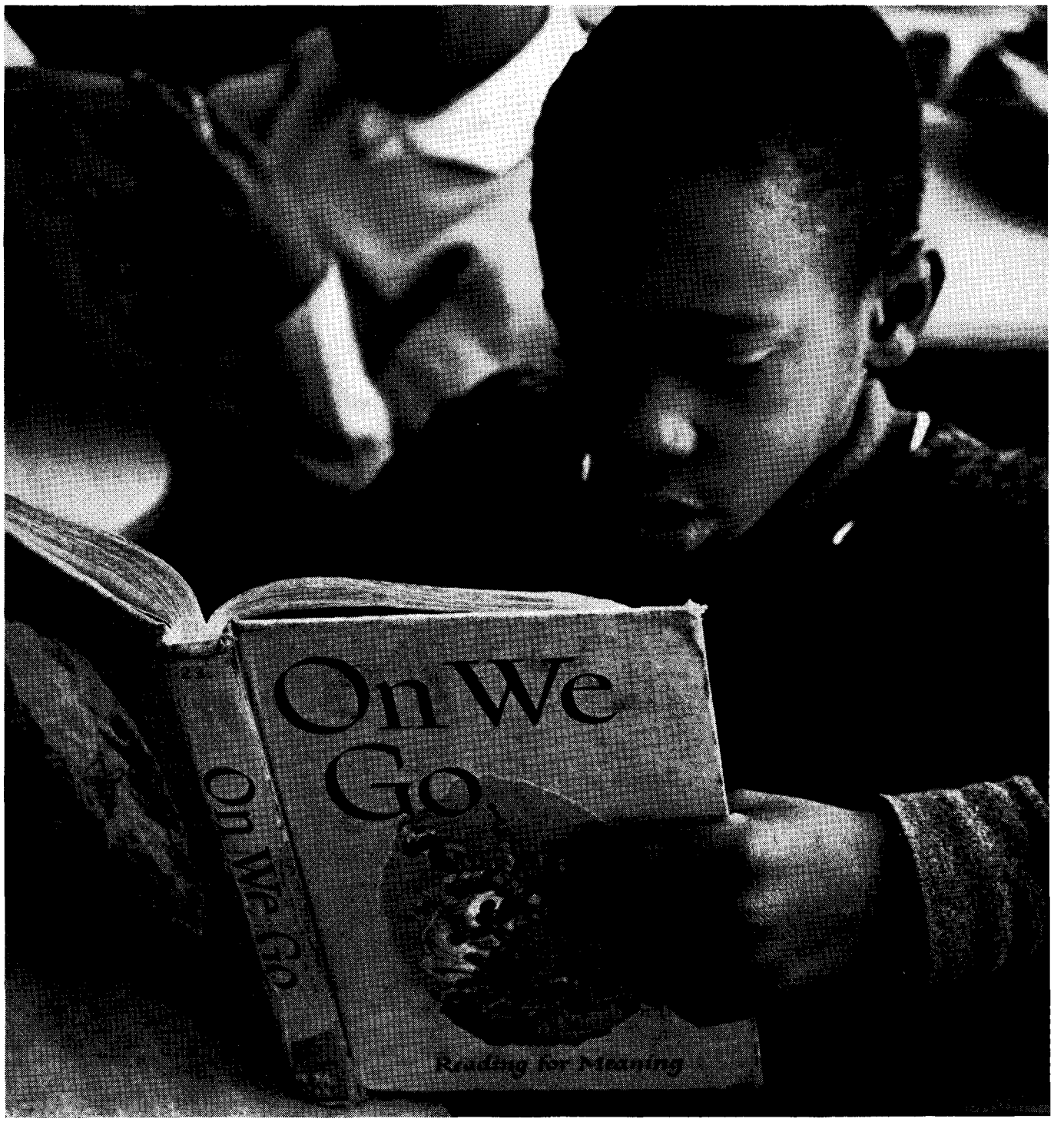
Where second-rate performance has been accepted in the past, Shepard demands first-rate performance. For a Negro school administrator in a slum district this is not easy. It requires forcefulness and character of a high order. Shepard has insisted that the poorer children of St. Louis could do school work as well as more fortunate children, if they were made to realize that school is important.

To watch Shepard and a team of educators handle a meeting such as the one at Carver School is to learn a great deal about a hardheaded, unsentimental and effective method of solving a thorny educational problem.

At the meeting I attended, parents of children in the Carver School filed up a worn stairway to an old-fashioned, second-floor gymnasium. For the most part they were cooks, domestics, laborers. On the walls were posters made by the children: "HONOR IS PURCHASED BY THE DEEDS WE DO."

"WHAT YOU DO NOW DECIDES TOMORROW." Women at a desk pinned paper name tags on the parents, but there was not much chitchat or milling around. People merely took their seats and waited in silence.

Carver School, built in 1882, is one of the older schools in Shepard's domain. Because of new schools built in connection



What does life hold for him? Is there hope that he can learn of the wild wonder and beauty beyond his own "slum wilderness"? A St. Louis public-school group says yes, and tells how it can be done.

Photographs by Suzanne Szasz

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SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE A PATHOLOGIST?

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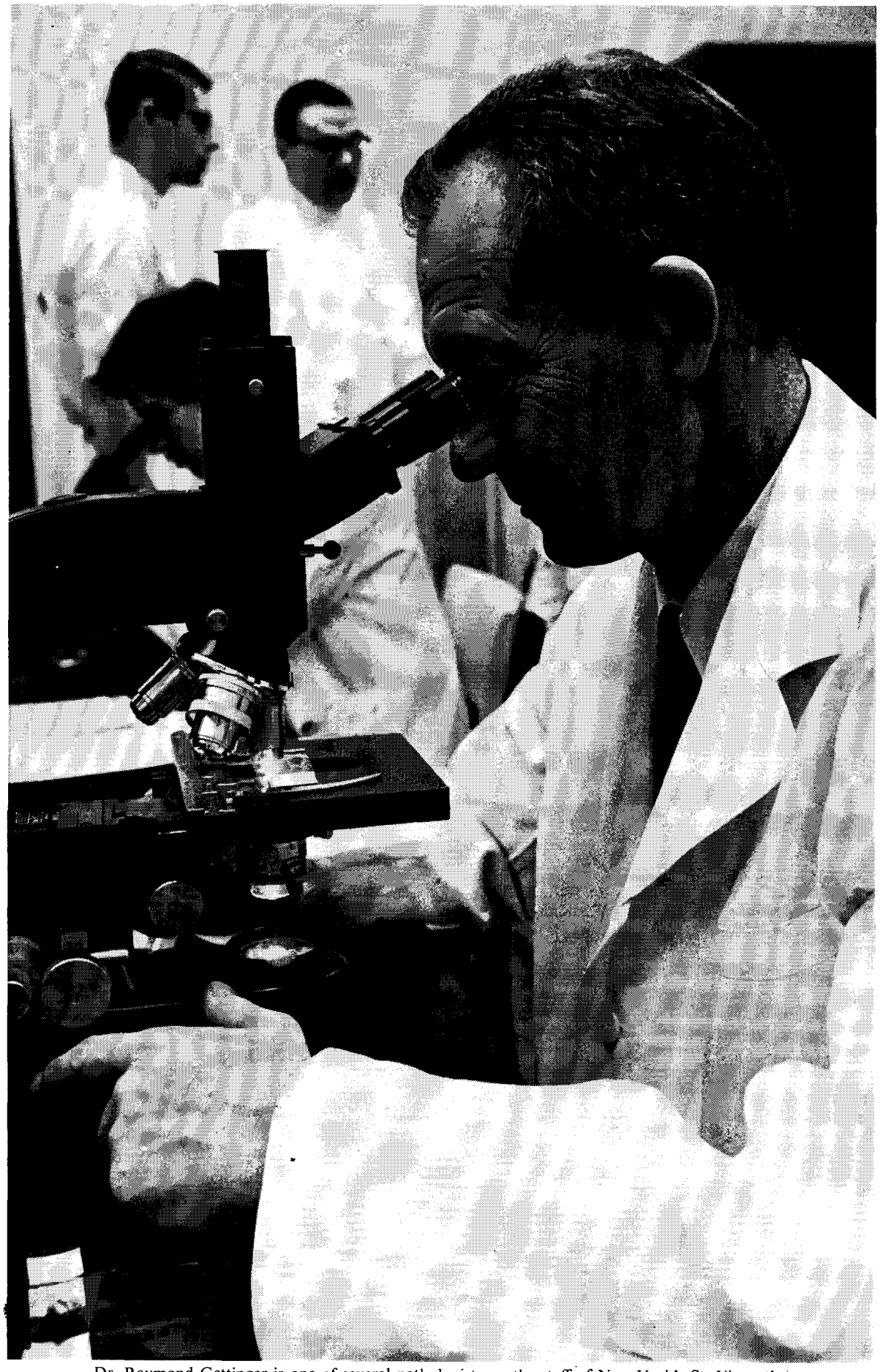

Dr. Raymond Gettinger is one of several pathologists on the staff of New York's St. Vincent's Hospital. Physicians depend on him and his colleagues to perform a wide range of scientific tests.

By Alan R. Moritz, M.D.

Director, Institute of Pathology
Western Reserve University

As told to Donald Robinson

ANY PHYSICIAN will tell you that the scientific heart of his hospital is the pathology laboratory.

The pathologist strives to take the guesswork out of the practice of medicine. He provides physicians and surgeons with the scientific facts they need in order to treat sick persons most efficiently and successfully.

A moment may come in the course of a surgical operation, for example, when the surgeon sets down his scalpel, steps back from the patient, and tensely waits. Seconds tick by on the big hospital clock while nurses hover around and the anesthesiologist adjusts the valves on his oxygen tanks to keep the patient safely asleep. All of them are anxiously waiting.

Nearby in his laboratory, the pathologist quick-freezes a tiny bit of tissue taken from the patient's body, then places a thin slice of it under a powerful microscope. In a couple of minutes his verdict reaches the operating room. "Malignant," he may say with recommendations on how best to handle the dangerous tumor. Or he may utter the blessed word, "Benign."

Only then does the operating room go into action again.

Although many patients never see a pathologist in person, their life or death can rest in his hands.

What is a pathologist? He is a physician who specializes in the practice of laboratory medicine for the purpose of diagnosing disease, assisting the attending doctor in treating it, ascertaining definitely the cause of deaths, as well as helping to advance medicine through research.

Today there are many critical diseases which can be positively identified solely by laboratory methods. Diabetes is one. Tuberculosis, anemia, nephritis and various forms of cancer are among the others.

In each case a pathologist is needed to make the proper laboratory tests to determine what the patient is suffering from.

Take infections. Few can be efficiently treated without laboratory identification of the infective agent.

It is the pathologist who does the identifying.

A Doctor's Doctor

To spell it out—a pathologist employs the delicate and exact techniques of biologists, chemists and physicists in the examination of tissues or fluids of the human body as a means of identifying the nature of a patient's disease and evaluating the effectiveness of the treatment. He works closely with the patient's physician, aiding in the hour-by-hour treatment of the sick. Not a day passes, in fact, that he isn't consulted by physicians for advice on the laboratory procedures needed to solve a clinical problem, or for his views on the significance of a laboratory finding.

Modern medicine could not be practiced competently if the specialized knowledge and skill of pathologists were not readily available at the right time. The dean of a noted medical school has said that no matter what specialty a physician is in, sooner or later he'd be lost if he couldn't call on a pathologist for assistance.

The Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, the top-level organization which keeps an eye on

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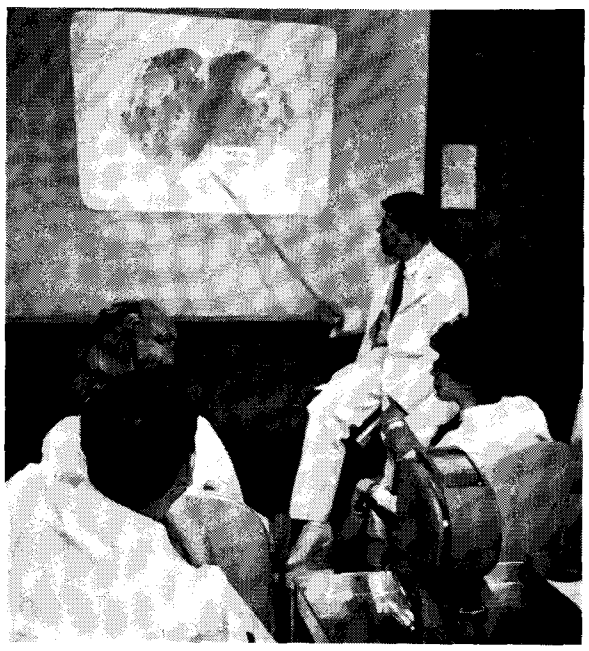


In the hospital or in the research laboratory, the pathologist's findings guide other doctors toward the most effective care of their patients.

Some of the tests performed by the pathology staff require only a few minutes. Others may take days. All are vital to patients' health.

hospitals throughout the United States, concurs. It will not accredit any hospital unless it has a pathologist on its staff or has immediate access to his services.

Most pathologists do their work in hospital laboratories (though a number conduct private laboratories). They generally have a group of highly trained medical technologists under them, and a wide array of intricate precision equipment—everything from electron microscopes to special cameras, centrifuges, and scales capable of weighing as little as one ten-thousandth of a gram.

Many Vital Functions

In an average community hospital, the pathologist is responsible for the performance of 200,000 to 400,000 scientific tests a year. These range from a simple procedure like a urinalysis to such complex tests as the identification of the protein fractions of a person's blood. Or the selection of the precise antibiotic required to kill a particular germ in a patient.

Some tests last a few minutes. Some may take days to complete. All are vital to patients' health.

The hospital blood bank comes under the pathologist. He searches out obscure blood factors to make sure that each patient who needs a transfusion gets the correct blood type.

It could mean the patient's death otherwise.

Autopsies are another part of the pathologist's functions—to fix the cause of death when it is in doubt and, even more important, to learn new things about a disease that may contribute to its cure.

The practicing pathologist does not confine himself exclusively to the laboratory or the autopsy room. Surgeons frequently ask him to be present during an operation to get the benefit of his counsel. Often he is summoned to the sick room for a bedside consultation.

Some pathologists are called upon to help in crime detection. This is known as forensic (legal) pathology and it can be as exciting as it is valuable. I know. I have investigated a great many deaths resulting from violent or unknown causes.

I can remember one case when a man's battered body was discovered alongside a Massachusetts road. He apparently was the victim of a hit-and-run driver.

However, we found a strange kind of dust embedded in his face. We analyzed it and it turned out to be composed of glass particles from a home movie screen.

With this information the police were able to retrace the dead man's last hours to a building where he'd been robbed and killed. His body had been dumped beside the road in an effort to mask the crime.

As you see, the scientific problems in this type of pathology can be quite different from those ordinarily encountered in the hospital laboratory.

Opportunity for Research

Many pathologists—at least forty percent—give time to research. The modern pathologist, standing as he does midway between basic biologists and the attending physician, has a unique perspective which enables him to lead in the attack on disease.

It is no coincidence that six pathologists have won the Nobel Prize for their contributions to the conquest of disease.

Seven out of every ten pathologists teach. Some are full-time members of medical school faculties; others train internes and residents in their laboratories.

I would be less than candid if I omitted saying here that pathologists seldom achieve the warm, personal relationships which attending physicians have with their patients. And many pathologists deeply miss this.

Still, the pathologist continually knows the gratification of aiding in the recovery of very sick people. Over and beyond that, he gets the keen intellectual satisfaction that derives from dealing in tangible, demonstrable facts.

While the typical pathologist works just as hard as his clinical colleague, his hours are usually more predictable. Night calls are not the bane to him that they are to the average doctor.

A Well-Paying Profession

Financially, the rewards are excellent in pathology. You can expect a comfortable living virtually from the day you finish training. There is this to say, too. The young pathologist is likely to be spared the heavy expense of outfitting an office because the hospital ordinarily supplies the equipment he uses.

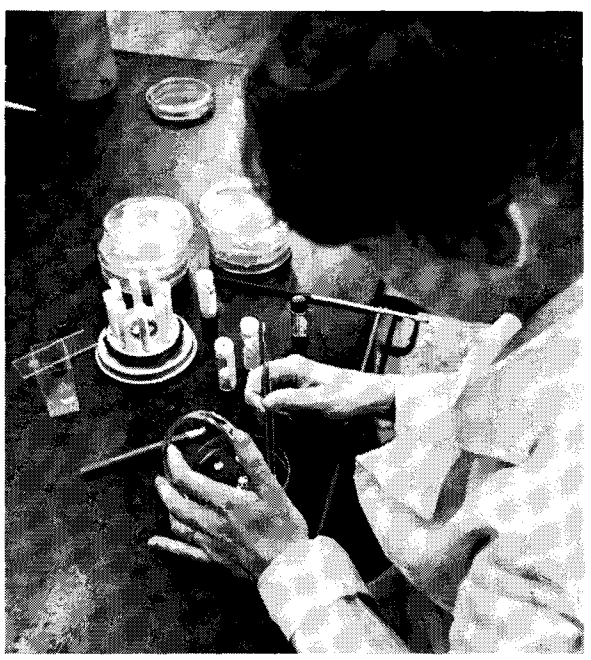
A considerably larger income can be anticipated in later years. The College of American Pathologists recently made a survey of pathologists' incomes. Eighty-five percent of them, it learned, were earning over $15,000 a year.

The demand for pathologists is large. There are barely 4,500 pathologists in the entire United States and we have more vacancies than we have pathologists available to fill them.

Let me emphasize that it is not easy to become a pathologist.

It can necessitate as much as thirteen years of higher education: three or four years of college, four years of medical school, a year's internship, and three or four years of specialized hospital training in pathology itself. After that you must pass a rigorous examination given by the American Board of Pathology before you can be officially certified as a specialist in pathology.

Nor is that the end. You have to go right on studying. Since a pathologist consults with physicians in every specialty, he must keep abreast of all new medical developments. The College of American Pathologists' survey revealed that most pathologists devote from five to ten hours each week to the reading of medical journals. In addition, they constantly must attend medical meetings. It's no career for mental slackers.



Women Are Welcome

It is a splendid profession for women. They are welcome in every quarter, especially research. Women pathologists have made several magnificent discoveries.

Actually, pathology offers particular advantages to women. A woman pathologist can take off a year or more to have a baby and return to her career more readily than in any other medical specialty. Inasmuch as most pathologists do not rely on a built-up practice, a married pathologist finds it easier to move with her husband if the occasion arises.

To my mind, any young person thinking of pathology as a career should, first of all, be a good student. I am not saying that he must be an outstanding scholar in high school and college. Many high school or college students do poorly because they are not yet motivated to work hard. But if they are not motivated by the time they are in medical school they probably never will be.

Certainly, I would be reluctant to accept anyone for training in pathology who was a poor student in medical school.

He, or she, should have a high degree of intellectual curiosity. He should be capable of exercising critical judgment in scientific matters. And he must be able to work under tension. He may have less than five minutes to decide whether a patient has cancer.

Patience is essential to do anything well in a laboratory. Meticulousness, too. A capacity to work with others is necessary. Plus administrative ability. Many pathologists spend up to thirty percent of their time on the administrative details of laboratory management.

When should a young person choose pathology for a career?

In medical school, I'd say, after he's had an opportunity to compare all the specialties.

For me it was even later. I started my post-graduate training with every intention of becoming a surgeon. Then I fell in love with pathology.

It's a love affair that has never waned.

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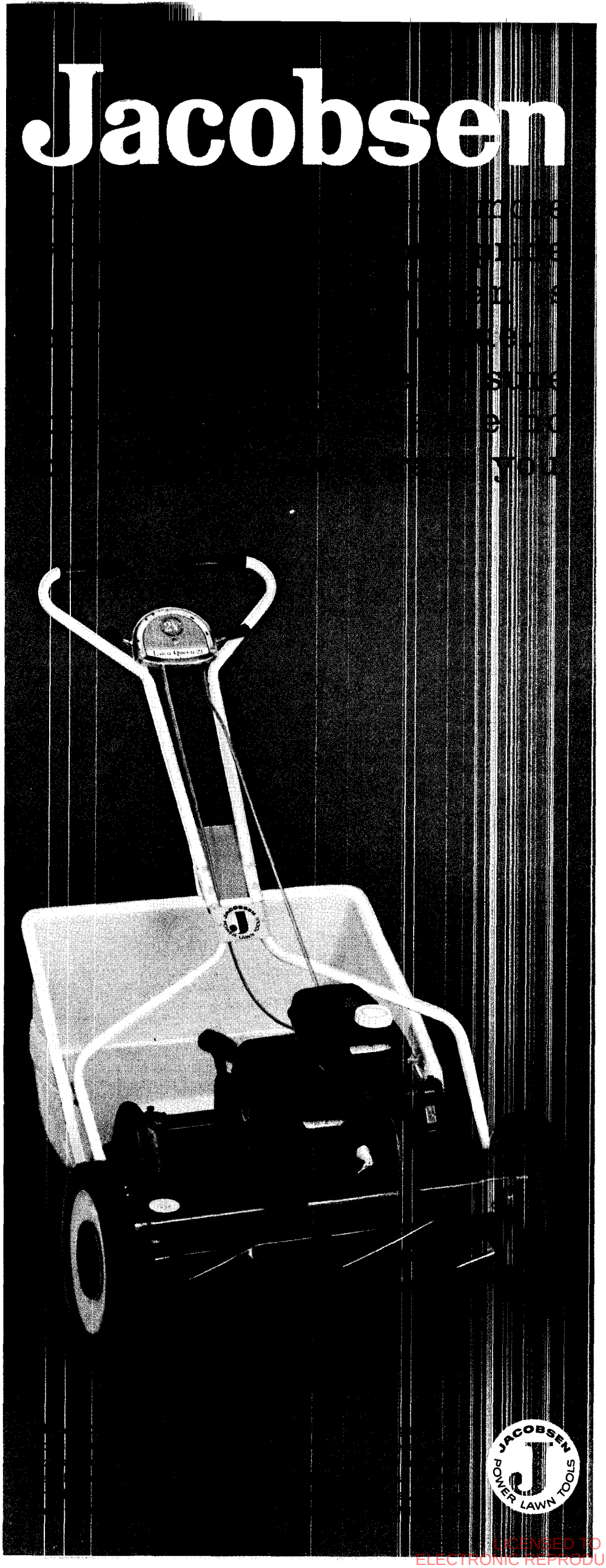

"It is a reading world, and the road ahead is lined with books. Children must understand this."

with the area's new housing projects, the Banneker Group compares favorably with the city's other districts in physical plant and facilities. Shepard also has a slight advantage in teacher-pupil ratio. Banneker schools have one teacher to about thirty-four children. City-wide, the ratio is one to thirty-five.

Carver principal John H. Hunter Jr. introduced Shepard, a strong, self-assured man in his early fifties who holds a doctorate from the University of Michigan. He gets quickly to the point.

"This is no entertainment," he says. "This is a work session with you. We have made wonderful gains, but we haven't quite reached a point where we can say—'This is as far as we want to go.'"

What are the gains to which Shepard refers? The little girls of the Banneker Group have not sprouted wings; the boys do not fight to quote Shakespeare in class. The gains made are more pedestrian, and more practical.

In 1957 the St. Louis public schools instituted a "Three Track" program in high schools, providing separate levels of instruction for children of three levels of apparent ability—Track I for above average, Track II for average and Track III for below average. To determine which track children should follow, St. Louis schools began giving children the Iowa Basic Skills tests in the eighth month of the eighth grade.

The Iowa tests reflect a child's competence in three subjects: reading, arithmetic and language. Since scores are expressed conveniently in terms of grade level, it is possible to tell at a glance whether a child is ahead of his grade or behind it, and by how much. A par score for the eighth grade, eighth month, is 8-8. A child a year behind would score 7-8, a year ahead, 9-8.

When the tests were first given late in 1957, the Banneker eighth-graders fell on their faces, as had been expected. They were a year to two years behind the national norm. Their median scores were a year and one month short of par in reading (7-7), a year behind in arithmetic (7-8) and a year and two months behind in language (7-6). Essentially, the typical Banneker child in 1957 was so far behind that he needed another year of work in all three basic subjects to enter high school and compete equally with most other children.

With the onset of the tests, comparative figures were published within the school system. It was possible for each group of schools—and for individual schools—to see precisely where they ranked. Far from concealing the figures, Shepard displayed them on large charts and graphs.

By last spring's examinations, Banneker's eighth-graders had made impressive strides. On the average, they had gained a year and a month in reading (8-8), nine months in arithmetic (8-7) and a year and five months in language (9-1). The Banneker medians equaled or surpassed national levels in reading and language, and were only a month short of par in arithmetic. (Grade-level scores are figured in terms of a ten-month school year.)

"We've got to keep on doing this long enough so that we can say, 'This is our standard,'" Shepard says. He explains that Negroes were behind, for various reasons, when the United States Supreme Court ordered public schools desegregated in 1954. They must continue to demonstrate that their presence in a school, along with more fortunate children, will not lower academic standards.

Shepard's theme is that education provides the way out of poverty. In business, success hinges on being able to qualify, to take examinations, to read maturely, to speak fluently. It is a reading world, and the road ahead is lined with books. Children must be made to understand this, and be persuaded to make the best of what chance they have.

At the meeting I attended, these points were emphasized by three of Shepard's assistants. Negro educators, they were primed to discuss the relationship between education and earning power, and the academic progress Carver children have made.

Charts of the United States Department of Labor were displayed, showing the sad fate in store for the unskilled and the unlettered; the indisputable relationship between what a man knows and how much he earns. A soft sigh goes up when parents read how it takes $6000 a year, by Government estimate, to provide a decent living for a family of four. In the Carver School neighborhood the average family income—with both parents working—is $3100, and families are large.

One of the speakers told the audience that her father was a manual laborer who had eight children. He had little money but believed in school, she said, and he went without many things to educate his children. The anecdote cut down the distance between this neatly dressed, well-spoken professional and her audience.

Shepard introduced his boss, William Kottmeyer, deputy superintendent of St. Louis schools in charge of elementary education, an internationally known authority on reading instruction—and a white man. This was the fourteenth evening in recent weeks that Kottmeyer had left his home to address a parents' meeting in the Banneker district.

Kottmeyer, a salty, down-to-earth speaker, made his pitch. In his hand was a mimeographed sheet of paper: the Parent's Pledge of Co-operation. The people listening to him had copies. The pledge lists specific things parents should do to help their children do well in school. It is a simple, practical list of tasks spelled out under the motto: SUCCESS IN SCHOOL IS MY CHILD'S MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS.

Kottmeyer quickly established that he knows what parents of slum children are up against. He is aware of the frailties all human beings have in common. No pie-in-the-sky educator, he mixes humor and cajolery with passionate exhortation. He has a habit of saying "Huh?" at the end of a statement, as if to seek agreement and drive the point home.

"Let us not," says Kottmeyer, "just read this pledge and forget about it. Tack it up on the back of your kitchen door. You might have all the good intentions in the world, but you need a reminder. We've got to do this for the kids, huh? They need a little help."

Kottmeyer tells the parents how he and Shepard frequently see children, who ought to be in school, walking around in department stores with their parents

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How they know that daughters who ought to be in class are kept home to look after smaller children or help with the wash. How they know it is hard for parents who are tired to keep after the children in the evening, to see that homework gets done.

"You don't need a mahogany table," Kottmeyer exhorts. "The kitchen table will do. But there must be a place to study."

The part of the Parent's Pledge that has to do with reading gets intensive treatment from Kottmeyer. His forte is teaching reading and spelling. St. Louis's elementary schools have an elaborate program in remedial reading, with clinics in all five districts. The underlying theory is that if a child cannot read, he cannot get much out of school. When weakness in reading shows up, it is dealt with promptly.

"Get him a library card and see that he uses it," says Kottmeyer. "If he loses his card, go down there with him and get him another. I know you've had a hard day's work and your feet hurt—but go with him anyway. And when you buy him a present, get him a book. If he's interested in baseball, get him a book on baseball. If he's interested in elephants, get him a book about elephants."

By now there was much laughter at the meeting, along with nods and murmurs of assent. Kottmeyer's flat, uncompromising, Midwestern voice rang out about sacrifices that must be made for the young if they are to have the opportunity of living better lives.

Summing up, Shepard told the Carver parents, "We have demonstrated that the color of your skin, where you live and how much money there is in your pocketbook have nothing to do with whether your child can learn. We want to help you convince your youngster that success in school is his or her most important business. Children must understand that every hour they have in school is precious."

There is more to education than oratory, and the Banneker effort is backed up by a highly effective system of instruction. But the attitude and morale of the parents are of paramount importance. In the last year deputy superintendent Kottmeyer, Shepard, and various assistants have staged three meetings at each of the Banneker schools. Between January fifteenth and May first, Kottmeyer spoke at fifty-seven such rallies to consolidate gains and guard against relapses. The effort has not been spent in vain.

At the Franklin School, another venerable red-brick structure set in the slums, nearly a third of the eighth-graders are entering high school on Track I, compared with 3 percent in 1957. For the twenty-three Banneker schools as a group, the Track I proportion has increased from 7 percent in 1957 to 22 percent last spring. The Track III proportion decreased from 47 to 10.8 percent in the same period.

It is worth noting that the I.Q. of Banneker pupils bound for college tends to hover around a median of 105. This is 10 points lower than the I.Q. median for Track I's who go on to college from more prosperous parts of St. Louis. Shepard says that I.Q. tests reflect cultural background as well as intelligence, and therefore in I.Q. as in other matters, the slum child is judged unfairly. Shepard tells his teachers: "Quit teaching by I.Q. and the neighborhood where the child lives. Teach the child all you can teach him." Throughout the Banneker schools Shepard's combination of candor and optimism prevails among principals and teachers. It is they, Shepard insists, who have won the victory.

But is the Banneker effort getting through to the parents and children? The evidence attests convincingly that it is. Lamentably there are some parents who turn a deaf ear, and some children who refuse to be helped. But in parents' meetings, pupil assemblies and talks with teachers, one senses a spirit of genuine enthusiasm and enlightened eagerness. When Shepard discovered last semester that the Board of Education had thousands of old dictionaries in stock that were to be torn up for scrap paper, the Banneker District Council of Parent Organizations quickly bought them for 20 cents a copy and sold 5600 to school families at cost.

For a perspective beyond the schoolrooms, the charts and examinations, I paid a call to the tenth-floor apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Smith, who have nine children ranging in age from one month to sixteen years. The Smiths live in a large public-housing project. Platoons of children were playing around the dingy ground-floor entrance. The self-service elevator I rode upstairs was scarred, dirty and held a strong odor of urine. At the tenth floor more children played on a dimly lighted landing.

Mrs. Smith is a stout, cheerful woman of thirty-two. Her apartment is neat and well furnished. Her husband, thirty-three, has a job with a tire-and-supply concern, making brake shoes. She has been staying at home looking after her latest child, but ordinarily works at a laundry while her mother looks after the youngest children.

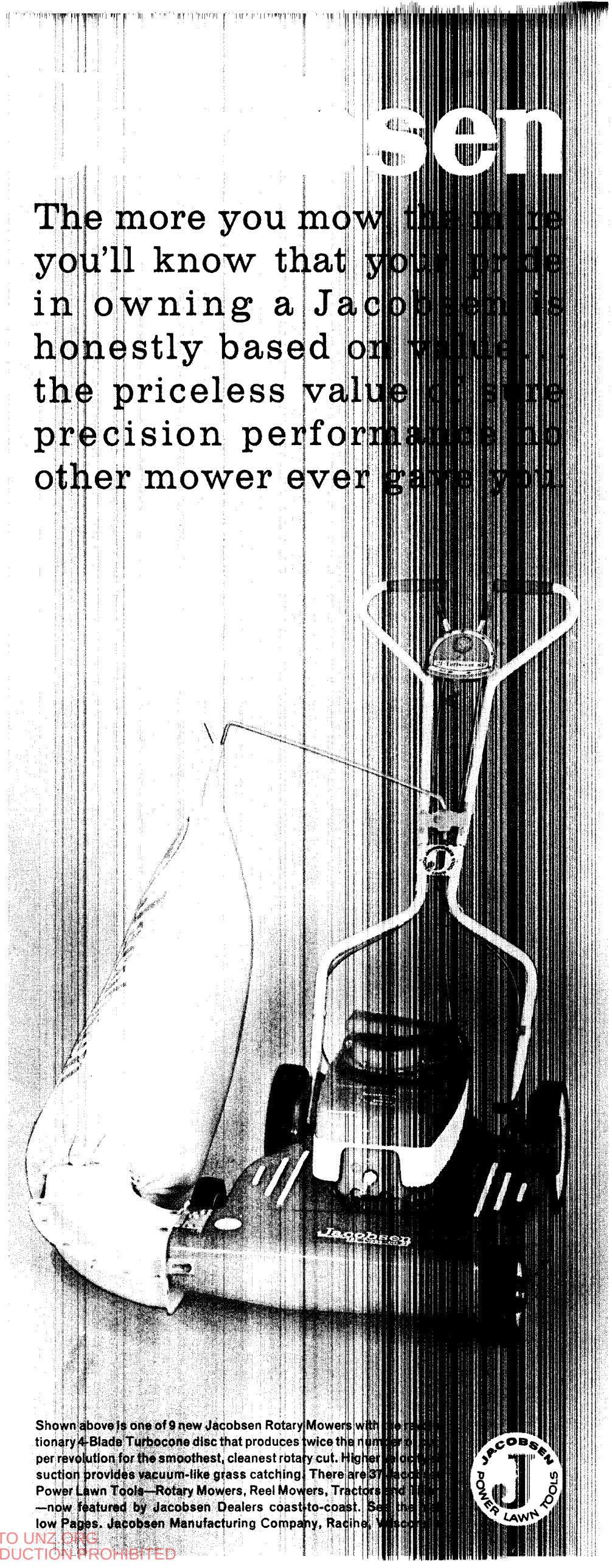
Five of the Smiths' nine children are in the St. Louis public schools. The eldest, Belton, sixteen, has just entered high school for a two-year terminal program. His schoolwork has not been up to standard. He is overage for the ninth grade. Belton aspires to play baseball professionally. He is also contemplating a military career. His mother wants him to stay in school as long as possible.

Mrs. Smith has high hopes for ten-year-old Yvonne, who is in the fifth grade. Both Mrs. Smith and school officials regard Yvonne as an excellent student, headed for Track I in high school. Richard Jr., nine; Glenn, eight; and Jenifer, seven, also are in the primary grades. Then there are Arnold, five, just entering school; Alfred, three; Vivian, nearly two; and the baby, Bryan.

It is Mrs. Smith's ambition to get out of the housing project, out of the slums, and into a house on a modest piece of ground. But this is no simple accomplishment for a large Negro family in St. Louis. Meanwhile she restricts her children to the tenth-floor landing most of the time, to keep them out of trouble.

Mrs. Smith is extremely conscious of the Banneker program. She reached only the eleventh grade in school and regrets not going further. Her husband finished high school.

"I tell the children every day," she says, "'Please go to school if you don't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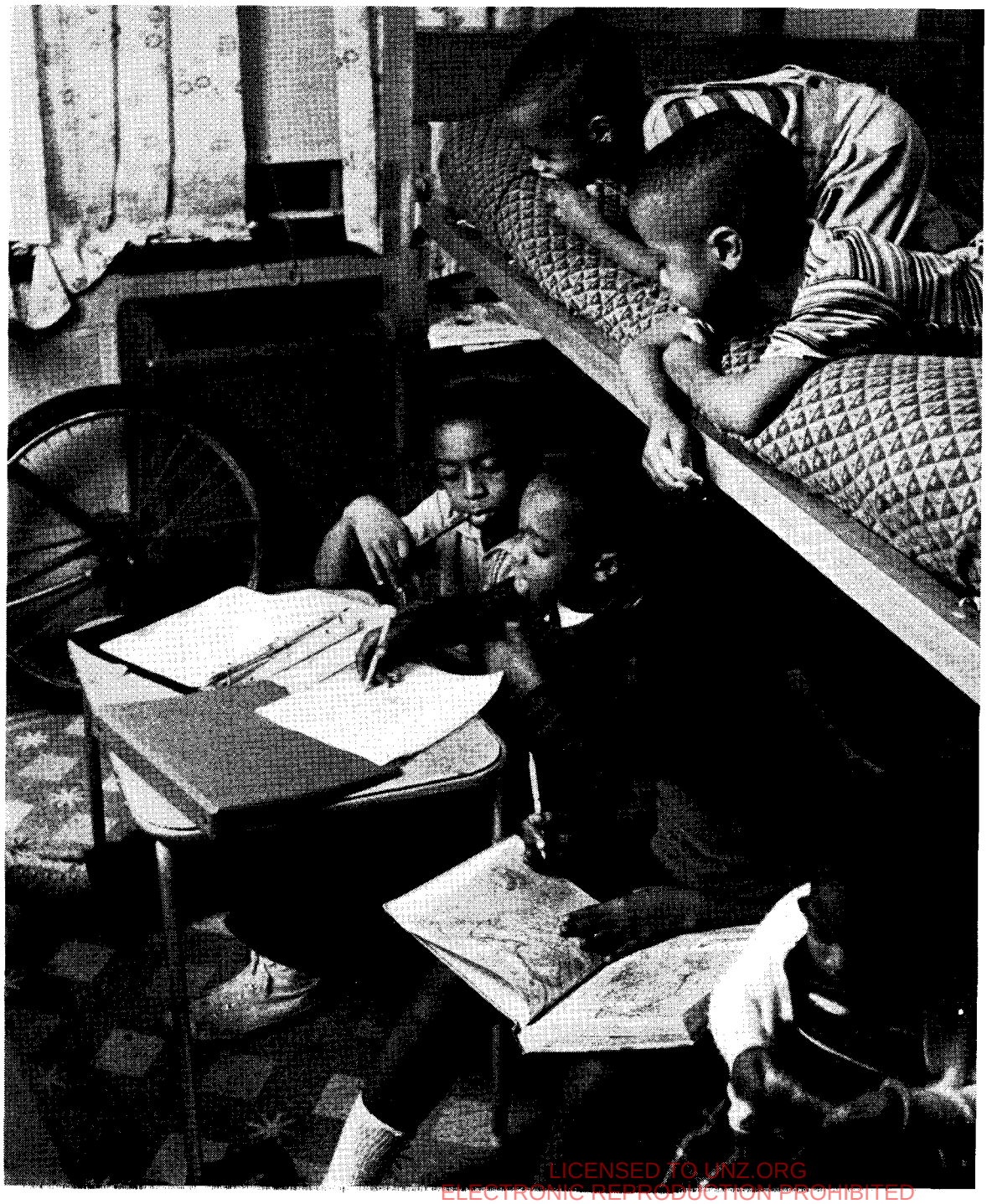
"The upgrading of academic achievement among Negro children in the St. Louis slums is not a miracle."

Samuel Shepard Jr., the hardheaded school official behind the Banneker Group program, doesn't hole up in an office. He has proved that slum kids can learn as readily as more fortunate children.

Six of the nine Smith children. "Go to school if you don't do anything else," their mother urges.



do anything else.' Education is important," she adds. "But most of our color are not interested. Most of them drop out. They say, 'If I live in a bad neighborhood, I'm going to be bad.' But I tell my children: 'Any place will be bad if you make it bad.'"

The family's apartment has three bedrooms. In one of them a place is set out for study, and Yvonne helps the other children with their lessons there. They go to the nearby public library on Tuesday evenings. They have a dictionary handy.

"The teachers keep after the children now," Mrs. Smith says. "The children have more homework, and I know mine really have to get down and scuffle with it. They didn't before."

At the doorway of the Smith apartment is a prayer plaque in plaster and gilt letters: BLESS THIS HOME, O LORD, WE PRAY, MAKE IT SAFE BY NIGHT AND DAY. Beside it is a small reproduction of Da Vinci's painting, *The Last Supper*. Outside in the hall I noticed that the walls of the stairway to the lower floor were penciled and scratched with innocent and not-so-innocent words. Downstairs on a weed-grown sidewalk I saw a man open a wine bottle within view of children coming home from school.

By no means do all of the Banneker parents and their children live in public-housing projects. But the pattern of their lives, for the most part, follows closely that of the Smith family.

The upgrading of academic achievement among Negro children in the St. Louis slums is not a miracle, but it has profound national significance in relation to the desegregation of public schools, and to the seemingly intractable problem of education in the big-city slum.

Under the direction of St. Louis's able superintendent of instruction, Philip J. Hickey, the city's schools were desegregated in a planned, orderly fashion shortly after the court ruling. Measures were taken to cope with disparities in cultural backgrounds. Within this system where the school population is from 40 to 50 percent Negro, and where southern traditions and attitudes are still widely espoused, desegregation has been achieved with remarkable peace and efficiency.

In St. Louis, as in Chicago, Detroit, Washington and other cities of the East and Midwest, the last decade has brought a massive increase in Negro population in the central-city area as white citizens moved to the suburbs. In 1950, St. Louis had a Negro population of 18 percent; in 1960 the proportion had grown to about 29 percent. The greatest part of the immigration has been from the South.

Concentrated in specific areas by neighborhood segregation and poverty, Negro migrants form a large part of the 1,000,000 "disadvantaged children" that the National Education Association estimates are presently attending large-city schools. Educators believe this is the gravest challenge now facing the public-school system.

Samuel Shepard's approach to the problems of the Banneker school area—the most culturally deprived, most depressed, and most heavily Negro section of St. Louis—is practical and utilitarian. It also has its transcendental aspects: The winds of change and hope stirring in this twentieth-century Valley of Dry Bones cause one to think of the Old Testament lines in Ezekiel, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." THE END

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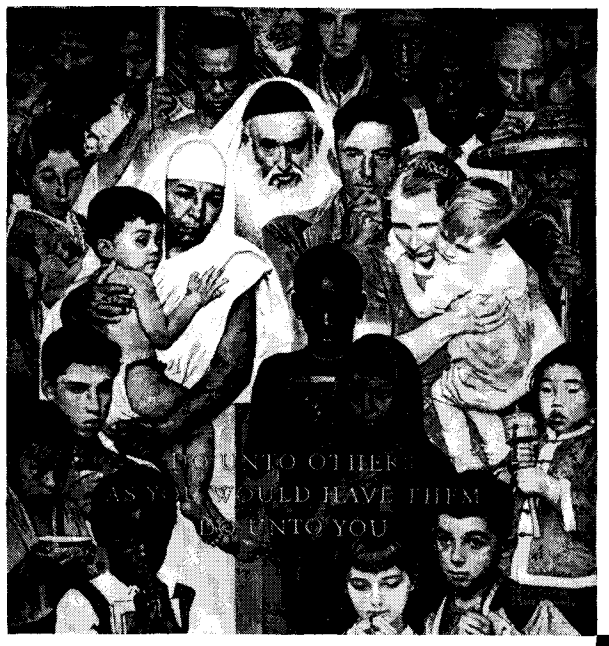

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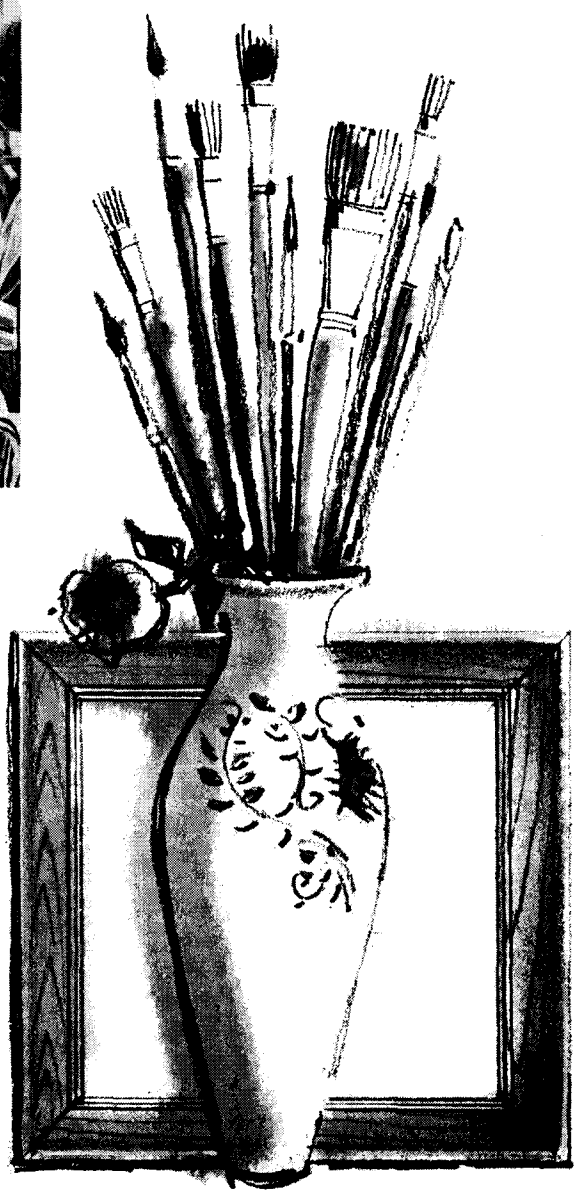

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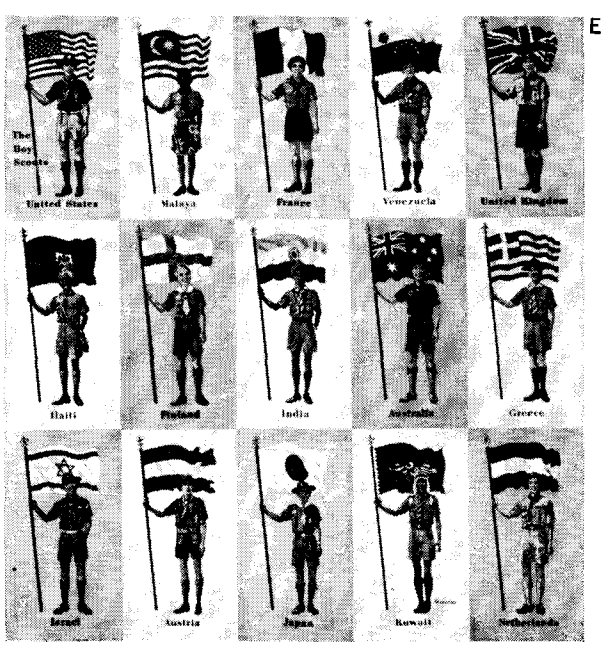

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POSH PALACE OF FASHION

New York's Bergdorf Goodman —a nine-story monument to rich women— is filled with sables and silks and money, money, money. . . .

By JOAN YOUNGER DICKINSON

Bergdorf Goodman is a lush, plush New York women's specialty store where all that glitters is probably gold, or at least a chic synthetic, acceptable this year from Palm Beach to Paris.

"It's a store with a preshopped quality, as if every mistake has been weeded out," said one gilt-edged young matron, mother of three and wife of a TV executive. "I don't have much time or taste, but when I'm well-dressed, I *can* look good. So I just go to Bergdorf's and tell them what I plan to do and ask them what I ought to wear. If Bergdorf's suggested a well-pressed fig leaf, I'd say O.K."

Nine stories high, this white marble citadel of fashion sits on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 58th Street, sharing the famous Plaza Square with such impeccable neighbors as the Plaza Hotel, the Sherry-Netherland and the Savoy Hilton. Beyond lie the tree-shaded acres of Central Park. And here—in the privileged section of New York where Bergdorf Goodman is firmly entrenched—the city air is always crisply scented with the sharp green smell of money.

For nearly sixty years this extraordinary store, discreet, tasteful and expensive, has catered to a customer list that runs the social and fashion alphabet from A to V (Astor to Vanderbilt). On most shopping days, Bergdorf's is as peopled with celebrities as Sardi's on opening night. One may glimpse Greta Garbo, conspicuously disguised in dark glasses and bucket hat, shopping the lingerie department for at-home robes. Mrs. William Paley, Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mrs. Paul Mellon are frequent visitors to the custom-hat department. Mrs. Henry Kaiser became so enamored of a certain beach hat which matched her shocking-pink house in Honolulu that she ordered a dozen. And the late King Mohammed V of Morocco, on a state visit to the United States a few years ago, brought a male entourage to Bergdorf's to help him select gowns for his wives back home.

Some of Bergdorf's regular clientele buy as many as fifty dresses a season; others may order only a suit, a half dozen dresses and two or three ball gowns. But of a basic customer list of 1700 wealthy women who regularly buy custom clothes with the Bergdorf label, more than fifty spend from $80,000 to $90,000 per year. And when these gilded customers have a "fur year"—that inevitable time when a mink or sable goes tatty—they add as much as $30,000 to $50,000 to their individual fashion budgets for fur replacements. Tailored under the direction of designer Emeric Partos, a Bergdorf custom-made sable coat will cost about $55,000, and more for outsizes. There are less expensive furs, of course. A Somali leopard may be had for around $7000. Snug mink or sable babushkas, a combination specialty of the fur and millinery departments, are priced at $295 and $495—custom-fitted and lined with a fabric of one's choice.

For its merchandise quality, distinctive design and general solicitude for the tastes of the fashionable, Bergdorf Goodman is handsomely rewarded. Current sales receipts add up to more than $20,000,000 per year.

Yet there is nothing formidable about Bergdorf's. Careful planning in layout, personnel and décor has kept it a comfortable, at-ease place to shop. Just as a well-run bank does not discourage small depositors or sully the atmosphere with vulgar displays of money, so Bergdorf's keeps much of its lavish merchandise carefully vaulted away. The first floor, separated from the street only by revolving doors, is baited with a supermarket array of umbrellas, handbags, costume and antique jewelry, toiletries and less expensive millinery. To one side is the shoe salon and a small men's-wear shop. Merchandise is varied; prices range from possible to sky high.

In 1956 the store's owners, Andrew Goodman and his sister, the late Ann Goodman Farber, began making changes, with the aid of Leonard Hankin, Bergdorf's only vice president. One of the most successful innovations has been the introduction of the "Miss Bergdorf" department, featuring youthful, high-fashion clothes and accessories at moderate prices.

"To create this department we had to create clothes which had never existed before, clothes that had all the taste and quality of the other departments but were lower in price and younger in style," Mr. Hankin explains. "It was quite a task. Slews of companies came into business just to serve the Miss Bergdorf label, slews of new customers came in to buy—and slews of competitors began following our example. It's hard to believe that before Miss Bergdorf, good junior-size clothes were either terribly expensive or impossible to find. But it's true."

A woman vice president of a leading cosmetics firm said, "New York is a high-fashion city, and Bergdorf's was smart enough to know that the bloom years of a career girl's life mean big spending. Secretaries and receptionists are usually the best-dressed women in offices here. They may live four or six to an apartment, but they're on their way up and spend most of their money on clothes. They're dressing up to a dream of living and working in the big city."

Six stories up at Bergdorf's is another comparative newcomer, a children's department handsomely papered in a nursery plaid of yellows, browns and pink. Here is stocked a complete line of young-children's clothing, including snowsuits and reinforced play clothes sturdy enough to indicate that the rich, as well as the poor, sometimes wear out their knees. The merchandise suggests that well-dressed children should be conservative, demure and rather plain. Extremes are available. Bergdorf's once supplied a $750 vicuña coat for a six-year-old. Best-seller in children's furs, however, is a simple white rabbit coat priced at $200. And the silver-spoon-infant crowd can get a chic start in life in a hand-made christening gown: Price—$250. Young John Kennedy's entire layette was purchased in this department. As a male customer, Baby John can be clothed and suited by Bergdorf's until he graduates beyond size 6XX.

On other floors—in the antiques and decorating departments, the salons devoted to custom garments, furs and millinery—Bergdorf's becomes soberingly posh. Here the atmosphere and decoration are of controlled elegance, positive but never overpowering. Rugs, walls and draperies are in a soothing gray-beige, crystal chandeliers give muted light, and flower arrangements are placed at random, as though by a graceful housewife. Saleswomen—there are 178 in all, with eleven men in furs and men's wear—are available but never pressing; they are quiet-voiced and genteel, as if by osmosis they had taken on some of the expensive quality of the merchandise. About one third of the personnel has been with the store for more than twenty years; a handful more have had nearly a half century of service.

High priestess of this inner sanctum of *couture* is gray-haired buyer-designer Miss Ethel Frankau, directress of the

Bergdorf's elegant entranceway to high fashion: Dior-gowned models, soignée shoppers and a collection of chic sundries priced "from possible to sky-high."

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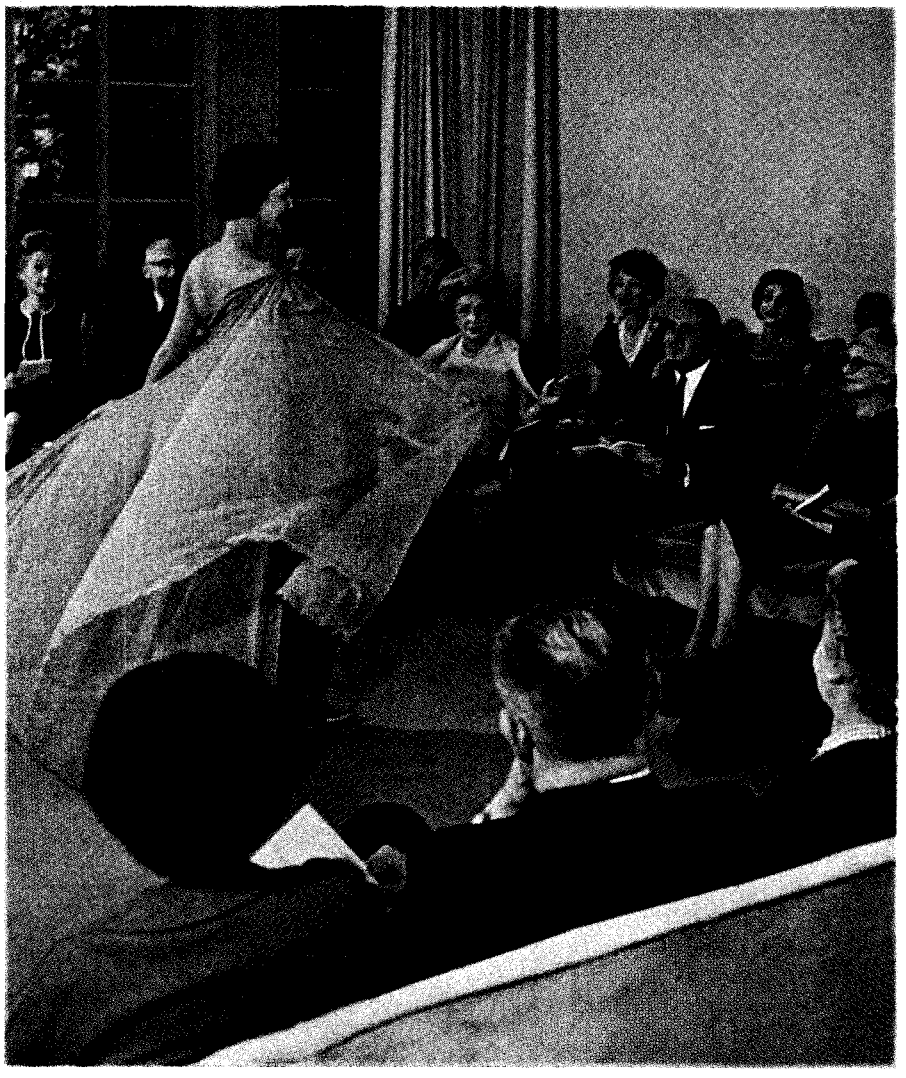
The Delman Salon, one of three shops operated independently under the Bergdorf roof.



Showings in the Custom Salon (above·a Paris original) attract fashion's elite. Admission is by invitation only.

POSH PALACE

Custom Salon. So sure is her taste, so tigerish her insistence on quality in merchandise and design that last August—for the first time in history—the International Syndicate of Couture feted her with a dinner at Maxim's in Paris, solely to toast her influences in the fashion world. Miss Frankau dismisses her own talents lightly, saying she "only helps ladies to find ladylike clothes."

Such ladylike clothes, as conceived in the custom salons, come with husky price tags. Suit prices start at $750, dresses at $1000, and both can go up, up, up. Custom-clothing customers may select their designs directly from the collections of Bergdorf *couturier* Leslie Morris, or ask for adaptations of Paris originals. At customer whim, individual changes may be made—a variation in sleeve or jacket length, material, skirt fullness, or other details. Two staff sketchers create designs from customers' descriptions of their preferences. Many fashion-wise women are able to rough-sketch their own designs, which Bergdorf's then translates into workable patterns.

After the selection of design, fabric and trims, a garment usually needs three or four fittings before it is ready for the final hand-sewing of the Bergdorf label. On the eighth floor of the store, in a room dubbed "ghost city," stand 2000 dressmaker's dummies, each labeled with the name tag of its human prototype. If a woman gains or loses more than ten pounds, she is expected to inform her fitter—who will then trim or pad out the dummy figure in appropriate places.

All patterns and fabrics are numbered, and a careful listing of each garment on order is posted in every Bergdorf fitting room to avoid duplication among customers. Once—but only once—Bergdorf's sold the same dress to the mothers of both bride and groom at a society wedding. Now wedding notices and social pages are required reading at Bergdorf's, and perhaps gossip columns also. "They seem to know my income down to the penny," explained a Long Island customer, recently separated by divorce from one of the largest fortunes on the East Coast. "Since my divorce, the service and attitude at Bergdorf's are exactly the same. But they no longer offer me the most expensive suggestions as they did in the old days. They seem to know I don't get much alimony."

Two ladies who have availed themselves of Bergdorf's custom services are Mrs. Robert Kennedy—as the busy mother of seven, she often shops the children's department by mail—and Mrs. Henry Ford II, who wore a Bergdorf lace gown to her daughter's $250,000 Detroit debut last spring. Debutante Anne Ford was custom-supplied for the same party with a pearl-embroidered organza. Eunice Oakes Gardiner had her wedding dress made in the bridal salon; and, as an extra Bergdorf service, a rip in the heirloom lace once worn by First Lady Mrs. John Tyler was rewoven by hand for the bride.

While most of the names of Bergdorf's clientele are kept as secret as possible, sometimes a customer breaks into the limelight. Last year Jacqueline Kennedy, a Bergdorf customer since she was a little girl, was caught in the bright flashes of publicity when she ordered her Inaugural Ball gown from Bergdorf's.

Shortly after the President's election, Mrs. Kennedy got in touch with Miss Ethel Frankau and asked her to come to Washington to discuss the dress. First consultations took place in the hospital where Mrs. Kennedy was recuperating from the premature birth of her son. Mrs. Frankau had brought six sketches, drawn along lines suggested by Mrs. Kennedy. A floor-length design with soft overblouse decorated with silver thread and brilliants was selected. Fabrics picked were a chiffon and peau d'ange (angelskin satin). Mrs. Kennedy had seen a picture in the New York *Herald Tribune* of a sable cape created by fur designer Emeric Partos; a copy was ordered in peau d'ange to accompany the dress.

The final sketches were taken to a workroom on Bergdorf's eighth floor, where a muslin pattern was cut out. A muslin pattern is like an ordinary pattern, but more complete; seams, darts and all decorations including embroidery and beading are drawn on the sheeting with black chalk. It is like a blueprint and—like a blueprint—is studied by the customer before the actual product is begun.

A fitter took the muslin pattern to Washington to be tried on Mrs. Kennedy; only a few changes were necessary. Then the task of making the dress in secret began, a responsibility heightened by the fact that Mrs. Kennedy announced Bergdorf's was making her dress. Now everyone knew where the plans were, but not *what* they were. Reporters were curious, fashion spies were avid. Copies would spell big business.

To forestall such a disaster, Miss Frankau and Miss Helen Waker, the custom salon's manager, called together five of the store's most trusted garment workers and pledged them to secrecy, overtime and their highest skills.

Three finishers, the fitter and a forewoman worked after hours for days until the ensemble began to take shape and the fitter was able to try it on the dummy built exactly to Mrs. Kennedy's measurements. By Christmas all pieces of fabric were basted in place; the long hours of handsewing lay ahead.

Now the five picked workers went back to their regular hours in full view of other seamstresses, but with the Kennedy dress and cape laid out on a worktable and totally covered with a vast muslin sheet. "We could see the bit of hem or seam we were working on, but that was all," said a finisher. About eighty working hours after the ensemble was cut, it was ready to be pressed—again under a camouflage of sheeting.

Miss Frankau and a fitter flew to Palm Beach with the outfit for final adjustments. When the gown was returned to Bergdorf's, all that remained to be done was the finishing of the hem and the sewing into the seam of a gold-embroidered label: "Jacqueline Kennedy, January, 1961."

The packing of the ensemble took place in the basement of Bergdorf's, again in the greatest secrecy. The store's white bridal boxes were then wrapped in nondescript brown paper and entrusted to a packer and his wife for delivery.

On a January-nineteenth morning train a compartment was reserved. At the station, the packer and his wife fended off porters and carried the boxes onto the train themselves. While the precious shipment was en route to Washington, the famous blizzard began, but the couple was able to deliver the packages to the Kennedys' home and see the garments safely hung up by a maid.

"It was a beautiful and successful dress," Miss Frankau said. "Not only were we making a lovely gown for a lovely customer but we were contributing to American history. Eventually the dress

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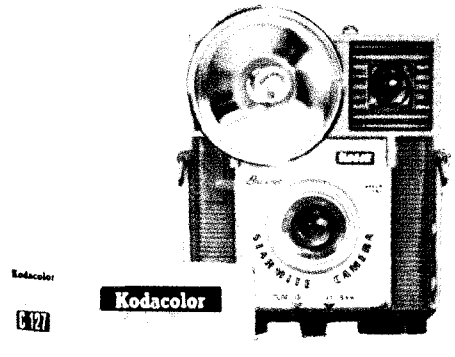

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POSH PALACE

and our workmanship will be on display in the Smithsonian Institution's collection of inaugural dresses." Bergdorf Goodman's had fulfilled a highly unusual commission with its usual aplomb.

Today this amazing store should properly be called Goodman's, but even the reigning Goodmans call it Bergdorf's. The enterprise was started at the turn of the century when a tailor named Herman Bergdorf designed a suit for his sister. Miss Bergdorf was a career girl employed as social secretary to the very social Mrs. Sidney Loeb. Mrs. Loeb's friends admired the suit and then asked for Bergdorf-made copies of it. Business grew in the little gaslit shop on New York's 19th Street until Bergdorf was forced to hire help—young Edwin Goodman from Rochester, New York.

In 1903 Bergdorf sold out completely to Goodman and went back to Alsace; but the name Bergdorf Goodman was already firmly established as New York's leading suitmakers to ladies. At that date Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's mansion still stood at 5th Avenue and 58th Street. She and many of her stylish friends were Goodman customers, but they could not have dreamed that the young tailor would someday move up to the Vanderbilt end of Fifth Avenue.

From the very beginning, tall, handsome Edwin Goodman *was* Bergdorf Goodman. He went to Paris with buyers, dealt with wholesalers, trained the saleslgirls, assisted in sales and fitting rooms and sometimes lent a skilled hand at the tailoring. He added hats, perfumes and even a limited line of ready-to-wear garments. In 1927, when the boom was on, Edwin Goodman had 15,000 loyal, fast-spending customers and a business of $3,000,000 a year. He decided then to buy the land on which the Vanderbilt mansion stood. The old landmark was torn down, and atop the new building Mr. Goodman built a large apartment for his family.

When Edwin Goodman died in 1953 at the age of seventy-six, his two children became co-owners of the store, with Andrew Goodman in charge of over-all operations and Ann Goodman Farber concentrating her excellent talents on the antiques, gifts and decorating departments. As youngsters the Goodmans had lived in the resplendent twenty-two-room apartment over Bergdorf's, immersed with their father in the business of running the store. Now Andrew Goodman lives with his family in Rye, using the apartment only on snow-blocked nights or when late Christmas shoppers keep the store open long after commuting hours. After graduation from Yale, Andrew was apprenticed to Paris *couturier* Jean Patou, then brought back to work with Miss Ethel Frankau. Ann was trained in the sportswear department of Bergdorf's and then moved to Cleveland to run a shop with her antique-dealer husband. Later, and until her death last December, she was an active, creative part of the New York operation.

"Father knew things were changing," Andrew Goodman said, "and if he had been younger, he would have made changes in the store—not build branches, for he felt we couldn't give our special sort of service and excitement if we followed our customers into the suburbs and resorts, away from our workshops, our stockrooms and special craftsmen. I agreed with him then and I do now. But what we *have* done since his death is expand the amount and variety of merchandise and make it easier to get at."

Some changes at Bergdorf's were made by customer demand. The department of antiques, gifts, and *objets d'art*, for instance, was created because so many customers sought to buy the fine antique desks the store uses for its receptionists, as well as the excellent chairs and tables sometimes borrowed from the Goodman family apartment as general décor. Now fine pieces of every period except early American are on sale.

Back in the 1930's, when Edwin Goodman added furs and lingerie, shoes and hosiery to his stock, it was felt along Fifth Avenue that he was now a "tailor graduated," a complete "master of madame's ensemble." Andrew Goodman, as alert a merchandiser as his father, has since given madame one last touch of luxury—an ultralush, newly remodeled beauty salon. The foyer here is walled with antiqued mirrors and furnished with elegant sofas and coffee tables, topped with a housewifely collection of begonia plants potted in high-priced antique china. Customers are given a choice of pink or blue shampoo gowns, with a selection of leopard-cloth wrap-arounds for the young in heart and hip. Free stationery marked UNDER THE DRYER AT BERGDORF'S is supplied for letter writing. Scotch is kept in supply for girls who consider it less plebeian than the usual beer or egg rinse. Many of the hairdressers and manicurists are bilingual, thus helping visiting Parisiennes or Madrilenians feel elegantly at home.

Bergdorf Goodman today, with an active charge-account list of 90,000 persons, has roughly three kinds of customers. First are the very rich, to whom custom attention and leisure shopping are part of a way of life. These customers want the best, and they don't care where the decimal point falls in the price tag.

"As a middle group," says Mr. Goodman, "we have the shoppers—women who buy many things in Bloomingdale's or Ohrbach's, or do their everyday shopping in their home areas of Chicago, Detroit or Columbus, Ohio—who come to us for something special. We like that.

"We don't want to be the kind of store a woman dashes into, with the parking meter ticking outside. We want customers to feel we're worth taking a day off in town. In return we'll put forth every effort to make that shopping day pleasant and exciting. Eventually, we hope, they won't want to go anywhere else."

In the third customer category is the career-girl or young-matron group, a special breed of sophisticated New Yorker who has champagne tastes on a Martini income. For this group, the Miss Bergdorf department sharpens and satisfies the fashion senses. Today they may shop with shrewd lapidary eyes to find that perfect jewel of a dress, perhaps a black crepe with flaring skirt, or a slim, overbloused evening sheath—either for under $100. In later years, given adequate adjustments in their money belts, this group will probably search Bergdorf's higher-priced floors for a Givenchy or Balmain at nearly twenty times that $100 price.

And Bergdorf's, in its second half century of service, will stand ready. Just as Tiffany's is not likely to switch to rhinestones, so Bergdorf Goodman is determined never to lessen the intrinsic quality of their fashion contribution. Exclusive and expensive, the white marble citadel stands firm.

"After all," explained Andrew Goodman, "we're not trying to sell the whole world, just those who like what we like."

THE END

Photographs by Ormond Gigli

Dina Merrill receives the treatment—regal, painstaking, expensive—which draws a rich clientele. At least 50 Bergdorf customers run up bills each year in excess of $80,000.

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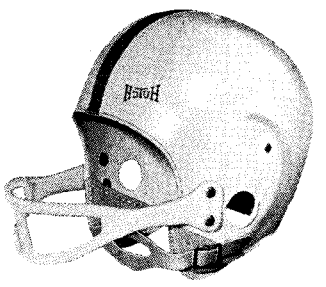

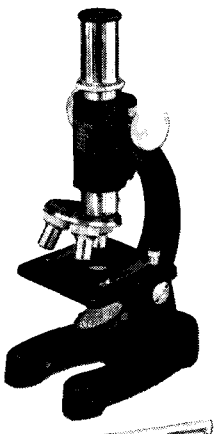

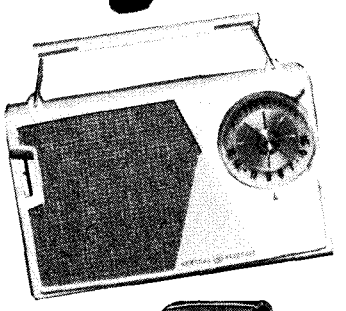

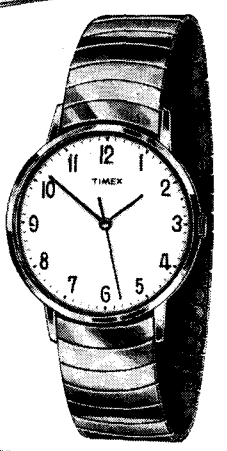

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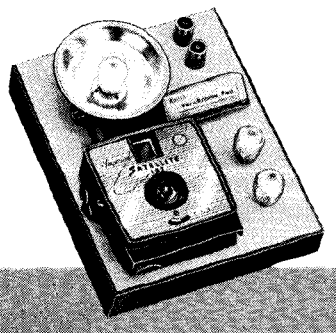

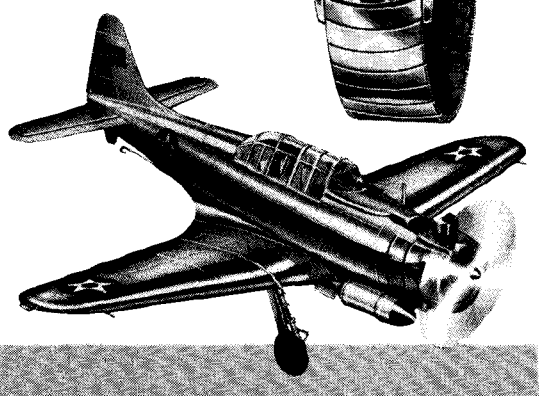

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THE UNSAFE DEPOSIT BOX

continued from page 33

the possibility that whatwe read here is valid. Even for the sake of argument we must grant it."

"Well, for the sake of argument," said Frankenburg. "So?"

"So," said Imhof, "*any* relaxation of pressure must render Perfrement's so-called fluorine eighty-plus harmless, must it not? This being the case, a hole drilled in the vault door should be an ample measure of precaution. This hole made, why, let the matter wait until Monday."

"So be it," said I. "He talks sense."

So now the engineers from the Custodia Company, having come in by plane, unloaded their massive paraphernalia in the bank. And among the cylinders and eye shields and other gear I noticed a number of gas masks. "What are they for?" I asked le Queux.

Frankenburg, unwilling to be convinced, was complaining, "Yes, yes, bore holes—leave Perfrement's thing until Monday. But unless I misread this formula, his so-called fluorine eighty-plus will by that time have ceased to exist."

A certain Doctor Chiappe said in a glum voice, "Metaphysics: If we leave it, it ceases to exist; if we don't leave it, it ceases to exist; but, as I read Perfrement's notes, if we leave fluorine eighty-plus, we shall be involved with it in a state of cononexistence. Better bore holes."

I said, "I asked you, M. le Queux, what are those gas masks for?"

He said, "Why, when the door is in any way interfered with, the alarm automatically goes off. We omit no precautions, none whatsoever. As soon as the alarm goes off, the vault fills with tear gas from built-in containers."

"Did you say tear gas?" I asked.

"In a high concentration."

"Then," I cried, "get away from that door at once!" I appealed to Frankenburg. "You hate every word I say, old fellow, but you're an honest man. Conceding that my notes are right—and I swear they are—you'll see that my fluorine eighty-plus has one affinity. One only. That is with C_8H_7ClO—chloroacetophenone. And that, damme, is the stuff tear gas is made of!"

Frankenburg nodded. Chiappe said, "Slice it as you like—we've had it!"

And old Raisin grumbled, "This, I believe, is what the dramatists call a perfectly damnable impasse. Correct me if I'm wrong."

It was little Imhof who asked, "Is there no part of this place at all that's not guarded by alarms, and what not?"

Le Queux said, "Technically, there is only one part of our vault that's reachable from the outside—if you can call it the outside. The back of our vault abuts on the back of the jeweler's, Monnickendam's, next door. His vault, you see, is itself two feet thick. Hence ——"

"Aha!" said the chief of police.

"Get Monnickendam," said the minister of Security, and that famous jeweler and pawnbroker was duly produced.

He said, "I'd open my vault with pleasure, but I have a partner, Warmerdam. Our vault opens by two combination locks which must be operated simultaneously. These locks are so placed that no one can operate both at the same time. I have my own secret combination and Warmerdam has his. We must both be present to open the vault."

"That's how one gets rich," old Raisin muttered.

Monnickendam corrected him, "That is how one *stays* rich."

"Where's Warmerdam?" they asked.

"In London."

London was telephoned, and Secret Service agents dragged poor Warmerdam shrieking from a dinner table and rushed him to a jetport and fired him over to Sables des Fesses with such dispatch that he arrived in a state of semiobfuscation, with a napkin still tucked under his chin.

But now, by the chief of police's expression, it was evident that the whole matter was an open-and-shut case to him. I was some sort of master criminal, a Moriarty, and my real objective was the jewelers' strong room. He strengthened the police cordon, and Monnickendam and Warmerdam opened their vault.

The men from Custodia went to work—but not before the two jewelers had got a signed and witnessed indemnity from the president of the bank; they wouldn't trust the minister—and so the heavy steel and concrete of the strong room cut through, we began to bite into the back of the bank.

"Time runs out," I said.

Raisin irritated everybody by saying, "Imagination, my friends, and nothing but imagination, is making us all sweat. All things considered, do you think that a megaton, a tyrrannoton, or an ultimon could do us—us personally—more harm than, let us say, a pound of dynamite?"

The chief of police said, "Ha! You know a lot about dynamite, it seems."

"I should hope so," said Raisin. "I was sabotaging Nazis, my friend, when you were swinging a truncheon for the *Deuxième Bureau.*"

I had better be brief, however. At about five in the morning we broke through.

I said, "Fine. You can take it easy now. Fluorine eighty-plus can't blow." And when I then suggested a hot cup of tea, M. le Queux tried to strangle me.

But the men worked on, until the hole was about two feet in diameter; and then one of the smallest of them took my key, wriggled through, and came back with the contents of my safe-deposit box—the little paper package of fluorine 80+.

I pointed out to Frankenburg how greatly it had diminished. "By George, we had a close call then!" I said.

And that, as you might think, was that. Ah, but you'd be wrong. For you see, in the course of that mad night, when every policeman in Sables des Fesses and its environs was mounting guard at the bank and at Monnickendam's, a gang of thieves broke into the Prince of Mamluk's Galleries, said to contain one of the four finest art collections in the world.

They stripped the place at their leisure. They took a priceless collection of antique jewels, three Rembrandts, four Holbeins, two Raphaels, a Titian, two El Grecos, a Vermeer, three Botticellis, a Goya and a Greuze. Greatest art burglary of all time, I'm told. They say that Lloyds would rather have lost a fleet of transatlantic liners than what they underwrote those pictures and things for.

Taking it by and large, I suppose it's for my own good that I was shipped back to England and put under guard.

If I'd had any sense, of course, I'd have kept quiet about that confounded fluorine 80+. As it is, I've made a prisoner of myself. They regard me—of all people!—as a compulsive chatterbox. As if fluorine 80+ is anything to chatter about. Why, you could make it yourself. Take 500 grams of fluorspar ——

Oh-oh! Here come my two friends, I'm afraid. I will take my leave of you now, sir. . . . Good night to you.

Good evening, gentlemen! THE END

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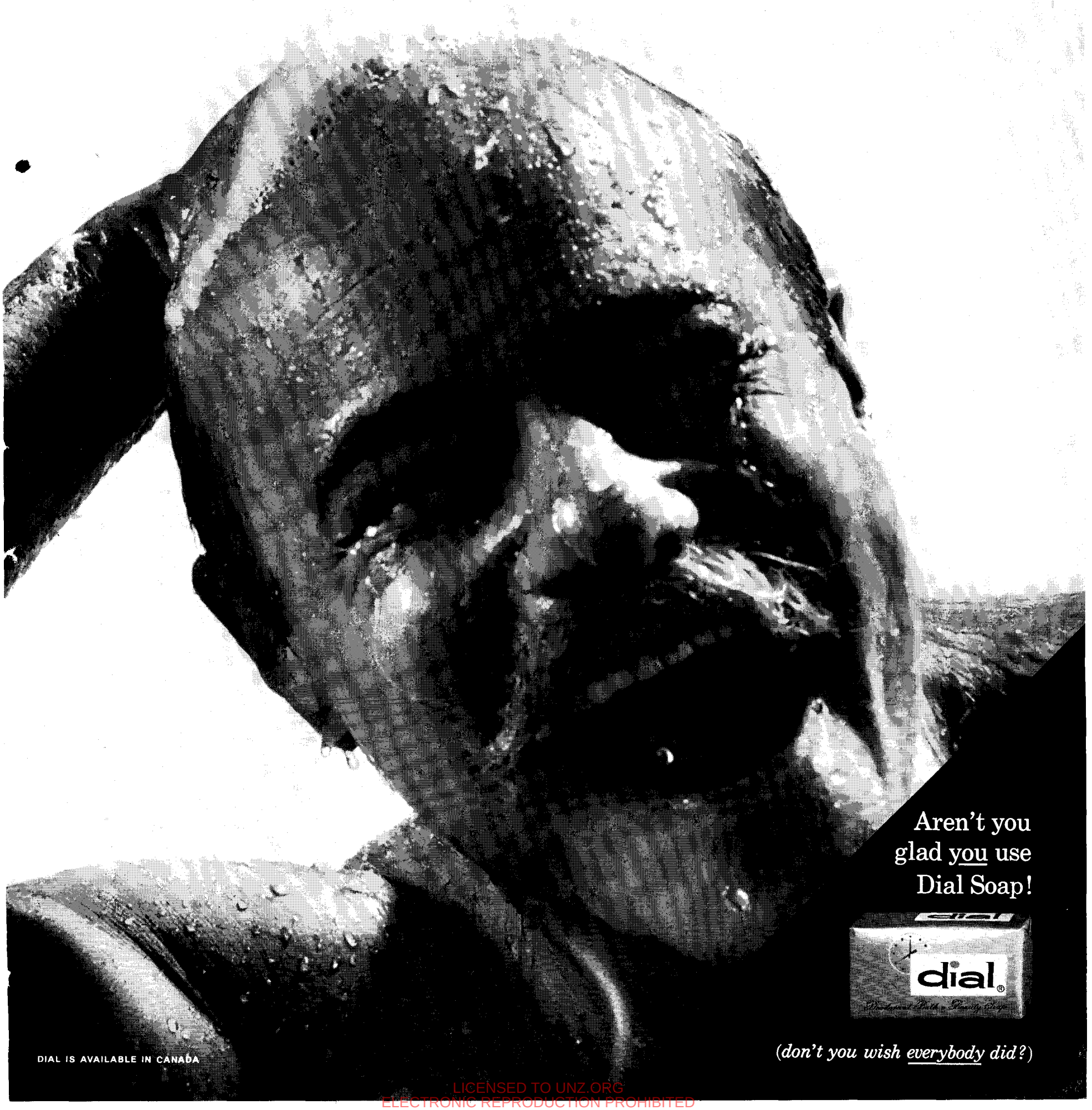

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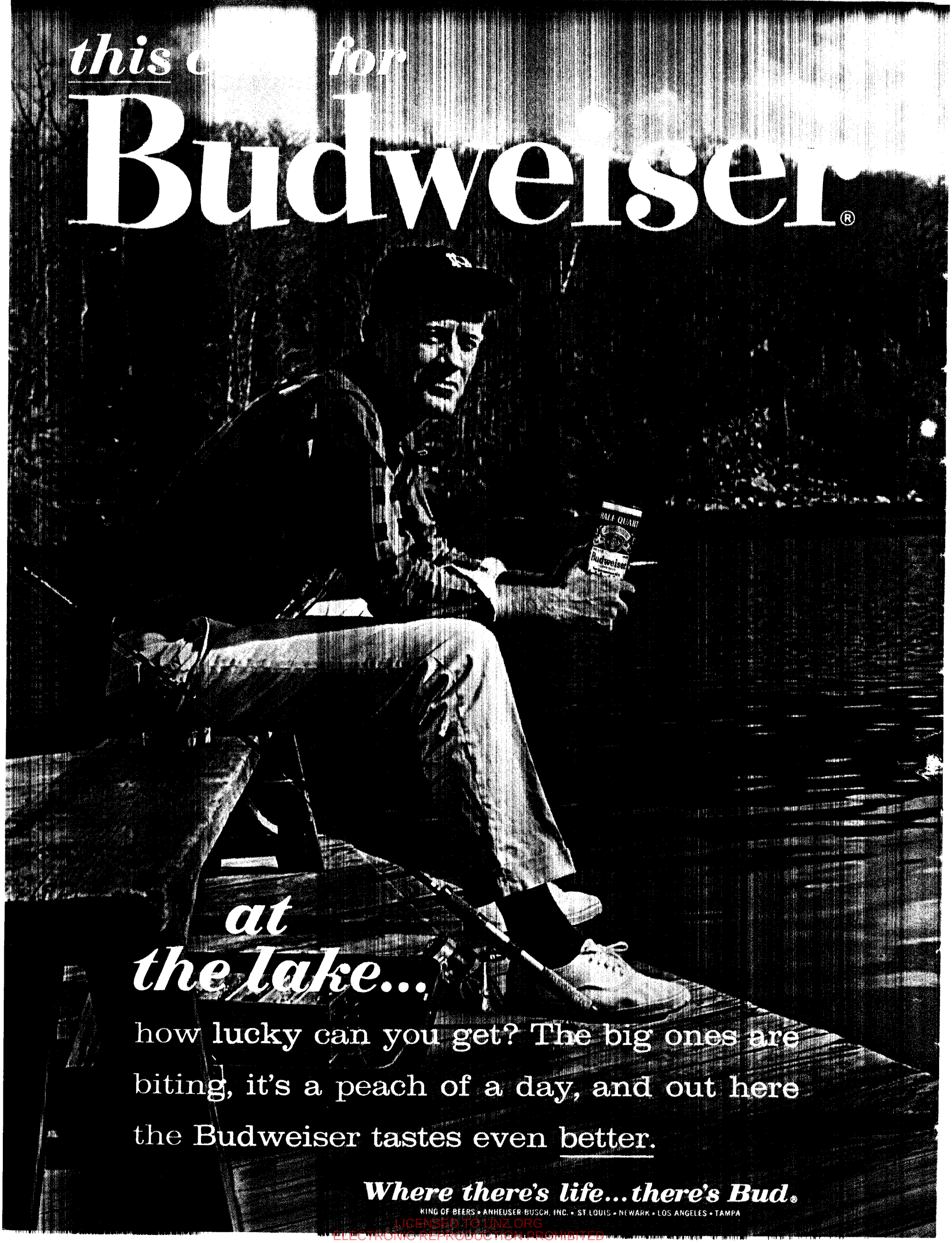

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AN ANSWER TO TELLER

If a nuclear war is started, it will be because those in authority on one side or the other are either misinformed or mad.

We regard Dr. Edward Teller's SATURDAY EVENING POST articles, PLAN FOR SURVIVAL as a signal example of the combination of factual error and emotionalism which might lead to such a catastrophe. The fact that Doctor Teller and his supporters advocate their position with such a show of assurance and with the authority of their profession makes an analysis of their argument and conclusions both necessary and urgent.

We believe that the large majority of Doctor Teller's fellow scientists differ sharply with his judgment. It will do no good to continue the fiction that we are dealing merely with an unimportant difference of opinion between technicians. To let Doctor Teller's proposals go unexamined, and thus to increase their chances of adoption, might cost an incalculable number of lives.

Doctor Teller's recipe for survival appears amazingly simple:

"1. Develop an adequate passive defense. . . . Properly prepared, we can survive (a nuclear attack).

"2. Having survived an attack, be able to strike the second blow. . . . If Russia knows that we can survive and counterattack, she will never directly attack us.

"3. Prepare for limited warfare—limited in scope, area, objectives, *but not in weapons* (italics ours).

"4. We must . . . establish a lawful, community of nations to ensure lasting peace."

It all sounds quite straightforward. Some sacrifices are needed, but there are no hard decisions to make. We need not give up any weapons; on the contrary, we need only add more of the right kind. And above all, we don't have to discuss our mutual dilemma with the Russians. We simply make ourselves so tough that we can ultimately impose our will on them.

And, according to Doctor Teller, his are the *only* solutions. He sees no need to qualify his statements with the cautions customary to scientific reasoning. Take for example the issue of bomb tests. Teller says our moratorium on tests "was idiotic," damning at one blow the policies of two Administrations and the counsel of their best advisers. What are the facts to back this bold assertion? We know, says Teller, "that the Soviet must have conducted some forms of nuclear experiments all along." We know no such thing. In fact, according to newspaper reports, the President's special committees have judged that the Russians had probably not been cheating.

Last September the Soviet Union did test openly. In his articles Doctor Teller states: "Their willingness, despite world opinion, to conduct their bigger tests openly—knowing that they would be detected—was a clear indication that they had already tested the more important small weapons while they could do so in secret." This is a new concept of evidence which would not stand up in any court of law, let alone a scientific discussion. In fact, it is in outright contradiction of known facts.

Teller's proposed solutions would guarantee that the present awesome accumulation of nuclear weapons will continue to grow. Both sides now possess more than a million times the explosive power of the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima—

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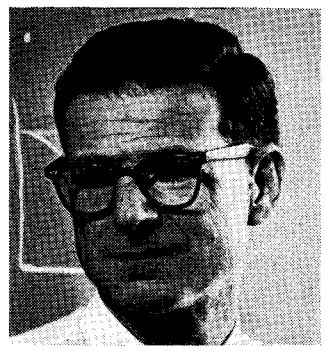

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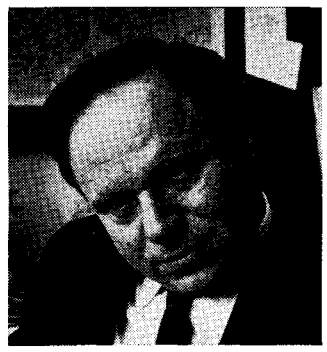

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In three Post *articles published during February of this year, physicist Edward Teller stated his views on the proper course for Americans to follow in their efforts to cope with the problem of survival in a nuclear age.*

Doctor Teller's articles, selected from his book, The Legacy of Hiroshima, *subsequently published by Doubleday, provoked both agreement and vehement dissent by readers familiar with the problems relating to the nuclear dilemma.*

Believing that every citizen should be given the opportunity of judging for himself the merits of conflicting opinions in this vital controversy, The Post *has offered its pages to a group of scientists who wish to differ with Doctor Teller's opinions and conclusions. The article beginning on this page is the work of eight faculty members of eastern universities.* THE EDITORS

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"THE ACCUMULATION OF THESE INCREASINGLY DESTRUCTIVE WEAPONS IS THE ROAD, NOT TO SURVIVAL, BUT TO DISASTER."

more than ten tons of TNT equivalent for each man, woman and child on the earth. Monstrous weapons are being built in the 50- to 100-megaton range, weapons that could incinerate your hometown and everything within a radius of thirty to fifty miles.

The accumulation of these increasingly destructive weapons is the road, not to survival, but to disaster. We believe that Doctor Teller's position must be rejected on at least four points:

1. His refusal to consider negotiated steps toward disarmament.

2. His gross underestimation of the size and destructiveness of a nuclear war.

3. His unrealistic appraisal of the cost and effectiveness of a shelter program.

4. His unjustified trust in the prospects for achieving an effective defense.

Why can't Doctor Teller entertain the notion of negotiated steps toward disarmament? Because, he explains, "The world is not ready for nuclear disarmament, or any other kind of disarmament." Hence, we must keep ourselves so overwhelmingly strong that we can decide unilaterally how close we can go to the brink of nuclear catastrophe. We must develop bigger and better weapons and at the same time prepare to survive the horrors of an all-out war fought with these weapons. And we must ready ourselves to use nuclear weapons to achieve our military aims: this, Doctor Teller calls "preparing for limited war."

Few experts in these matters believe that any war involving nuclear weapons would remain limited. For what would happen when the Russians respond with nuclear weapons? By *whose* decision would such a war stay localized and limited? What if the Russians don't accept our local superiority? Where would it all end?

Doctor Teller's position is both unrealistic and unsound. We think it is unrealistic because it ignores the fact that there exists today a state of mutual deterrence such that neither side can hope to be immune from retaliatory nuclear devastation. The arms race has produced nuclear stalemate—plus the ever-present danger of mutual annihilation.

We think Doctor Teller's position is unsound because it assumes that our opponents will behave in a most improbable way. Admittedly it is *possible* that the Soviet leaders are coldly plotting to wipe us from the face of the earth in one overwhelming surprise attack, even though they know they would in turn be destroyed by blows from our Polaris-carrying submarines and other hidden and dispersed sites.

But to base our actions on what may be possible rather than on what is probable is madness. The distinction was well put by a prominent psychiatrist, Dr. Erich Fromm: "In the current discussion on armament control many arguments are based on the question of what is possible rather than on what is probable. The difference between these two modes of thinking is precisely the difference between paranoid and sane thinking. The paranoiac's unshakable conviction in the validity of his delusion rests upon the fact that . . . it is logically *possible* that his wife, children and colleagues hate him and are conspiring to kill him. The patient cannot be convinced that his delusion is impossible; he can only be told that it is exceedingly unlikely. . . . Political thinking suffers from such paranoid trends. We should not be concerned with the possibilities, but rather with the probabilities. This is the only sane and realistic way of conducting the affairs of national as well as of individual life."

Once we face the realities of the nuclear stalemate with a strong, determined, but not suicidal antagonist, we see that the real danger is neither inadequate weapons nor unpreparedness to survive, but the possible triggering of nuclear war by self-deception, miscalculation or accident. And this is exactly where Doctor Teller's proposals would inevitably lead.

Let us examine these proposals more closely. In Doctor Teller's program, preparation for limited wars is coupled with a civil-defense system to protect all the people of our nation—as if this were possible.

He speaks of a shelter system, dug in as deep as 200 feet, into which the whole city population of the United States could be crowded on a few minutes notice. He seriously proposes that we should gear our lives to the possibility of instant destruction at any moment.

But, in a condition of two worlds poised in mutual threat and mutual fear, the start of such a massive shelter program might well trigger nuclear war. The Russians could conclude they were facing preparations for nuclear war and therefore consider preemptive action. (We might do the same if the Russians began to dig in or evacuate their city populations!)

A closer look at Doctor Teller's civil-defense program shows that some easily calculated facts have been misrepresented. For example, the cost of adequate shelters on a nationwide scale is not $20,000,000,000, as he estimates; it would, according to current estimates, be ten times that figure. And we would have to plan not for

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"WE REGARD DOCTOR TELLER'S PLAN AS NOT ONLY AN ILLUSION BUT ALSO AS A TRAGIC DISSIPATION OF ALL HOPE."

a two-week stay underground, but for a much longer interment. Furthermore, shelter systems proposed in the past have always been outmoded by new-weapons development, and there is no reason to believe this trend will not continue.

But even worse than numerical error is self-deception. Doctor Teller said that the total value of our belongings is $1,500,000,000,000 and that our gross national product is one third of this total or $500,000,000,000 a year. "This means," he continues, "that our present industrial complex, if replaced, could reproduce all we have in about three years." And he adds that the survivors of an all-out nuclear attack could replace our industrial complex in five years.

It is arrant nonsense to suppose that we could rebuild a destroyed world with tools of production that have been lost. Furthermore, our gross national product includes both services and products, and the services—the human skills and the organization of a highly sophisticated society—would be most difficult to restore or replace after a national catastrophe.

Doctor Teller's magic phrase "if replaced" thus discounts the devastation, the blanket of death, terror and radioactivity, the complete disorganization of society and the loss of human rights which would inevitably accompany an all-out nuclear attack.

We regard Doctor Teller's plan for survival as not only an illusion but also a tragic dissipation of all hope for the future. We believe that most Americans will see that this plan is as preposterous as it is dangerous. Just as we reject the choice of being either "Red or dead," so we also reject the call for escape to an insane world.

Is protection of all the people of our nation, as called for by Doctor Teller, possible in a nuclear war? Let us examine certain facts of nuclear death about which most scientists are in agreement.

When a nuclear weapon explodes, the tremendous energy produced is released as blast, heat and radioactivity. The blast wave causes widespread destruction in the same manner as a tornado, but on a far more destructive scale. For example, a 20-megaton bomb exploded in the air would flatten almost all brick or frame residential buildings within about fifteen miles from ground zero.

But the value of shelters is disputable even for greater distances, owing to the heat released by the bomb. The fireball of an exploding 20-megaton bomb, with a surface temperature of many thousand degrees, would not only inflict third-degree burns on exposed skin thirty miles away but would ignite all wooden buildings within about twenty miles from ground zero and start other fires thirty-five miles away in all directions, setting aflame an area extending almost from New York to Philadelphia. At the very least, fires would burn out of control due to immobilization of fire-fighting equipment and personnel. At worst, a firestorm would develop which would burn everything combustible, including almost everyone who could not leave the area. Such firestorms killed 68,000 persons in Hamburg, most of them by asphyxiation, during World War II. Occupants of blast-proof shelters were later found suffocated and cremated.

The third lethal effect of nuclear weapons is radioactivity. Some radiation is emitted at the instant of explosion. With megaton weapons almost everyone close enough to receive a fatal dose of radiation would be killed by blast or fire anyway, so that direct radiation from large bombs is in itself not the important effect.

There remains, then, the radiation from fallout deposited beyond the area of blast and fire. This is the only effect against which it may be practical to provide some protection on a wide scale. But it is also an effect which the attacker may or may not choose to employ. For example, if the bomb were detonated high enough, widespread fire and blast damage could be produced without *any* local fallout. This was the case at Hiroshima in 1945, where no deaths were caused by fallout. (The radiation deaths were caused by radiation directly from the explosion.) Future attacks against cities would probably be high-altitude bursts, the ground bursts being reserved for destroying hardened missile bases. But the population of these cities would be killed, as we have noted, by fire and blast against which fallout shelters could afford little, if any, protection.

Although the usefulness of fallout shelters in urban areas (which contain 70 percent of our population) is highly questionable, Doctor Teller states that we might well save 90 percent of our population in the case of a nuclear attack if we were prepared with (a) an adequate warning system, (b) survival training and (c) adequate shelters.

This estimate of 10 percent fatalities, or 18,000,000 killed, is far too optimistic because these defense measures are illusory. Warning systems, which might give us ten or fifteen minutes running time, have already shown themselves to be highly unreliable and subject to false

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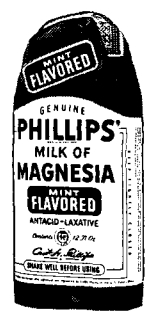

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"ONLY DIE-HARD MILITARY FANATICS ON EITHER SIDE CAN CONTINUE TO THINK IN TERMS OF A 'COUNTERFORCE' NUCLEAR STRATEGY."

alarms from natural phenomena and technological failures. Even their refinement could hardly offset the purposely distractive measures which can be devised by an enemy in the early moments of an attack.

To the improbability of ever constructing adequate shelters for the bulk of our population, we must add the impossibility of protecting our livestock, food and fuel supplies, communications networks and medical facilities. Teller also considers the advisability of placing our children in underground schools dependent upon a vulnerable utilities system for light and ventilation. Such a prospect underscores the self-defeating and unrealistic nature of the whole concept of moving our civilization underground.

Doctor Teller and others lay great stress on missile defense systems. But the prospects for developing and installing such systems are very slim. Furthermore, even if we should succeed in perfecting some kind of antimissile missile, any system incorporating such a weapon would have to be more extensive and more costly than the enemy's whole attacking force. Even then, the most we could expect would be that our defense system would "kill" some percentage of enemy missiles. To offset this loss, the enemy could simply augment his initial attack. Any defensive achievement of this kind can be nullified by increasing the number of available missiles. Offense can easily keep ahead of defense, as it has always done in the past.

What, then, are the reasonable possibilities of survival in a world threatened by atomic annihilation? Sanity and reason demand that we remove the threat. This means continuing to work for arms control, arms reduction and eventual mutual disarmament. To achieve these goals, we must first discard the counsels of frustration which until recently have blocked the road. The record of disarmament negotiation suggests that, until our Geneva test-ban proposals of a year ago, our American negotiators were, at heart, no more serious about arms reduction than were the Russians. Now there is evidence that both sides, despite the outward fist shaking, might be ready to begin to talk sensibly with each other.

If we are to negotiate disarmament with the Russians, we must clearly understand what it is that we both need for survival, what we must retain as vital to our national security, and what we can discard. The basic truth about nuclear bombs is that their only value now is as preventive weapons. That is the meaning of deterrence. The possession of such weapons and their means of delivery insures an inevitable and intolerable devastating retaliation to any nuclear attack. This is true with or without civil defense—and it is as true for the Russians as it is for us Americans.

If a deterrent force is to deter, however, it must be invulnerable. Here we are in reasonably good shape. We have "hardened" our Atlas and Titan missiles—made them capable of withstanding nearby although not direct nuclear explosions. Our Minuteman missiles will very soon begin to dot the American landscape. Our nuclear-powered submarines carrying more than 100 Polaris missiles roam the seas, their positions unknown to a potential enemy. And our long-range bombers stand on ever-ready alert.

On the other side the situation is similar. What the Russian deterrent nuclear force may lack in variety, it makes up in the secrecy of its location. There can be no doubt of the capability of Russian rocketry, both in its weight-carrying capacity and in its accuracy. Only die-hard military fanatics on either side can continue to think in terms of a "counterforce" nuclear strategy—that is, of the possibility that a first strike could eliminate the retaliatory capacity of the other side.

The hard truth is that any surprise nuclear attack by either side will be countered by swift and devastating reprisal against the population and industrial centers of the other.

The achievement of stable mutual deterrence has rendered the question of a "nuclear-weapons gap" practically meaningless. The possible usefulness of the bomb tests, which Doctor Teller and other weaponeers stress so much, has become altogether questionable. Both nations now know how to make H bombs light in weight and of high power, which are the essence of an invulnerable deterrent. Further tests will not achieve any important reduction in the weight of large weapons, for this is limited by the laws of physics. There is now little meaning in asking who is ahead in producing weapons for effective deterrence; both sides are almost as far ahead as they can get.

In such a situation, the only justifiable reason for further bomb testing may be to verify the effectiveness and invulnerability of our deterrent force. Even if it becomes necessary to test warheads for our Polaris and Minuteman missiles, such testing can be kept to a minimum. Much of it can be done underground—not for concealment, but to reduce the amount of radioactive fallout in the atmosphere. Concealment of such tests is, in fact, all but impossible.

Doctor Teller has repeatedly attempted to "prove" that the Russians could easily conceal underground nuclear tests. A couple of months ago a remarkable experiment, Project Gnome, was conducted by a laboratory recently headed by Doctor Teller. A small five-kiloton shot—one fourth the size of the Hiroshima bomb—was fired deep in a bed of salt, material supposedly ideal to muffle and conceal underground bomb tests. Contrary to predictions, this salt-bed shot was picked up and identified as an underground explosion as far away as Finland and Japan. Based on published reports, one would estimate the muffling factor to be at least ten times smaller than the factor quoted by Teller in his articles.

In the Gnome test, with Doctor Teller watching, there rose from the shaking earth above the shot an unexpected radioactive cloud of steam and smoke. Though the amount of radioactivity was relatively small, a team of inspectors would have had little trouble in locating the shot from the trail of radioactivity.

Doctor Teller has used the "cheating" argument since 1958 in support of his complete opposition to an inspected test-ban agreement. But "cheating" is impossible for tests conducted in the atmosphere, and we now know even underground tests cannot be made detection-proof. Furthermore, underground tests cannot be used effectively for development of the most important types of weapons; if they could, the Russians would not have finally determined to carry out a large series of atmospheric tests.

According to the official analysis, the most important tests in the Russian series were those of the megaton bombs that provide the light but powerful warheads for new missiles like the Polaris and Minuteman. No program of clandestine tests, even one extended over many years, could have equaled last fall's open tests in helping the Russians catch up with us in this megaton-range of weapons. In fact, the U.S. policy on the unsigned test moratorium, which Teller called "idiotic," probably kept us ahead of the Russians for three years, until their tests last fall.

The test moratorium had another effect—it kept down the global fallout radiation level. The danger of fallout is a real one, even though it has sometimes been overrated in the public imagination. It cannot be dismissed by generalizations like Doctor Teller's statement that "Radiation from test fallout might be slightly

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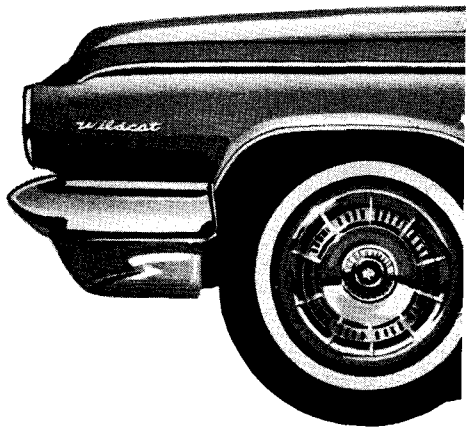

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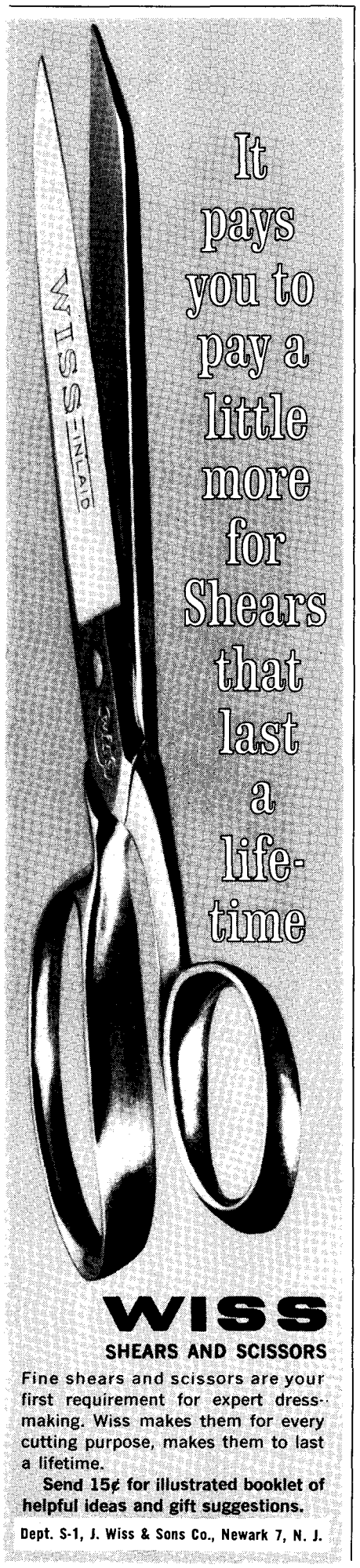
"AS BOTH SIDES STOCKPILE WEAPONS, THE CHANCES OF WAR BY ACCIDENT, BY MISCALCULATION, OR BY MAD COUNSEL BECOME GREATER AND GREATER."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harmful for humans. It might be slightly beneficial, or have no effect at all." The genetic damage of radioactivity to subsequent generations is real and measurable, according to all biological experts. The damage to body cells, causing leukemia and bone cancer, is more difficult to measure precisely, but it is not thereby less real.

The test-fallout issue is one our country must continue to consider carefully because of its moral and political implications. As shown by UN resolutions, the nonnuclear nations of the world strongly object to any testing in the atmosphere. To these nations, a deliberate contamination of their bones against their will cannot be made acceptable by technical arguments. The recent atmospheric tests by the Soviet Union demonstrated a flagrant disregard for the wishes and welfare of these people; let us not use those immoral acts to justify tests of our own.

If, as we have argued, the present situation is one of relatively stable mutual deterrence, why are we so concerned about the dangers of nuclear war? The main reason is that the stability of the present situation can be upset by the failure of the decision makers *of either side* to understand the realities of the nuclear stalemate. Thus, one reaction to the frustration which accompanies the recognition of a state of nuclear parity between East and West could be the illusory conviction that one side could destroy the nuclear power of the other by a surprise attack—an age-old mechanism of treachery now euphemized as a first strike, or preemptive war.

In view of the stable deterrent which is now bilaterally established, such a bloody dream is simply a prelude to suicide. It is our conviction that the initiation of limited nuclear war would be construed by the enemy as simply a prelude to a first strike, or preemptive attack, and that, in consequence, any limited nuclear war would rapidly escalate into full-scale disaster.

This danger is accentuated by Doctor Teller's suggestion, in the very last paragraph of his three articles, that ". . . if one of our allies is attacked today, the question could arise as to whether the United States is committed to nuclear retaliation in its defense." This manner of thinking of *nuclear* retaliation against any form of aggression, this single-minded drive to develop even more frightful nuclear weapons, this reluctance to consider any form of negotiated agreement—these are disquieting forebodings of a day when it may be proposed that we attack first.

Mr. Hanson Baldwin, military analyst for *The New York Times*, recently wrote: "What is not clear is what our strategic concept is. When is enough enough? Some 1200 bombers, 1200 land-based ICBM's and 656 submarine-launched missiles—each capable of destroying a city—seem to add up to a nuclear 'overkill' capability, not a 'finite' deterrent. The President speaks of a 'second-strike' capability; yet, behind the scenes the advocates of 'preemptive attack' are still strong."

We are confident that neither the American people nor their political representatives will be won over by the spurious advantages claimed by militarists for first-strike attacks or for nuclear adventuring on a "limited" scale. We can only hope that the Russians will be as rational. The greater danger lies in what we do not do, in our failure to take positive action to prevent an unwanted war. For as both sides pile up stocks of weapons of every variety, the chances of a war by accident, by miscalculation, or by mad counsel become greater and greater.

In the long run the stable deterrent, the invulnerable retaliatory force, is therefore not by itself enough to keep the peace. We, as well as the Russians, must start dismantling our arsenals of aggressive first-strike weapons. We must also remove from our strategic and tactical planning the madness of limited nuclear warfare. For the survival of both sides we must insure that neither our military commanders nor our allies can precipitate a nuclear war, whether it be general or localized.

Here we come to the heart of the problem of survival. We and the Russians have more than enough weapons to annihilate each other. We both must now try to minimize the risks created by the possession of this overkill capacity. This is not a question of unilateral disarmament. It is simply that, in order to deter an opponent from nuclear attack, it is not necessary to have an arsenal big enough to wipe out all life in the Northern Hemisphere. Nor can either side afford defense policies which are guaranteed to raise the gravest suspicions of the antagonist.

The world *is* ready for disarmament. More than that: The world cannot afford to be without it. Controlled disarmament is not only possible, it is mandatory in the national self-interest of both sides. We are not advocating the complete destruction of all weapons; we do not intend to leave ourselves naked, without guarantees. We are advocating as an initial step the reduction of the weapons stockpiles of both East and West to a reasonable size, a size still large enough to insure that no sane leader on either side could contemplate unleashing a nuclear war. For this purpose only a small fraction of what we each now possess is needed.

The enforcement of an initial arms-control agreement need not be difficult. If both sides are interested in *reducing* nuclear arms, foolproof guarantees of performance may not be necessary. For example, if both sides agreed to start by halting further weapons production and substantially cutting present stockpiles of weapons and delivery vehicles, it is not vital that both sides end up with precisely equal stocks of weapons. Inspection will be required, but neither side needs 100 percent effective inspection if both sides are left with a sufficiently protected deterrent force.

Hence, an arms-control agreement is feasible. But we must act before it is too late. Technological advances are continually intensifying the arms race. We cannot tell what lies around the corner, but we can be sure that the next generation of weapons will raise more problems. We cannot hope to avert disaster indefinitely while the weapons stockpiles grow, patience is stretched further and trigger fingers itch.

Other nations, especially China, are bound to come into the nuclear picture soon. With each succeeding month the problem of negotiating agreement becomes more difficult.

We are faced with these alternatives: We and the Russians both can go on as now, in futile and half-hearted attempts at negotiation against the background of the desperate doctrine that Doctor Teller advocates—until the bubble bursts, and we are all engulfed in the nuclear disaster. Or we can take the initiative and pursue it forcefully before it is too late. No matter how intransigent the Russians are or wish to appear, they, as well as we, know that to survive it is necessary to negotiate initial agreement on points of mutual interest—agreements which entail mutual sacrifices but which are designed to stop and eventually reverse the arms race.

The choice we make will depend on the wisdom of the decision makers. In the United States this wisdom reflects the wisdom of our people. This is why it is now more important than it has been in all history that every citizen, despite the complexities of the problems and despite the seduction of proffered easy answers, keep a firm grip on sense and reality and turn his back on fear and madness. THE END

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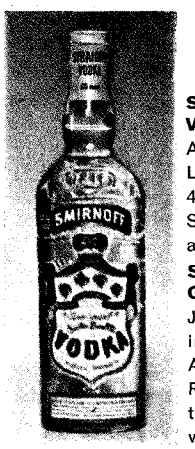

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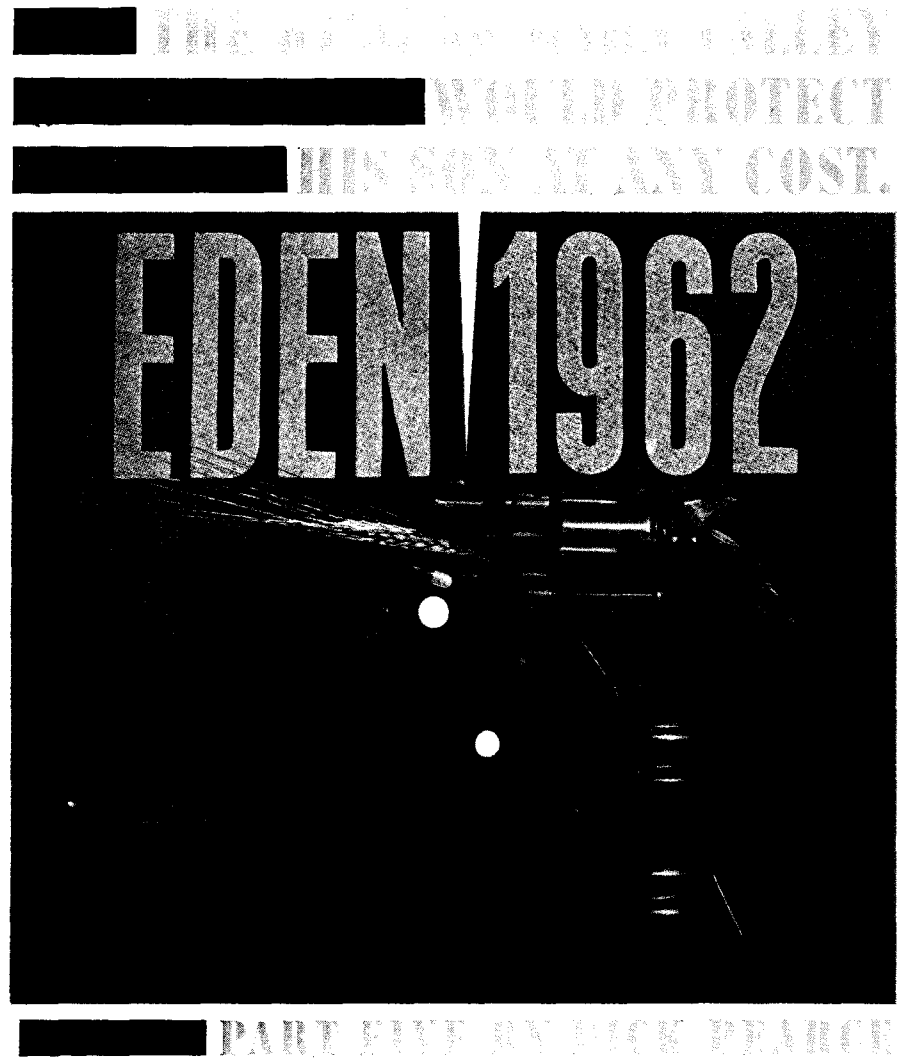

Criminal lawyer Lee Halliday went to Mara Valley under orders from California's attorney general to investigate a mysterious conspiracy that prevented outsiders from settling in the area. Anita Stillman invited Halliday to a party at her home. There he was goaded into a fight with Hugh Trock, son of the valley's leading citizen.

The next day Halliday learned that Anita had been found dead in her car, asphyxiated by exhaust fumes. The district attorney, Paul Pinkley, gave the newspapers an account of Anita's death that implied Halliday had driven the girl to suicide. Halliday argued to Sheriff Joe Schmidt that additional evidence proved the girl had been murdered. When Schmidt introduced his new findings before Coroner Shaw at the inquest, the district attorney angrily challenged the sheriff. Halliday told Pinkley, "In view of the district attorney's obvious prejudice, I demand that he step aside and let a special prosecutor handle all further proceedings."

At last Halliday had succeeded in taking Pinkley wholly unaware. Blood drained from the gaunt face as Pinkley gaped at him, then rushed back until the man was purple. "Damn you, Halliday. . . . Harmon! Harmon Shaw! Recess this hearing!" Pinkley turned and stalked so rapidly from the room that he was at the door when the coroner's gavel began to sound.

Tom Able Trock stood up, caught Halliday's eye, then spoke to his son. Hughie rose like a man sleepwalking. They crossed to the railing where Sue stood, joined by Halliday.

Tom Able said gravely, "I think it more important than ever that you come for dinner, Mr. Halliday. Would six be too early?"

"I'll be there," said Halliday.

Sue was looking at Hughie. She said quietly, "I don't understand you, Hughie. But I feel terribly, terribly sorry for you."

Hughie's head came up. The trance-like vacancy disappeared from his face. His mouth worked briefly, but he did not speak. Instead his eyes flashed at Sue with a wild and deadly fury. He was still glaring when his father took his arm and turned him away. They walked slowly from the courtroom.

Halliday said, "I wish you hadn't said that."

Sue shivered. "I didn't intend to. It just came out. Lee ——"

"Yes?"

"Lee, why did he kill her? Anita couldn't have hurt him that much. She couldn't have hurt him at all intentionally. It's all such a—a senseless thing. Why, Lee?"

She asked it so pleadingly, so wholly without anger, that Halliday's heart went out to her in her bewilderment.

"I don't know," he said. "Until a moment ago he was acting like a rigidly frightened, overobedient child, which is very curious. Perhaps he didn't have a real reason, as you and I would define one."

[redacted] PART FIVE BY DICK PEARCE

"You mean that Hughie Trock is insane?" she asked.

"Anita was a disturbed personality," replied Halliday. "Was she insane?"

"Of course not!"

"Neither is Hughie. Not in the legal sense, at any rate."

"Lee"—she stared at Pinkley's empty easy chair—"there are things going on —— I mean that Anita's death fits into something else, something big, doesn't it?"

Halliday heard a distant alarm bell. "Maybe. Listen, Sue. You go on back to San Francisco and stay there. I'll make certain the autopsy doesn't delay the funeral. And I'll call you. May I call you often?"

"If you don't," she replied, "I'll call you."

He took her hands. They looked at each other. "Drive carefully, Sue," he said.

Ten feet away Lois Dupree, talking to Joe Schmidt, saw them and knew a brief moment of dislike for Sue Stillman. Then she blushed, because she was ashamed of herself. She turned from Schmidt and fell in step with Sue as Sue walked from the courtroom. It was an act of penance; she would see Sue safely through the curious throng certain to be waiting outside.

Schmidt came to Halliday. The slow, deep rage was still working on the sheriff. He said, "You could have warned me you were going to pull that stunt in the street. You didn't have to surprise me and put me on the spot that way."

"I'm sorry," said Halliday. "You did a good job of standing up to Pinkley. We're finally on our way, Joe."

Schmidt shook his head. "You don't know this valley. People here are going to stand by Tom Able in the showdown and spit on anybody that doesn't. I'm through as sheriff."

"You're not. But you haven't much time. Get that garage man—Larry Perigo, was that his name?—get him in your office quick. And let me ask the questions."

"Hughie and Perigo are old friends. Perigo has taken care of all of Hughie's fast cars. And Perigo was here in the courtroom most of the day."

"Oh-oh. Not good. But get him anyway."

It took three telephone calls, including a curt one to Coroner Shaw, to set up the immediate autopsy. Then Halliday hurried to the sheriff's office. Schmidt sat in the inner room with a darkly scowling man of Hughie's age, dressed in mechanic's coveralls.

"This is Lee Halliday, Larry," said Schmidt. "I've authorized him to interrogate you in my name."

Perigo frowned. "That don't sound regular to me, Joe."

Halliday decided at once on the hard approach. He demanded abruptly, "You tuned the engine on Anita Stillman's car last Friday, didn't you?"

Perigo hesitated, finally replying, "Maybe I did. But I don't see ——"

Halliday cut him off, "Cleaned the carburetor. Put in new spark plugs. Adjusted the timer. What else did you do?"

"Well, just a general tune-up. And changed the oil. Things like that."

"And you did this at the direction of Hughie Trock, didn't you?"

"Well, now, I don't know what you mean by that word 'direction.' Seems to me that could mean a lot of things."

"I mean Hughie told you to tune up her car."

Perigo shifted in his chair. "Naw, I wouldn't say he *told* me to."

"What did he do?"

Perigo turned to Schmidt. "Look here, Joe. I don't figure I ought to answer this guy's questions. I mean, what right's he got to be asking ——"

Halliday slashed at him coldly. "Don't play sea lawyer, Perigo. And don't play dumb. You know that carbon monoxide is odorless. You know also that ordinary exhaust products do smell—and smell plenty on an old car like Miss Stillman's. And because you were in the courtroom today, you also know now that Hughie ordered that tune-up to eliminate the smell so it wouldn't warn her when he fed carbon monoxide into her car!"

Schmidt's round eyes opened wide at Halliday, then settled in a hard stare on Perigo. The garageman saw the stare and burst out at both of them, "Don't you accuse me! I didn't know nothin' like that."

"You know it now," said Halliday. "You come clean here, or I'll work you over good when I get you in a courtroom."

Halliday saw a flicker of fear in the man's eyes. Perigo said, "I don't know what you mean, come clean. I don't know nothin' to come clean about."

"Very well. We'll back up a bit and see. Hughie and Miss Stillman came to your garage together Friday, each driving his own car. Right?"

"Yeah."

"They left Miss Stillman's car for the tune-up and drove off in that red Italian car of Hughie's, didn't they?"

"Yeah."

"Then late in the day they came back, left Hughie's car with you and drove off in Anita's newly tuned car?"

"That's right."

"By the way, who was driving when they left in her car?"

Perigo hesitated. Halliday could see him worry over the significance of the question and finally decide it had none. "Hughie was," said Perigo.

"All right. Now let's return to the time when they arrived with the two cars and left Miss Stillman's car with you. Who told you what needed to be done to it?"

Again the flicker of fear in Perigo's eyes. Stronger this time. And it wasn't fear of Halliday or Schmidt. He said, "They both talked about it. I don't remember who said what."

"Larry," growled Schmidt, "you're a damned poor liar."

"I tell ya, Joe, I don't remember! It wasn't nothin', just a little tune-up job. Who remembers what's said when you're talkin' about somethin' like that? Why, I didn't even make out a work order on it."

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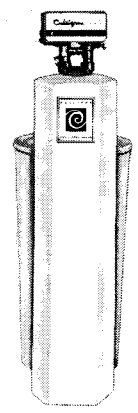

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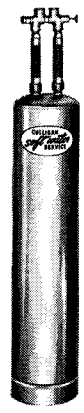

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EDEN Schmidt looked at Halliday, who nodded, and back at Perigo. "Get out!" said Schmidt. Perigo jumped up and half ran out the door.

"He'll talk," said Halliday. "But not so long as Paul Pinkley is district attorney."

Schmidt gave Halliday a long, somber regard, finally nodding his head slowly.

"I think I know pretty well now how Hughie pulled it off," said Halliday. "There wasn't anything seriously wrong with his Italian car that Friday. But he had to leave it overnight with Perigo, and be without a car, to make his plan work."

"Yeah, I can see that."

"He drove Anita home in her car that afternoon, then took her car and went on to Tom Able's place, probably on the excuse he had to speak to his father about something. His real purpose was to pick up the air tank or oxygen tank or whatever he used to breathe from while the carbon monoxide was killing her in the car. Then he drove back to the Stillman place. It was still early for the barbecue—the Spencers hadn't arrived yet, and neither had I. Anita was probably busy in the kitchen. That's when he chopped up the hose and rigged it to the car, all except shoving one end into the exhaust. He couldn't do that because one of us arriving later might have noticed it. When he went outside after that quarrel with me about ten o'clock—that's when he shoved the hose into the exhaust. By the way, did you check the origin of those rags he used to plug the wing window?"

Old people like to give good advice, as solace for no longer being able to provide bad examples.

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"Yeah. They're from a box of clean rags in the Stillmans' utility room."

They heard a quick tap of heels. Lois Dupree came in. She was quite pale but composed. "I've just resigned," she said.

Schmidt stood up. He took her hand soberly and awkwardly. "I knew you would," he said.

"And I," said Halliday, "was afraid you would."

She looked at him. "You mean —— No, I couldn't do that. I couldn't stay there and work secretly against him."

"No," agreed Halliday, "you couldn't. I just hoped your conscience wouldn't drive you out quite so soon. It was a comforting feeling, knowing you were in that office.

He saw the flush of pleasure color her cheeks and saw pain come to her eyes, because she could not control these terrible unremitting blushes. It made him say quickly, "Welcome to our little tribe of rebels, Lois."

She smiled at Schmidt and gently withdrew her hand, as awkward as he. "Joe," she said, "did you ever know that Hughie tried to kill another child when Hughie was only eleven?"

Schmidt shook his head, still looking at her and not really listening. Halliday exclaimed, "What!"

Lois turned eagerly to him. "I knew an old file on the case was in Mr. Pinkley's office, but I had never really examined it. Today, during the noon hour, I did. The whole thing was kept quiet at the time. Hughie was made a technical ward of the court for a year, then discharged to the custody of his father. Then, when he was twenty-one and hadn't been in any more trouble, the entire case was expunged from the record and sealed on Mr. Pinkley's recommendation."

"Just what," said Halliday, "did Hughie do to the other child?"

"This was when Tom Able had his big scientific farm farther up the valley, and several families with children lived on the place. One of the smaller children, a boy of six, followed Hughie around constantly and was almost like Hughie's slave. Then the six-year-old dropped Hughie and started following another older boy. That's when it happened—when Hughie tried to kill."

"Ah," said Halliday, his mind leaping ahead of her. "It was the six-year-old, not the other older boy." Schmidt looked blank, but Lois nodded in understanding of his thoughts.

She went on rapidly, "Hughie got the six-year-old in a barn and pretended to play a cowboy-and-outlaw game where the six-year-old was an outlaw who had to be hanged. Except that Hughie really hanged him, and the child would have died if a farm hand hadn't happened in and cut him down. Hughie cried and said it was an accident, and that's what everybody would have thought, had it not turned out that a group of the other children were hidden in the barn and saw the whole thing."

"Did it in a way he thought he wouldn't be suspected," said Schmidt.

"I'd like to talk to his ex-wife," said Halliday abruptly. "Either of you know where she is?"

"I think I could find out," said Lois.

"Good. . . . What are you going to do now, Joe?"

For answer, Schmidt looked inquiringly at Lois. She said, "I'm going right out and look for a law office to rent."

"Will you come back here then," said Schmidt, "and let me take you home?"

"All right."

When she had gone, Schmidt said defensively, "This'll hit her hard later, when she gets to thinking about it. Maybe I can help."

"I'm sure you can."

"I told you Saturday I wasn't sure what was going on in this valley, and I'm still not. But I know Pinkley has dismissed cases for lack of evidence where there was plenty of evidence. I know he has threatened to file charges where he had no evidence. I know he just about runs the Mara Police Department. Lois couldn't see any of it, and sometimes we quarreled about it."

"Too much power and too hungry for more. Some men can't handle it." Halliday stood up. "You didn't say what you're going to do next."

"I'm going to sit right here and find out who my friends are," said Schmidt grimly.

"I see," Halliday said. "Don't count too much on them, Joe. I'll keep in touch." He moved toward the door.

"Yeah," said Schmidt. "Keep in touch. Keep lookin' behind you too."

"For the cop with the narrow jaw?"

"Yeah. Ed Lipe. He's Pinkley's boy. Hey, how'd you know he was a cop?"

Tom Able's house was old and comfortable and, like its owner, wore its years with grace. The two men sat before a fire after a dinner hour that had been strained, but had been saved from outright awkwardness by the older man's

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EDEN grave courtesy. This man, thought Halliday, had every reason to hate him, even fear him; perhaps he did and was too much the master of his emotions to show his hate.

"Mr. Halliday," said Tom Able presently, "I assume you've heard some little about me. No doubt you think I'm a man with a cause?"

"Yes."

"It's true. Cause with a capital C. But in public I deny it. People with causes are deadly serious zealots; but I laugh about mine while I pursue it. So the rest of the valley laughs and pursues it too."

Halliday smiled with him at that and said, "I'm a man with a cause too. But I haven't learned to laugh about it."

"Tell me, have you seen the denuded soils of Italy and Palestine?"

"No."

"You should. Then the land would become precious to you, too, and you wouldn't want to break down our master zoning ordinance with your stratagem of the Christmas trees. But you know all about that part of my cause, don't you?"

"You mean the land part? I think so."

"It's the rest you're curious to hear, eh? Why we discourage outsiders from settling here. Why we control competition and have a reverent attachment to the grandfather clause. What, in short, we think we're trying to pull off in our rich little valley and why."

"All right. I'm curious."

"Good! You are aware of the world-wide population explosion, are you not?"

"I am."

"Then I shall not bore you with statistics about it. I shall only tell you what a few men have known for more than twenty years, but almost all of the civilized world still fails to realize: That the population growth has reached the point, as an inexorable geometric progression, that no earthly power can now stop a vastly greater explosion."

"I didn't know that."

Tom Able nodded. "Now I shall tell you that there came a time when my concern with protecting the land merged into a larger concern. How can humanity continue to exist as something more than a grubbing animal when our present three billion souls have multiplied into the tens of billions? . . . Ah, Mr. Halliday, you look at me strangely."

"Sorry. I'm just surprised, though I shouldn't be."

"No. It's the nature of things. Young men are too busy perpetuating the species to worry about its hereafter. That's for old men." Tom Able went on, "We must begin, in this generation if possible, to teach men to guard the good earth from which they come, and from which they draw all things. I don't mean just the obvious things like our soil and forests and natural resources. I mean also our wastelands and our seas and our wildernesses ——"

"Please forgive me this interruption," said Halliday, remembering, "but has the cougar that you wanted come to live in your wilderness?"

"No, I'm sorry to say. Hughie found that the doe died a natural death, and small animals had eaten on the carcass. But one will come."

"And so your cause with a capital C is to teach humanity how to survive its own fertility?"

Tom Able smiled. "Don't ask so much of me. One can only teach in one place and let that teaching stand as an example to others. What will work here to prevent disaster will work everywhere."

"And what will work here?"

"The prudent, reasonable steps you have already noticed. We make our towns grow upward, so that they do not sprawl over tillable land. We nurture our soil and improve our seeds and our methods so that our production increases steadily. We protect our wilderness slopes, both to refresh our spirits and prevent the destructive forces of erosion. We live, as you so well put it on Saturday, in harmony with the land instead of off the land."

Halliday frowned. "You've left out something."

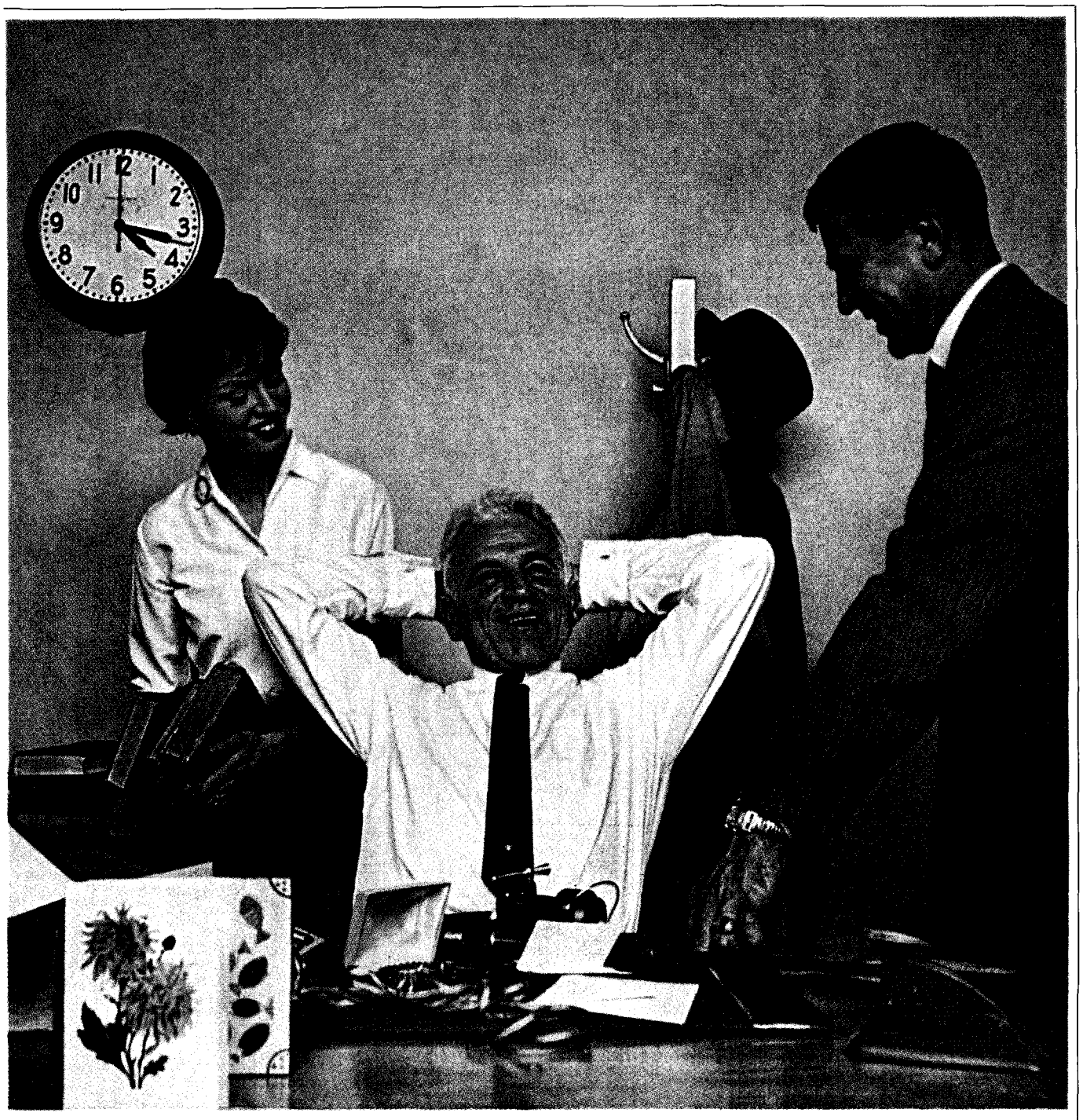
"No. I hadn't reached it. An abnormal factor. Did you know that California has a net gain of 1000 people a day migrating here? Most of these in-migrants have headed for Southern California, I'm happy to say. But in late years a few have begun finding their way to Mara Valley."

"Ah," said Halliday, beginning to understand.

"Exactly. To keep my example pure, I had to eliminate that abnormal factor by discouraging outsiders from settling here. That was a very difficult and dangerous thing to do."

"It was indeed," murmured Halliday.

"I could not violate the civil rights of newcomers by forcing them to turn around and leave. But I could discourage them by various measures—for example,



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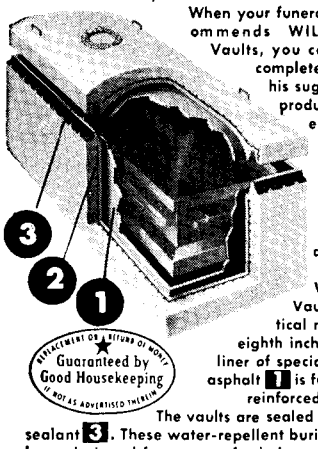

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controlled competition that made it difficult for them to earn a living here, or to buy property. Nor could I violate the rights of those already here, or possessing roots or ancestral ties here. Hence the concept of the grandfather clause. It has worked, I think, with complete justice."

Halliday said, amazed, "How could you keep it all so secret?"

"It's no secret in the valley. As I said, people smile and pursue it with me. That was in the beginning. Now they pursue it gladly from motives of their own, for they've discovered it has made their valley stable and prosperous."

"But," said Halliday, "there's always somebody on whom it won't work. Somebody, for instance, who wants to team up with a tract developer and make a quick fortune on his land."

"Then I buy him out at a price he cannot resist. And sell his land to someone who will smile at me and love the land."

Halliday thought about that. Yes, it would all work if a large enough fortune were behind it. And this man had the fortune. "Still," he said, "you're defeating your own purpose, are you not? How are you going to teach the world by Mara Valley's example if you keep the whole thing secret from the world?"

"Come, Mr. Halliday, as a lawyer you know human nature better than that. If I went out and huckstered my cause, people would ignore it. But if they discover it themselves, as in time they will, they will see and believe. There's time and much to be done here. I'll be happy if it's not discovered for another ten years."

"You speak as though you were certain you will still be alive then."

Tom Able laughed softly. "Not that it matters, but I will. I'm seventy and should reach ninety." He grew grave. "But I'm finished as teacher. Did you notice the penthouse atop Trock Tower? Yes? I thought I would enjoy living up there where I could look over the valley. I lived there just one week. You see, I discovered I was gazing down at the valley with much too possessive an eye. There's danger in the power the valley has put in my hands. I've divided it up and put it in other hands."

At length Halliday said, "You've told me all this because I've become a threat to your work?"

Tom Able nodded.

"Yes," agreed Halliday slowly, "I have. I don't want to be. But I have to be."

"Mr. Halliday, let us speak with candor. I do not believe that my son took Anita's life. Therefore I must believe that outside interests, represented by you, are attempting to destroy my work. You seek to do that by first destroying Hughie—and others. I had hoped that my telling you the full story of that work would make you see how wrong your course is."

"You have put your power in the wrong hands. Paul Pinkley is a scoundrel and a tyrant and probably a thief as well."

"He isn't," said the old man calmly. "But if I'm wrong, and you can prove he is, you'll have his resignation as district attorney within an hour thereafter."

"And George and Helen Spencer? Spencer is conspiring with Pinkley to rule this valley. But I suspect his wife goads him to it. She's far more ruthless and able than he."

"Again, Mr. Halliday, prove it and I will act."

Halliday had gone so far he could not stop. "They don't expect you to live another twenty years, sir. Or even five. When you're gone they intend, by controlling Hughie, to make millions opening the valley to outsiders. Including those 10,000 city people you spoke of Saturday who would want weekend places in your wilderness."

The look of anguish that crossed the beautiful old face made Halliday detest himself for his bluntness. But a dishonest apology would only make matters worse. Both gazed for a long time into the fire.

At length Tom Able said, "I've devoted my life to the realm of ideas, Mr. Halliday, neglecting my own emotions and the emotions of those close to me. When Hughie was eleven, something happened that made me realize my neglect. From that time until he reached his majority I gave him all the love and attention a father could. The earliest years of life are, however, decisive. And I had started too late. I know Hughie is weak. I know he is unstable. These are my fault. But he is not, believe me, a killer."

"Unstable in what way?"

"He regards himself as a vibrant, decisive, dominant male. He has an inner need to, you see. When someone punctures this self-portrait and makes him see himself as he really is, he becomes violently upset. This is usually followed by a period of meek withdrawal while he re-establishes his image of himself."

"Has he had psychiatric care?"

"Yes. And don't make too much of this, please. I have discussed it exhaustively with able doctors."

"Tell me. I understand people sleep lightly as they grow older. Is this true?"

"Yes."

"So lightly that you would hear if I drove up your lane and into your driveway at midnight?"

"Certainly."

"Your son testified this morning that an angry Anita forced him to leave her car at the highway on Friday midnight and walk the rest of the way home. Don't you see that he had to tell that poor lie, because he actually walked home from the spot where he killed Anita? And because he knew you would have realized his whole story was a lie, had he testified that she drove him all the way home in the normal manner?"

Tom Able came slowly to his feet; for just a moment he seemed suddenly, sadly aged. "Mr. Halliday, I have asked Hughie to close his apartment in town and move out here tomorrow. I shall keep him here till all this is over. And I think it only right that I tell you I shall fight you."

Halliday stood too. "Fairly?"

"Of course."

"You can't make Pinkley fight fairly. His own safety is at stake. And he hungers for political power the way Helen Spencer hungers for other things."

"He is the district attorney. He belongs on neither your side nor mine. I shall see to it that it's that way."

"When," Halliday said, "did you ask Hughie to go up the ridge and look for cougar sign?"

"An odd question. And under the circumstances I shouldn't answer. But I will. I asked him last Thursday. He couldn't get away to go until Saturday morning."

If that was so, Tom Able did not conspire with the others to get Hughie out of the way while they pinned the blame for Anita's suicide on Halliday. He was glad of that.

"How long did the trip up the ridge and back take him?"

"The doe's body was found on the south slope of a promontory we call Jason's Peak. I'd say a three-hour hike, in and out, from the point where he had to leave his jeep."

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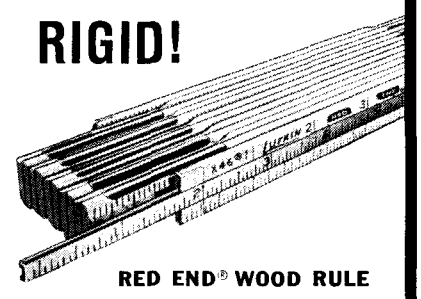

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EDEN "Thank you for the dinner—and good night, sir. By the way, I should have said that I will fight fairly too."

"I was certain of it. Good night, sir."

Halliday was awakened to midmorning daylight by word that Mr. Blaisdell had called from San Francisco. He dressed, went downstairs to the pay telephone and called the attorney general back.

McCardell said, "Nice work, Halliday. You seem to have opened up a bit of a crack in our hard nut."

"Thanks. You can talk plainly." McCardell's voice puzzled him.

"What's your next step?"

"Make a case on Hugh Trock that a jury'll believe."

"I want that district attorney in jail. You put him on the run yesterday. Stay after him."

"If I get Hughie, I'll get Pinkley too."

"How do you figure that?"

"I'm not quite sure. Pinkley is protecting Hughie. Perhaps we can develop enough proof of that to bring a malfeasance charge against him. But I think if we prove Hughie committed murder, the whole, bigger nut that brought me up here will fall open, and you can take your pick of charges to place against the D.A."

"The D.A. and who else?"

"George Spencer and his wife, maybe. And some smaller fish."

"You didn't mention the biggest fish of all."

"Tom Able Trock? I think he's more victim than conspirator."

A silence on the line. Presently McCardell said, too casually, "By the way, Halliday, you remember the case we talked about the other day? The one that caused Sam Solcey to give you the ninety days for contempt? Parsons, or something like that?"

Halliday knew a sinking feeling. "The People versus Preston."

"Yeah. That was it. Which turned it around and made it Preston versus People on your appeal, didn't it? I thought you'd like to know the District Court of Appeal just ruled against you."

"How was the vote?"

"Unanimous. Parren, Wren and Hurt. Three good judges I believe you agreed they are."

Halliday stood stunned, staring in disbelief at the telephone mouthpiece. He heard McCardell say, "Halliday, you still with me?"

"I'm here."

"All right. No lawyer can win 'em all. You know that." McCardell's voice turned hard. "Now listen. The one-man show is over. I want you down here. We've got a lot of talking to do before I decide the next step to be taken."

"All right," said Halliday listlessly. "I'll be there by early afternoon." Then he hung up.

Mechanically he called the sheriff's office. "Joe," he said, "I've got to go to San Francisco. Here's a lead you might want to check out. When Hughie went up to look for cougar sign Saturday morning, he hiked to the south slope of a place called Jason's Peak. He may have taken his air tank or oxygen tank, or whatever it was, to hide it somewhere up there."

"Thanks, Lee. That's a lot of country, but it's worth a try." Schmidt added, a little anxiously, "You won't be gone long?"

Halliday started to say he might not return at all. He couldn't do that to Joe Schmidt. Not yet, at any rate. "No longer than I have to be," he said.

He got into his car and headed south.

Halliday sat across from the attorney general and talked for an hour quietly, almost tonelessly. When he had finished, McCardell knew every pertinent fact that Halliday had developed in Mara Valley.

"Seems to me," said McCardell after some thought, "we could clean up that mess now with a blitz. Get the State Judicial Council to send in a visiting judge and have him impanel a special grand jury. Send in a couple of my top trial assistants and a good staff of investigators. Suspend Pinkley. Get everybody before the grand jury and come out with all the indictments we want."

"You could do that," agreed Halliday indifferently.

McCardell looked at him. "But your tone says I shouldn't. Why?"

"Maybe you could get your indictments. You'd never get convictions. Juries would turn 'em loose as fast as you tried 'em."

"Not if we made the kind of airtight cases I want."

A little life came into Halliday's voice, edging it with scorn. "You should know people better than that. Pinkley and the others would enjoy a Roman holiday branding your gang as outsiders sticking your noses in the valley's business. The whole valley would be against you."

"You have a better idea?"

"I have. Help the valley to discover for itself what Pinkley and Spencer are. Then the valley will be harder on them than you could ever be."

"But how, man?"

"The way I told you this morning. Make the murder case on Hughie first, with Joe Schmidt getting the credit as a valley man. The rest will follow naturally."

It was McCardell's turn to be scornful. "With Pinkley sitting there and using the power of the D.A.'s office to block us at every turn?"

"He couldn't block me at the inquest yesterday."

"No, that's true." McCardell examined his paired thumbs. "But that was you, Halliday, using a once-in-a-lifetime trick. I don't think I want you to go back to the valley."

"So I gathered."

McCardell looked at him curiously. "You're not sore?"

"You're the attorney general," shrugged Halliday. "You call the shots."

"See here, Halliday, you're wrong if you think I'm bothered by the political embarrassment of having it come out that you're working for me."

"You sought me out when I was the only man who could do what you needed done."

"All right. I can't blame you for thinking that. But maybe you'd better know the real reason I don't want you to go back. I want a man up there who hasn't been taken in by an old man's guile and charm."

Halliday's head came up. "I told you Tom Able is not a part of that conspiracy!"

"Sure, he isn't—he just created it and controls it, that's all."

"Created it, yes, but as a social experiment, not a conspiracy. The conspiracy began when he retired."

"Come out of it, Halliday. Old Man Trock is sitting up there trying to play God with 30,000 people's lives and to hell with man-made law. Why, you just told me yourself that he warned you he's going to fight you."

"Yes," said Halliday in a slow way, as though a new understanding had just come to him. "In his innocence he tried to play God, and now he's paying for it. He's trying to save his son and salvage his dream, and he can't do either. But he won't fight. He didn't really mean that. He doesn't know how to fight."

"See here. He virtually confessed the conspiracy to you when he admitted that he set up controlled competition in the valley."

Halliday's eyes narrowed. "You're thinking about your chain bank and your chain supermarket that he kept out of the valley. Big outfits. Big campaign contributors. You've got to spill blood for 'em. A lot of blood. Including an innocent old dreamer's blood."

"I enforce the law. Your innocent old dreamer violated the law."

Halliday jumped to his feet. A new strength flowed all through him. The strength of purpose. "Leave Tom Able alone, or I change sides!"

in the next POST....

The Future of the Republican Party

by Former President

★ DWIGHT D. ★ EISENHOWER

"What!"

"You heard me. Get Pinkley. Get the Spencers. Get Hughie. But stop there. Go after Tom Able, and you'll find me there as his lawyer, spilling your blood."

"Don't try to bluff me, Halliday. You know it's unethical to change sides in a case. I'll have you up before the bar association on charges before you can say Sam Solcey."

Halliday laughed. "Who's changing sides? I never worked for you. Remember? No commission. No pay. No nothing. I wanted it that way because I didn't trust you, general. And I was wise not to."

McCardell studied him through a little time, presently saying without anger, "All right. I had to force you to come here so I could assert some control over this case. And I had to find out whether that Preston ruling had taken the fight out of you. For a time there I thought it had. It's still your game. We leave the old man alone."

Halliday said incredulously, "You conned me."

"I conned you," agreed McCardell equably, "just as you conned me the night I asked you to take the case, and you found out I had no hole card." His face hardened. "We're even. You don't like me. I don't like you. I like Paul Pinkley less. I want him. You get him."

"Fair enough."

"And, Halliday. Telephone me, confound you! At least twice a day. How do you think I feel, sitting down here and not knowing what's going on?"

Halliday was still four miles from Mara town, and the March sun was calling it a day when a honking car drew abreast of him. He recognized Lois Dupree at the wheel, waved a response to her signal and drove 200 yards off the highway at the next side road. She stopped behind him, and he went to her.

"Joe and I thought it best that I not be seen with you at the inn," she said. "I've located Hughie's ex-wife. She's living quietly, right in Mara."

"How did you know when I was coming back?"

"The attorney general phoned Joe and told him all about everything."

The rat, thought Halliday. Still, he had to admire McCardell's shrewdness. McCardell still didn't expect Halliday to keep him informed or take guidance from him. Now McCardell could use Schmidt for that purpose. He could control Halliday by controlling Schmidt. Or so he thought.

"Where's Joe now?"

"He went up to Jason's Peak to search."

"Good. Where does this ex-wife live?"

Lois handed him a note. "It's written there. So is the maiden name she uses—Barbara Goss."

"Nice going, Lois. Did you locate a law office for yourself?"

"Not yet." She added, an odd note in her voice, "There's plenty of time."

"Lois, I want to apologize for the way I treated you that first day—Saturday—in Joe's office."

"Why should you? Goodness knows I had it coming." Her tone was more sad than bitter.

"You didn't. Experienced lawyers have an obligation to help young lawyers, even when they're on the other side. I let myself get angry and forget that. I'm sorry."

"Please! Don't be kind. There's no place in the legal profession for naïve idiots."

"Tom Able Trock is not a naïve idiot. Nor all the 30,000 people of the valley. Pinkley fooled them too."

"But I saw it, Lee. I was right there in his office and saw things happen day after day and still didn't believe them."

He laughed without humor. "The mistake you made was such a little thing compared to one I've been making for five years. And such a very little thing, compared to one I almost made this morning. Would you believe it? Three hours ago I was ready to abandon the practice of criminal law."

"I don't understand."

"Some day I'll explain." He reached in and took her hand. "I watched your face when Pinkley was running his kangaroo court yesterday. You'll make a good lawyer, Lois. A very good lawyer."

She looked down at his hand on hers. Though she smiled, the sadness did not go out of her eyes. "Sue Stillman is a lovely girl," she said.

"Indeed she is." He grinned at her and repeated, "A very good lawyer. A combination of the legal mind and a woman's indirect approach. Unbeatable. I think I'll go straight to this ex-wife. Tell Joe if you see him."

Lois watched his car return to the highway and disappear. She had intended to tell him that Joe had asked her last night to marry him, and that she had accepted. She had intended to tell him, and then she couldn't. TO BE CONCLUDED

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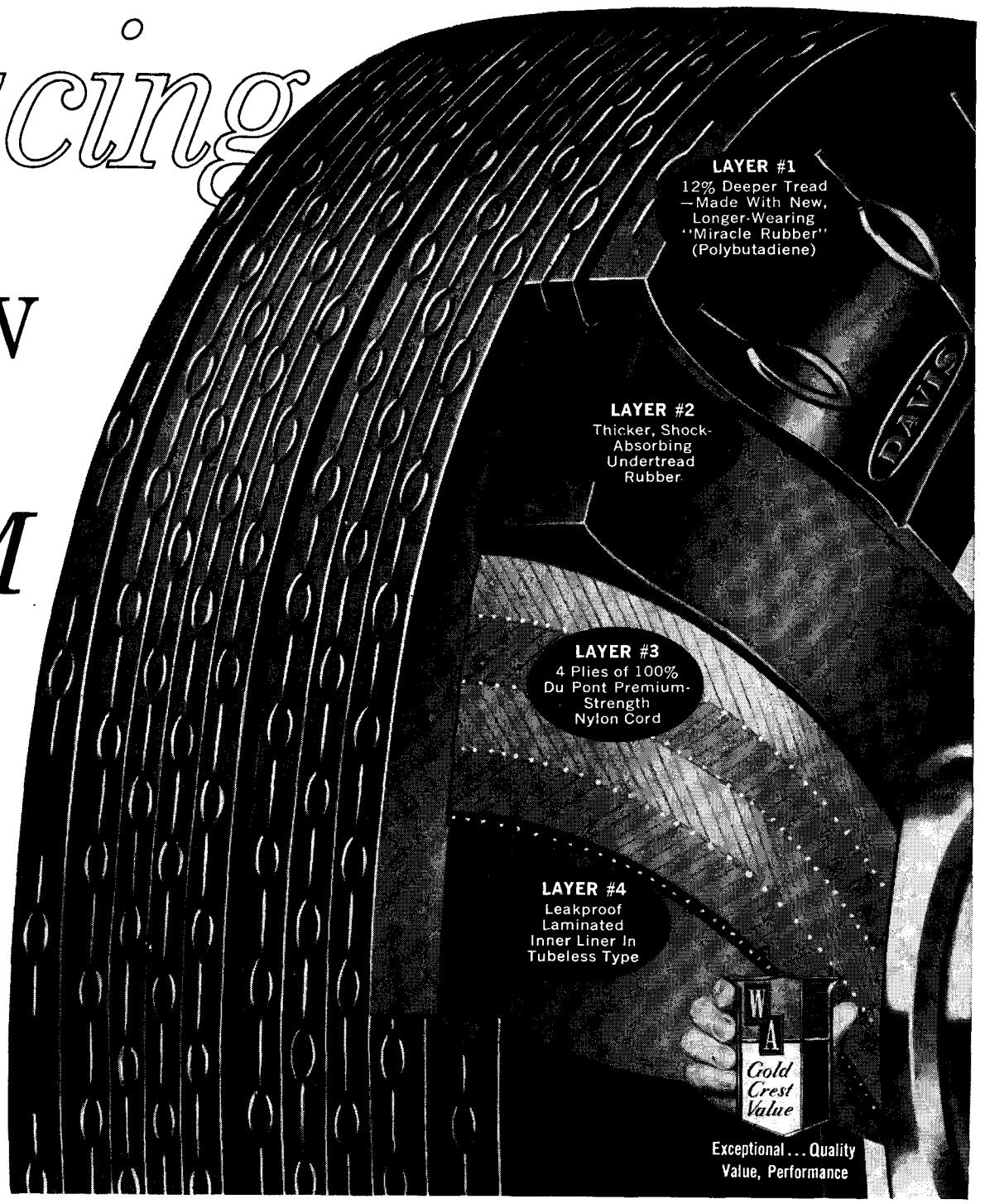
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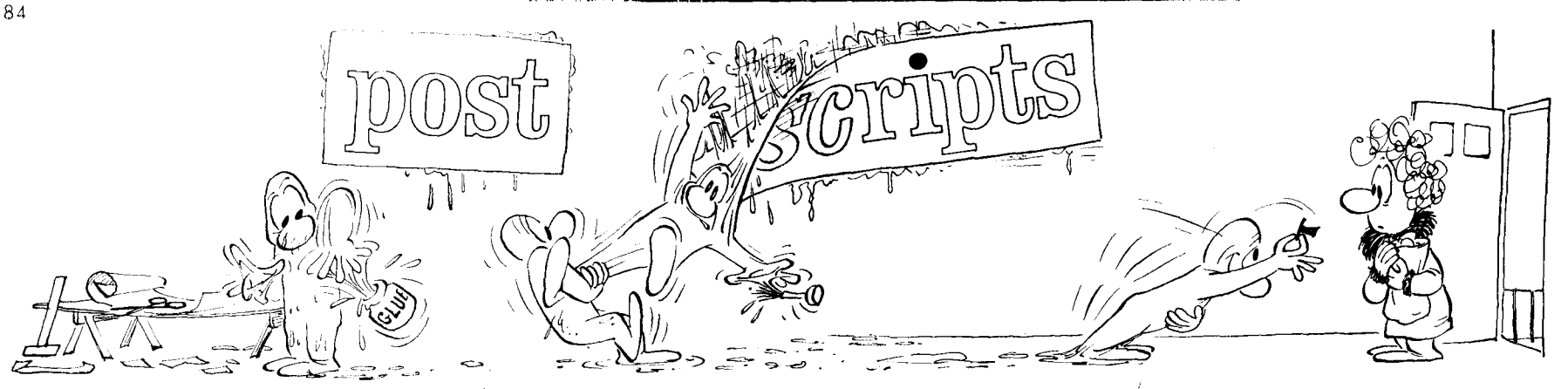
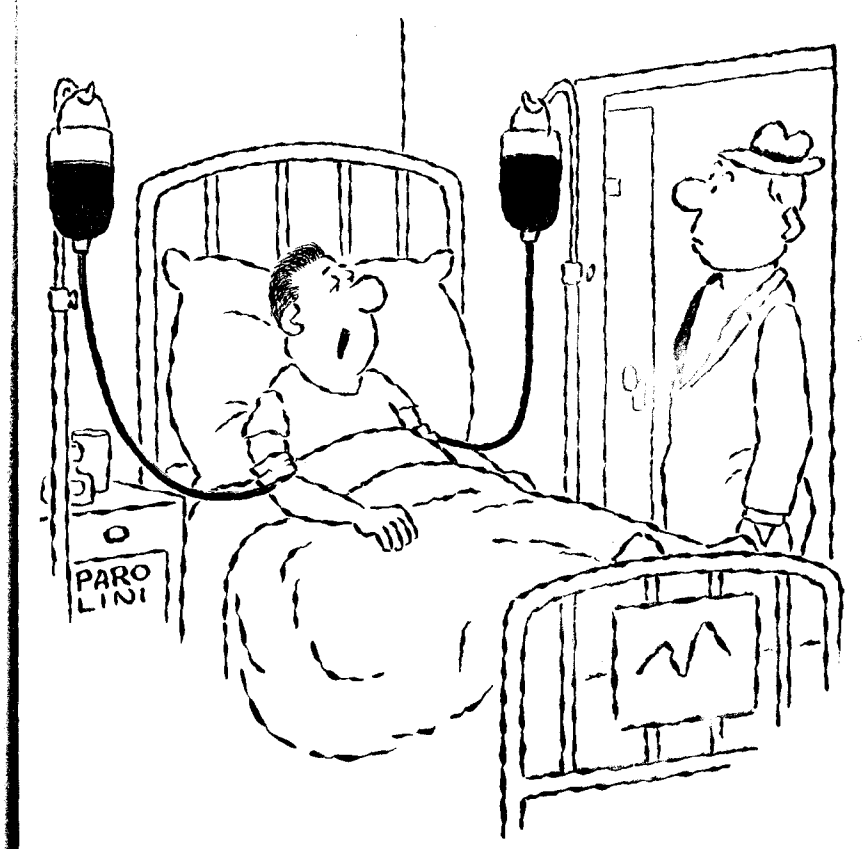
post scripts





"I like a blend."

"He only knows one trick. He can open the refrigerator."

"He's a warm, real human being. Watch him."

"Do we always have to travel during thrift season?"

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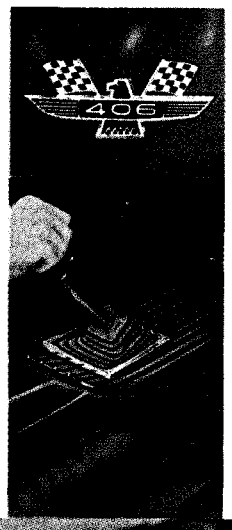

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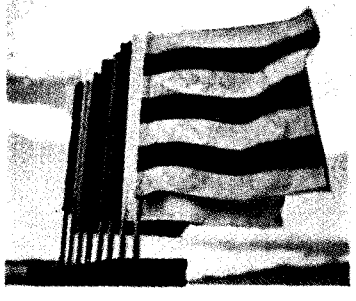

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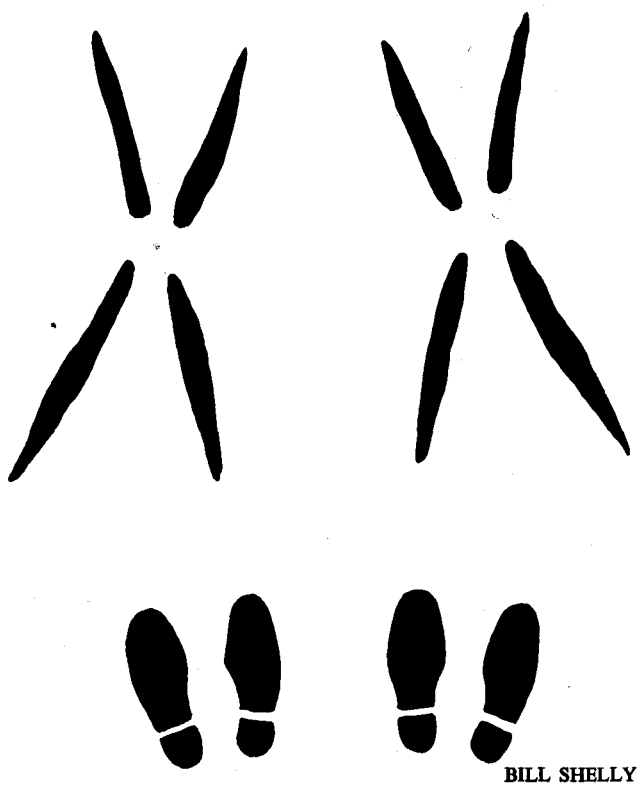


BILL SHELLY

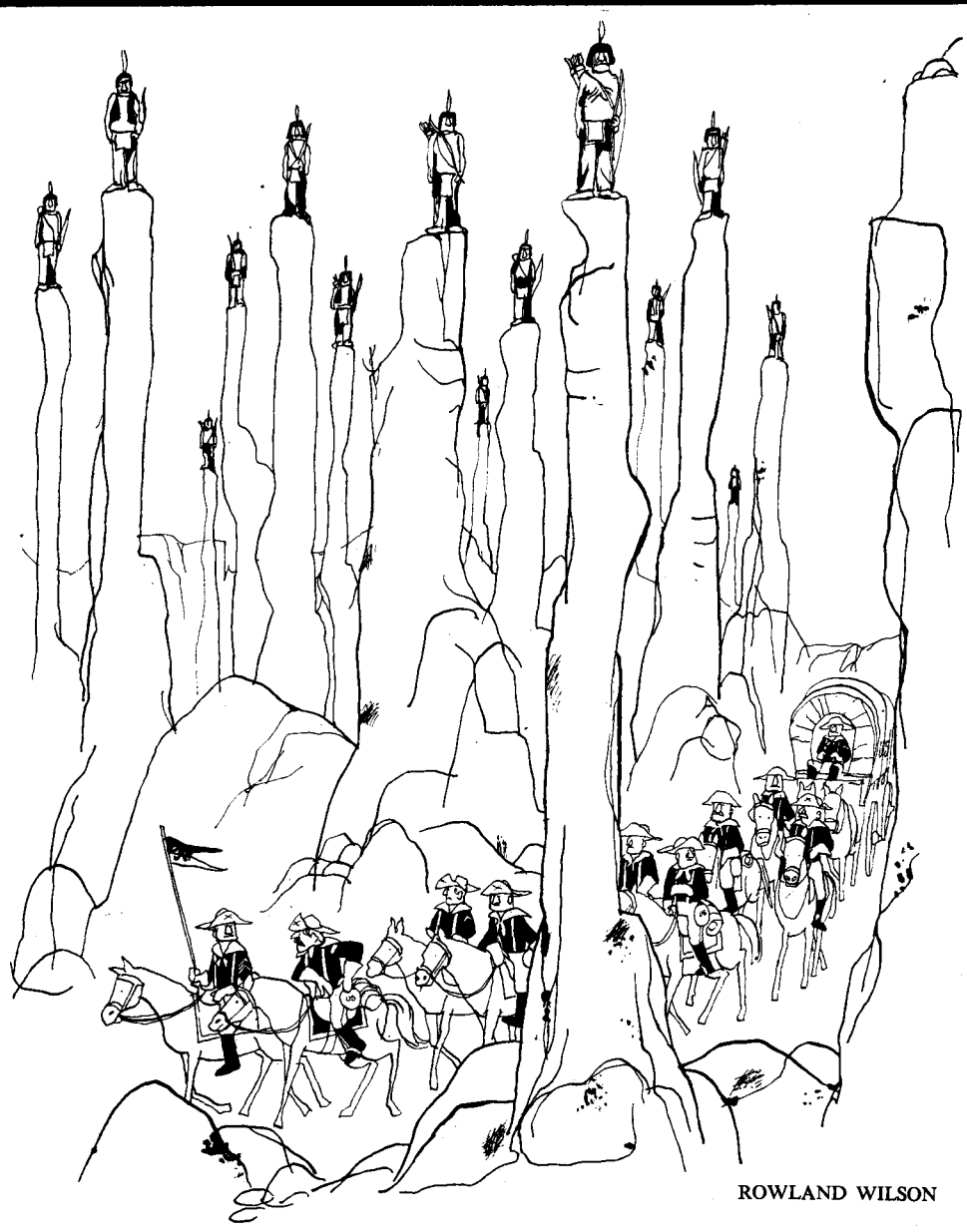
"Offhand, Wilson, I'd say you've been overfeeding this parakeet!"

"What do you mean 'Good night, it was a swell party'? You live here!"

Songs Mein Grossmamma Sang: Ein Beergarten Ben in Der Town

Ein beergarten ben in der town, in der town,
Mit fattisch burghers settlen down, settlen down;
Mein Heinrich in das spot ben drinken now,
Und nicht rememberen der frau!
(Der Chorus)
Soon das spot meinself ist reachen,
Und mit shouten loudisch preachen,
Ich ben up-gesnatchen Heinrich mit ein strongisch jerk!
Der freunds ben yellen, "Gootenbye, gootenbye!"
Und cryen mit der weepisch eye, weepisch eye.
Mit mein Heinrich home, Ich ben sure, mitout ein doubt,
Das schtunker nicht ben getten out!

DAVE MORRAH



ROWLAND WILSON

"I've learned one thing about the Shoshoni, Larsen. You don't stand a chance unless you take them by surprise."

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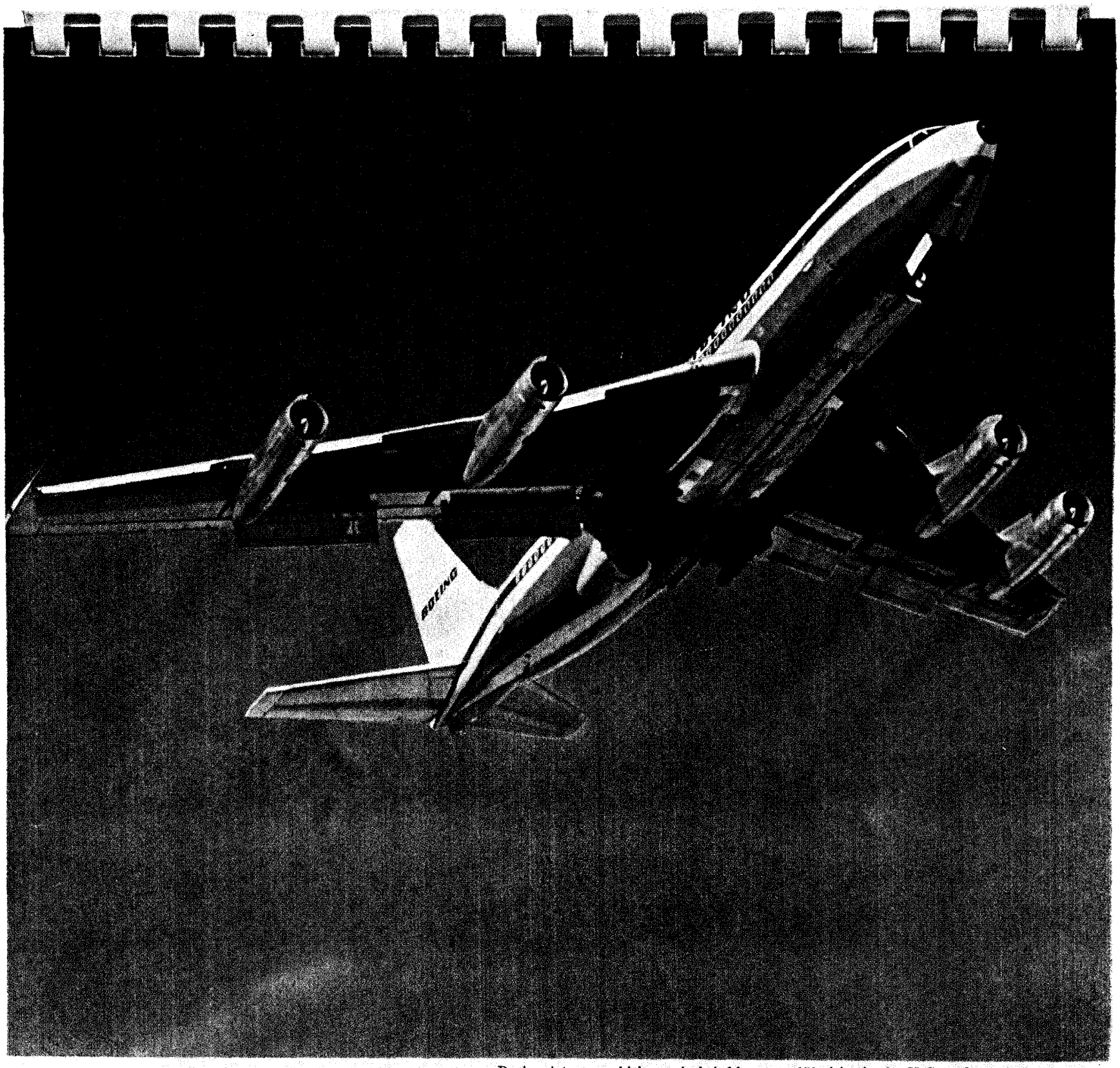

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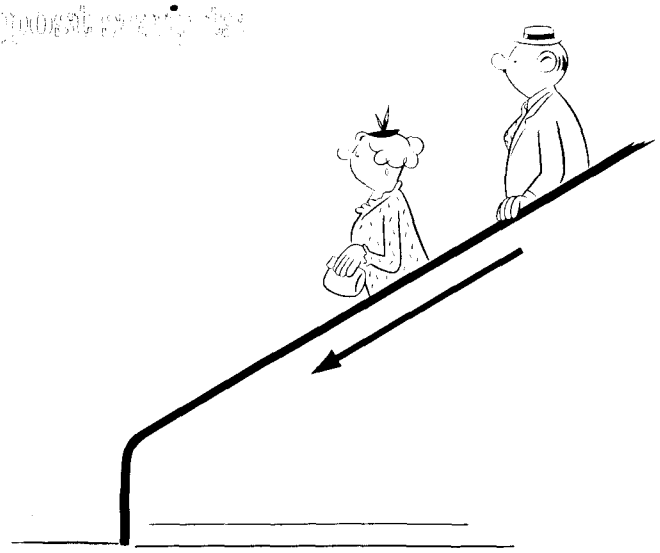

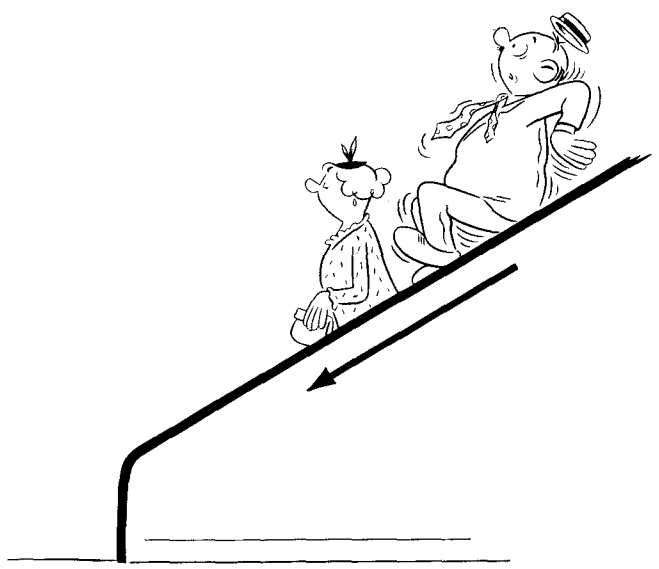

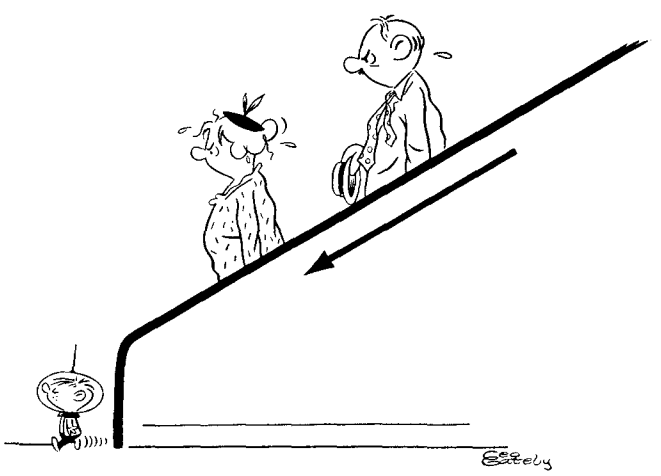

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MY TYPPEWRITER-- AGENUINE ANTIQUE.

Upoon this aold machine of mine,
With damage to their ppalms,
King Solomon typped tnePproverps
And King David typped thePPsalms.

It doesn't make sounds like the song of a lark;
No! It ppounds with a bumpitty thud.
It's one of the ppair tnat were saved by the Ark,
When Noah holed in from the Flood.

It goes back even farther, remembering when
Fair Eve near the appple-tree sat.
Sne sppied this machine, WHICH WAS OLD EVEN THEN!
"Hey, Adam!" Sne cried, through tne glade and the glen,
"What battered old ruin is that?"

* * * * *

I long for the day when I'll get a machine,
That's shinier, neaer, and better,
It needn't ppla Scrabole, orppaint a fine scene,
Make ice-cubes or knit me a sweater.
Just one thing I'll ask of its simple routine--
To typpe a presentable letter.

GLADYS GUILFORD SCOTT

"It's a conversation piece."

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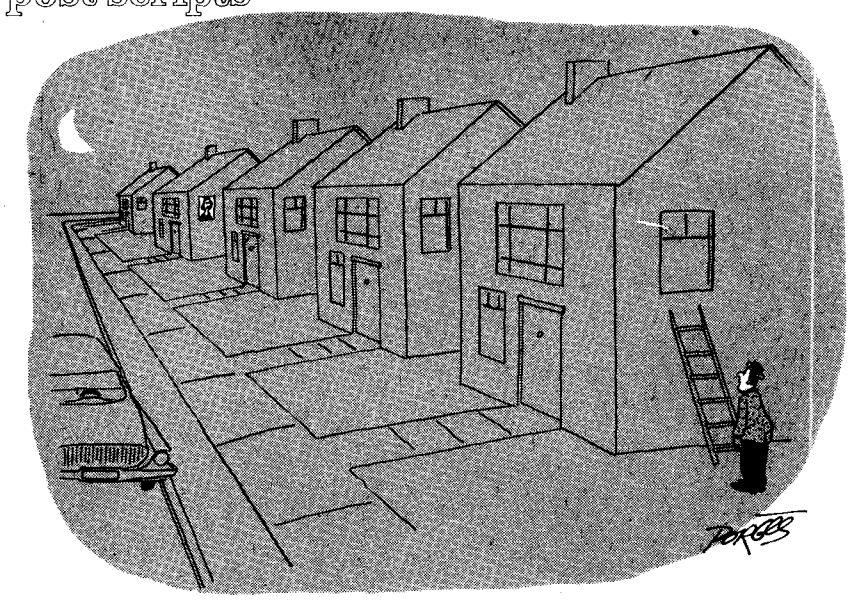
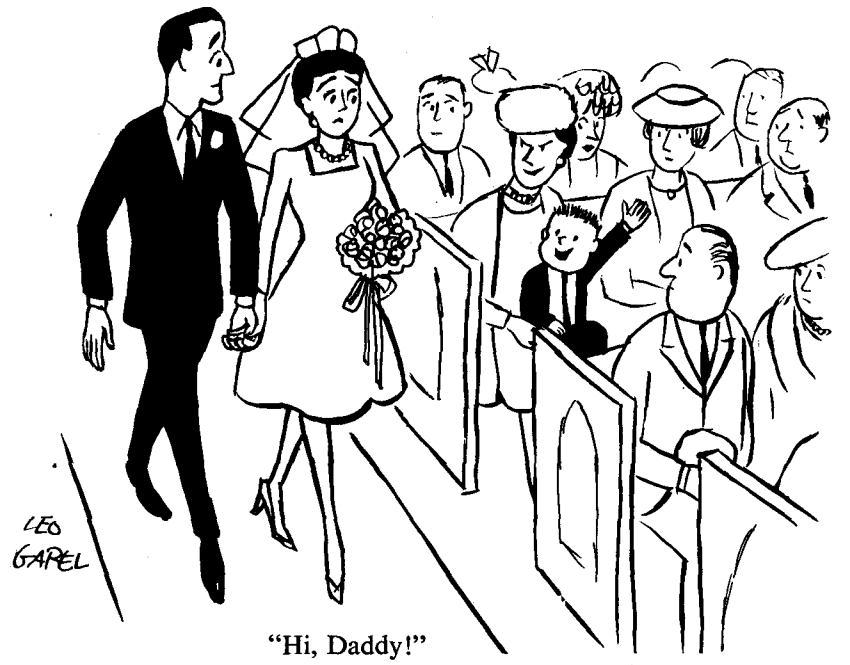


"Freddie?" "Alice?"



"Hi, Daddy!"

Me Tarzan, Me Married!

It is with real sadness I report that the authorities who control the Tarzan stories, yarns that have fortified me through a long rabbitlike life, have officially announced that Tarzan and Jane are married and practically always have been married.

I am not sure who performed the ceremony. The finger of suspicion points to a passing missionary who was later carried off by a thoughtful lion.

Well, I wish Tarzan and Jane luck, but I say it with a catch in my voice and a lump of sadness in my throat. All through my wistful years I have looked on Tarzan as the man I would like to have been just as some people secretly admire Jack the Ripper or the Marquis de Sade.

I have watched Tarzan grip Jane under one arm and go fighting off boas with the free hand. I have seen him sling her over his shoulder like a trussed sheep and go scampering among the trees to visit his monkey friends. I have pushed aside, for a few sweet moments, my own marital problems, basking in the thought that here was a guy with a real gimmick, a lad who led a life of adventure, excitement and bark-eating without a single thought of a credit card or a household budget.

Most of all, my delight was in the dream that Jane had never used all those couth, cozy, seductive lies most women indulge in to hypnotize Tarzan into wedlock. She couldn't have, I felt; she was too busy being rescued all the time. And besides, Tarzan wouldn't know what the dickens she was talking about. In fact, I can hear her trying to explain to him about marriage and him laughing his head off with a great, deep animal heartiness.

And yet, when you think of it, it is inevitable. A woman will take just so much pushing and swinging around, will climb just so many trees and be rescued from just so many gorillas, and then she will start thinking of making a nest somewhere in a teakwood tree and settling down.

A settled-down Tarzan climbing up the tree at 5:30 every night after a hard day in the forest is a pretty sober thought. But there it is.

As the fellow once said, "There is no escape, ever."

Hail, Tarzan, and farewell. You be Tarzan. You be finished. AAAAHHHHRRRRRRRR-RRRRRROOOOOWWWWW!

ROBERT FONTAINE

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THE NEXT BEST THING

continued from page 27

angle, was dusted daily and never opened. My aunt had rapped my knuckles when I started to read it one day.

I wandered round, touching the covers, reading the titles. Without looking up, Liffey said, "Wash your hands."

I stood at the sink, looking back over my shoulder at this remarkable kitchen. Forgetting my wariness of Liffey, I said, "Where did you get all those books?"

"I bought them," Liffey said. "What do you think? Are they clean?"

I showed him my hands. They passed his inspection. "All right," he said. "Find something to read." He was going through my previous exercises.

But I didn't read anything that day, just looked at them and touched them. There were De Quincey, Boswell, Gibbon, Swift, Voltaire, Bacon, Lamb, Hazlitt, Sterne, Rousseau, Balzac, Dostoevski, Fielding, Melville, Hawthorne, Scott, Browne, Spenser, Blake and others. My head swam with the multitude of names, though they meant nothing to me then. I was awed by the thought of how much was contained in these countless volumes.

And as I took them down and handled them and put them back, I noticed that they opened easily and that each one bore the indefinable look of a book that was constantly gone back to. I took down one that said BURNS.

"You be careful with that book," Liffey said sharply. And indeed it threatened to fall to pieces in my hands. I hurriedly put it back.

Liffey tapped my exercise books and stared at me from those eyes which seemed but pale coverings for the inscrutable. "Not bad," he said. "But not good either. This essay now." He found the place and thrust the book under my nose. "Walter Scott would never have put it like that. Well? Would he?"

"I suppose not," I said. I had never read Walter Scott.

"If you're ever in doubt," Liffey said, "ask yourself how Scott would have written it. Then you can't go wrong."

I was to come to know later that, for Liffey Jackson, on the mountain of the world's literature only two figures stood at the summit. Scott and Burns.

Years later I had lengthy arguments with Liffey, urging the merits of Keats, Shelley, Coleridge. "They have their place," Liffey would say. "They are considerable poets. But compared with Burns—why, they're soft, laddie!"

And then he would quote some fragment. He knew nearly the whole of Burns by heart.

O, Wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
They bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

His rough, uncouth voice would drop into the Highland lilt. He spoke the words not like memorized poetry but as if this were the only way to express a harsh tenderness torn from his ugly body. I never heard any man speak Robert Burns as Liffey Jackson did. He was inspired, possessed by his own emotion. While Liffey was speaking I shared his belief that this was no regional poet, but a gigant, dominating, re-creating in hard-hewn language the grandeur of his land.

But just now Liffey was tersely berating me for my indolence. "I can't help it," I said, stung into inadequate defense. Homework was an interruption that my aunt required out of the way at the earliest possible moment.

Liffey studied me thoughtfully. "You could come and work here if you like," he said with an odd ability he had for reading sense into the inarticulate. I stared at him in surprise. "You needn't worry. I would na disturb you," Liffey said aggressively. "You've just about enough sense for the grammar school. It would be a shame to lose it for want of a little quiet."

"All right," I said. "If you like. But it doesn't matter. I'm not going to the grammar school anyway."

Liffey's face went a peculiar shade of purple. "Who says not?" he demanded.

"We can't afford it," I said, edging away from him. His outbursts still alarmed me.

"Can't afford to gain knowledge?" Liffey banged the table with a great fist. "Nonsense! Nonsense, I tell you! If you gain a free place, there'll be naught to pay but fares and clothes. The county makes grants for such things. Let me hear no more of that."

So I fell into the habit of working in Liffey's kitchen for an hour or two—sometimes longer—on the way home from school every day. My aunt grumbled on principle, but in truth she was not displeased that I should be somewhere else but under her feet.

Liffey had not been strictly accurate when he said he would not disturb me. He would leave me alone for what he considered a sufficient time for the completion of my tasks. After that he would come in, grunting, gesticulating, demanding to see that everything that I had done was right.

Sometimes I hated him for his finicky insistence on perfection and swore to myself that I would never subject myself to his scathing criticisms again. But, in fact, I didn't stop going. Because even I could see that Liffey cared. For some reason which I didn't know, my future mattered to Liffey Jackson.

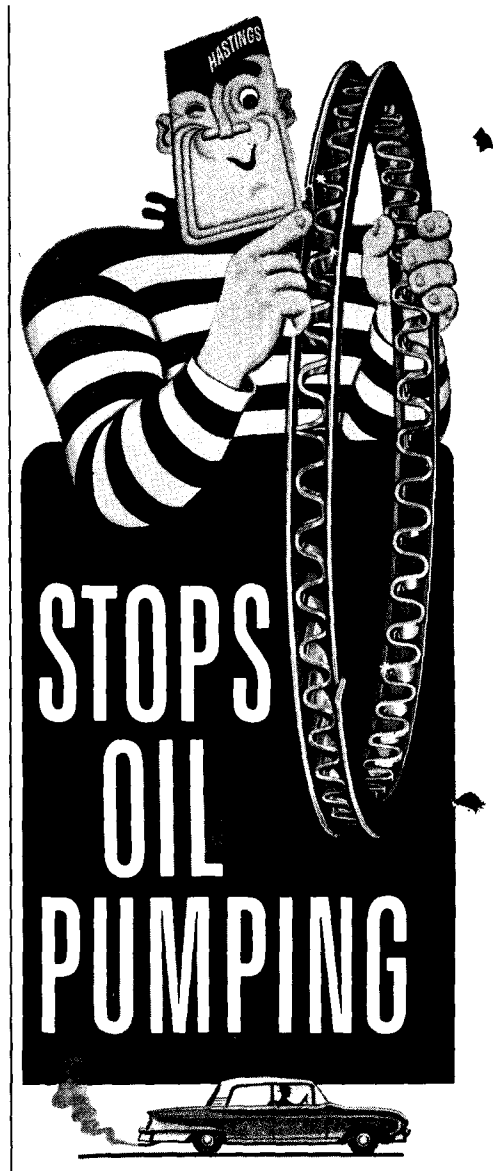
The day I heard that I had won a scholarship to the grammar school I ran straight to Liffey's shop. That was the first time I told something to Liffey Jackson first.

He grunted and said, "So I should hope." He gave me a banana and a lecture, the gist of which was that up to now I'd only been playing at it, and it was time I started doing some real work, the long summer holiday being an ideal opportunity.

I was somewhat cast down. The scholarship, I knew, was a paper victory only. My aunt would never let me go. I felt that this, my life's achievement, deserved a little more praise.

But Liffey did something unprecedented. He delivered some seeds that my uncle had ordered to the cottage. I never did find out what happened. The neighbors were curious. "What was all that shouting and hollering?" one of them asked me. "You'd have thought someone was being murdered." But I couldn't tell her.

All I knew was that my aunt, tight-lipped and with dire predictions of a hungry and penniless future for all of us, told me that I would be going to the grammar school when it started. For the time being anyway.



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I still went to Liffey Jackson's kitchen, for now I had started reading his books—though he wouldn't let me take them away.

"I'd ne'er see them again," he said nastily. "You could depend on that."

In September I caught the bus for Cirencester for the first time, and my years at grammar school began to roll away. I was fifteen when I had to tell Liffey that I was leaving school.

His fury threatened to turn to apoplexy. "You canna do that," he gasped.

"I can't help it."

"Do you know what you're saying?" Liffey cried. "You're proposing to throw away the chance of knowledge. Knowledge! It's precious. It's priceless. Men have died to secure your right to it. And you're discarding it like an old boot."

"Oh, come off it, Liffey," I said calmly. I was growing up. Also, I knew by this time that Liffey's storm and fury was all wind. "My aunt and uncle can't afford to keep me at school. Not when I could be earning money."

"Impertinence to your elders," Liffey yelled. "So that's what you've learned, is it?" He retired into a huge sulk, the knobs on his face standing out like clenched fists.

Eventually Liffey said, "It's money, is it?" I nodded. "All right, then," Liffey said. "You can help me in the shop. After school, weekends and holidays. A pound a week and not a penny more."

I started to refuse. Liffey said threateningly, "I'll see you earn it, by heaven."

I was touched and moved. I tried to explain why I couldn't accept.

Liffey waved his hand in an imperative gesture. "You have little understanding, laddie," he said. "I need the assistance, and you're one of the few individuals I could bear to have round me. But there's something more important than that, and it's time you learned it. Think hard before you place your own pride above that of a fellow creature. Think very hard indeed."

He glared at me so arrogantly, having made this plea for humility and understanding, that I could not help smiling at him.

He grunted and said, "You can start by sweeping the shop out. There'll be time before you go home."

I earned my pound a week. But it was Liffey Jackson who kept me at school.

I continued to work in Liffey's kitchen long after my aunt had forgotten her objections to her table being cluttered up with my homework. By this time, in fact, she was taking a certain half-respectful, half-possessive pride in my achievements, which, humble though they were in reality, seemed massive to her.

But working with Liffey was like one long intellectual wrestling match, stimulating, friendly and enjoyable. He seemed to have practically no formal education, but in a scattered, unchanneled kind of way he was the best-read man I ever met. There were few works of literature, history or philosophy with which he was not familiar.

He took up French and Latin, and not only kept pace with me but exceeded me—solely so that he could wrangle and argue on level terms. He built his shaky arithmetic into a structure of mathematics, though once he discovered the joys of geometry, he was entranced with its logic and discarded algebra as "so many assumptions based on assumptions." He flatly refused to have anything to do with physics or chemistry. "Graceless, mechanical pieces of apprehension," Liffey called them. "Not like true knowledge at all," he said scornfully.

When I was eighteen, I won a state scholarship to Cambridge University. By this time I not only didn't think twice about taking my problems to Liffey but I didn't think about it at all. It was entirely natural to do so.

"It carries a good grant," I said to Liffey, sitting across his kitchen table from him, as I seemed to have been doing all my life. "I can manage all right during term. It'll be the vacations. My uncle retires this year. He'll only have the old-age pension. I've got to keep myself and give them some as well."

"Ay," Liffey said. "It's only right that you should help."

"So," I said, hoping that he would know how hard it was to say this, "I'll have to leave you, Liffey. I'll need a full-time job during the vacations. Maybe one of the farmers—or a factory in Oxford, or something."

Liffey threw his head back in outraged disgust. "Leave me, would you?" he shouted. "That's the gratitude I get. You cast me off when I'm getting old."

"It's not like that," I said uncomfortably.

He glowered at me. "Just when I'm thinking," he said viciously, "that you'll maybe be able to help me by delivering during the holidays. 'T is something that should be done, but I canna stand their stupid faces and empty chatter."

We argued about it, but in the end Liffey got his own way. He usually did. So, from then on during the holiday I

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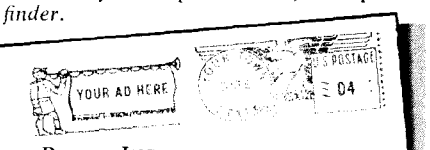

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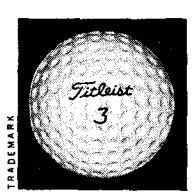

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BEST trundled Liffey's decrepit van round the lanes and byways, delivering to the outlying farms and hamlets and one or two neighboring villages.

It became known that Liffey Jackson would deliver during the Christmas, Easter and summer vacations. No one seemed to find this a curious arrangement except me. And I must have been odd man out, because it worked. Liffey's turnover shot up during those months, and I drew my weekly deliveryman's wages.

I had kept one piece of news back from Liffey, because I hoped it would please him. I said it now. "I'm going to read English, Liffey."

He gave a deep sigh. "I wish I hadn't sworn off the whisky," he said regretfully. "A dram or two would have been in keeping now."

Instead, he put the kettle on for a cup of tea and made me promise to acquaint him with the Anglo-Saxon, in case he was missing any subtleties in the early works.

Liffey bade me good-by the day before I left for Cambridge, having refused to come to the station to see me off. "I shall be busy in the shop," he said. "I have no time for such frivolities."

He gave me a brand-new, beautiful leather-bound volume of Burns. "Just to remind you that this was the greatest man that ever lived," he said. "And never mind what the professors tell you."

In my final year at the university I fell hopelessly and permanently in love with a girl from Cumberland, a fellow student. And, to my joy, she with me. We agreed that the most important thing was to be married.

It was this that I was on my way to tell Liffey. And also that—because of this—I would not be able to do the postgraduate work that I had hoped, and which Liffey had set his heart on. I hoped he would understand. I hated to disappoint Liffey.

I sat across the kitchen table from him, drinking tea. We talked desultorily about nothing in particular. I tried to think of a way to broach my subject. At last I asked him a question that I had never asked before. I said, "Were you ever in love, Liffey?"

"Ay," he grunted. "Once. Long ago."

"What happened?"

"She made fun o' my personal appearance," Liffey said. "A man canna have that. I sent her packing."

It might have been amusing. But it wasn't. The awful look of pain which spread over Liffey's face kept me silent.

"Puir wee lass," Liffey said at last in a low voice that was almost a whisper. "I did her a great wrong. I never saw her again. I kept track of her for a while." He waved one hand vaguely. "I hear now and then from relatives in Inverness. She told someone that she meant nothing by what she said. It was just her foolish jest. It did na mean that she did na care for me. It was too late by then. She married another, but she was na happy. He treated her ill." He sighed, a great, racking heave of his breast. "She's dead now, God rest her soul."

I said, "And for you—was there no other?"

"How could there be another?" Liffey asked wonderingly. I averted my eyes. I could not bear to look at him. For the first time I saw, written clear upon his face, the sad, lonely sorrow that possessed this man and lived within him.

Liffey said, "Pride is a terrible thing in a man. A terrible, destroying thing."

I think he had almost forgotten that I was there. A few moments later he began to recite, in a soft monotone, his beloved Burns:

"Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear;
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear."

He sat quite still, his great head bowed and silent. He had retreated into some distant recess of himself which no one else would ever know.

At last he said, "Ay. The Poet knew. The Poet knew." He shook himself, almost visibly sloughing off his private, lifelong grief. "Enough o' that," he said. "An old man's regrets are sorry things. You'll soon be courtin' yoursel', will you not?"

I told him then about my own love—and about giving up postgraduate work. He didn't fly into a temper as I had expected. Instead, he said, "I have a sum of money put away which I was saving for just such an occasion. Maybe you'll allow me to make you a wedding present?"

"Liffey, Liffey," I said, my heart full near to rending. "I can't."

"It comes," Liffey said, "from a foolish loon of a man who has no use for it. It will be sufficient so that you need not forgo your studies."

"Liffey," I said, "I've taken too much from you already."

"That's pride talking!" Liffey shouted suddenly, pointing an accusing finger at me. "Beware of pride!" His hand dropped to the table. "Besides," he said in a quieter tone, "have you never thought, laddie, how much you've given me—to a lonely man who, maybe, longed for a child of his own?"

I stretched my hand across the table and took his great ham of a fist. It was the first time I had consciously touched him. I had no words to tell this strange, ugly, lovable man what he meant to me. I could only hope he knew.

He crushed my hand fiercely once and then stood up, throwing his chair back. "Here we sit," he complained, "like a couple of loons, while the tea grows cold."

He emptied the teapot and put the kettle on to boil. "You'll come to the wedding?" I said.

"I canna leave the shop," he said.

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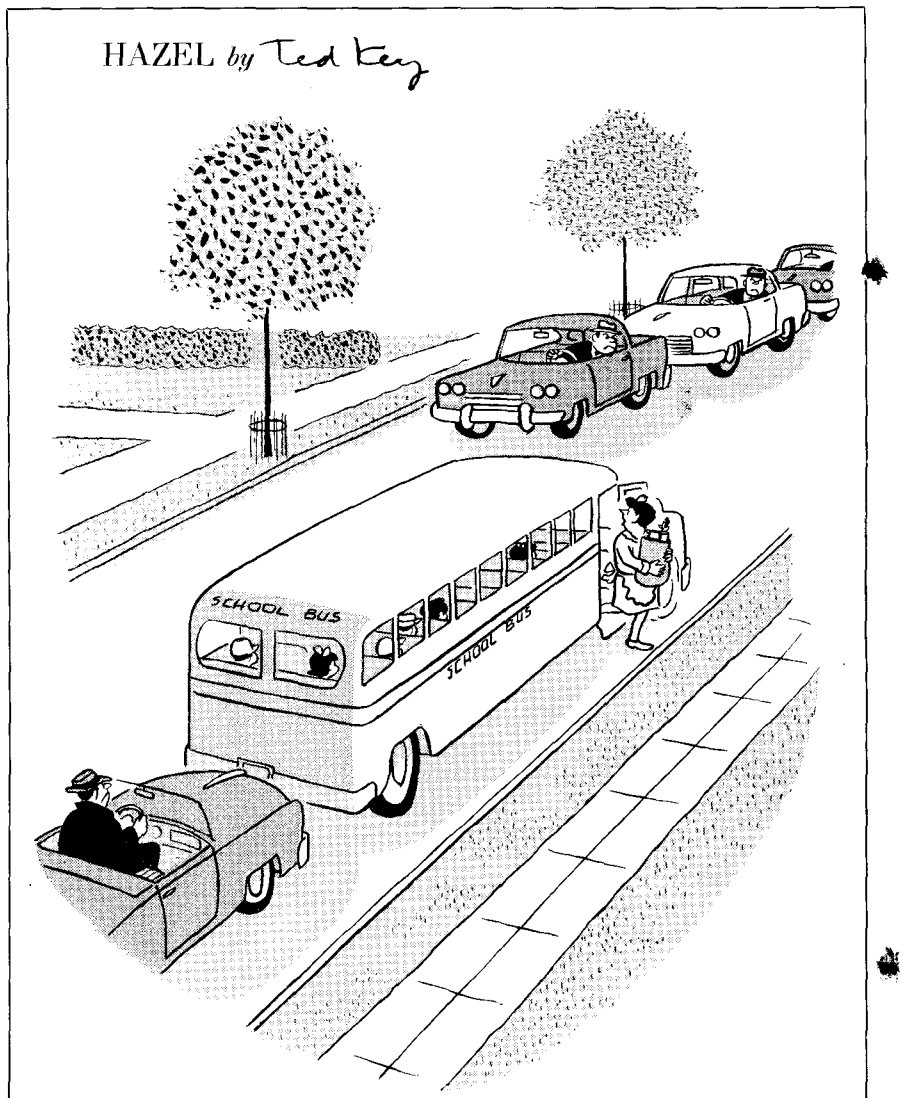

"Thanks, Al."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's not a shop," I said sharply, annoyed at his refusal to come to the wedding. "It's a dugout. You crawl in here and hide yourself away."

"You must na shout at an old man," Liffey said. He gazed at me pleadingly. "And you must na ask me to come either—much as I should like to see you wed."

There was something in my throat, and I swallowed, feeling that I was choking. I knew then that some things cannot be changed and that Liffey Jackson would live and die the way he was; that, long ago, he had sent away the one person who might have guided him securely into the world of people and friendship and unresented laughter. And that I could not do it.

"Well," I said, "prepare your spare room, Liffey. For I shall bring my wife to stay. And my children, too, when I have any."

"Ay," Liffey said. "I should like that. That would be the next best thing."

THE END

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THE MET'S SECOND CARUSO

Richard Tucker—top tenor of the Metropolitan Opera and "the world's prize worrywart"—believes he was predestined to fill Caruso's shoes.

By STANLEY FRANK

In The Girl of the Golden West (*with Leontyne Price*), *Tucker sings the role created by Caruso. The tenor made his Met debut in 1945 after retiring as cantor of a Brooklyn synagogue.*

Rudolf Bing, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, winced as he took the clipping to check the authenticity of a statement attributed to him in 1956. Artistic judgments, like caustic remarks made during family rows, have a nasty habit of boomeranging, but Bing nodded when he scanned the passage. It read:

"Caruso, Caruso, that's all you hear! I have an idea we're going to be proud someday to tell people we heard Richard Tucker."

"Yes, I was quoted accurately," Bing said. He anticipated the next question. "I'm more convinced of it today than I was six years ago. I never heard Caruso, and neither did most of the people who tell you he was far superior to anyone on the roster now. He undoubtedly was a magnificent artist, but it's utter nonsense to say he was the last great tenor. Tucker, in any era, would have been outstanding for his consistent brilliance."

Since the beginning of his regime in 1950, Bing has been stepping on sensitive toes backstage by clearly indicating he considers Tucker the Met's top star. Tucker gets the top fee—$2500 a performance—and the lion's share of prestigious engagements such as openings of the season and meaty roles with new prima donnas in productions that make the stately house jump with excitement.

A firm believer in predestination, Tucker likes to think that his resemblance to Caruso is a mystic sign that he was fated to inherit Caruso's mantle at the Met. With liberal application of makeup and imagination there is a vague outward similarity in a dim light, but Tucker's claim is supported by stronger evidence. He sings in a liquid *bel canto* that sounds as though he is fresh off the boat from Naples, Caruso's birthplace. The Latin abandon he pours into Verdi and Puccini arias is strictly a triumph of technique over temperament. Tucker, who was given his first vocal training in a New York synagogue and still officiates as a cantor during the Jewish High Holidays, is full of dark forebodings that seem to have sprung from the book of *Lamentations* in the Old Testament.

"Richard is the world's prize worrywart," his wife confides. "He worries about the grades our boys David and Henry get in school. When Barry, our twenty-three-year-old son, is driving somewhere, his father is a nervous wreck until Barry calls to say he arrived safely. You'd think a call from Europe costs a dime the way Richard phones home to check up on trifles when he's on tour."

Most of all, Tucker worries about his voice. His inordinate pride, which impels him to go all out in every performance to demonstrate repeatedly his virtuosity, is in constant conflict with his fear of damaging the asset that brings him an income in excess of $250,000 a year. "Every time I enter the stage door at the Met, I remember I lugged bolts of silk on my back for ten years, peddling linings for coats in the fur district just around the corner to pay for singing lessons," he says. "I'd be an awful dope if I abused my voice after working like a dog to get where I am."

Tucker's anxiety has been intensified by an incident two years ago. Leonard Warren, the great baritone, suffered a cerebral hemorrhage while singing an aria in *La Forza del Destino* and died on the stage of the Met in Tucker's arms.

"I get the shakes when I think of it," he admitted recently. "Lennie was only forty-eight when he literally killed himself to sustain the high quality of his singing. I made up my mind then that I would taper off from this rat race when I reach fifty. Something's got to give if you keep pressing to stay on top. Caruso was forty-seven, almost exactly my age now, when he ruptured a blood vessel in his throat. Dying with your boots on is romantic to everybody except the guy who conks out."

Mrs. Tucker blanched when I asked her whether the lugubrious talk of retiring was to be taken seriously. "God forbid!" she exclaimed. "He'd go crazy and take me with him. He's like a caged animal when he isn't singing. He just had a good practice session that put him in a better mood today. Ask him about the operas he wants to do when he's fifty."

She knew her man. "I've promised Bing I'll do *Aïda*, *Pagliacci* and maybe *Otello*," he said expansively. "I haven't tried them yet because they're awfully tough roles, but I figure to be at my peak in a few years."

Offstage he goes to fanatical lengths to protect his voice. He will not sing outdoors, in air-conditioned halls, or with less than three days of rest between engagements. On the day of a performance he goes into isolation at his home in Great Neck, Long Island, or holes up in a movie when he is on tour to avoid talking. Before my interviews with him commenced, he explained he would have to take a five-minute break every half-hour to ease the strain on his throat.

Those precautions are scrapped when Tucker steps to the footlights and bursts into song—"explodes" is the more appropriate word—even in rehearsals. Co-stars gird for strenuous workouts when they appear with him, for he is liable to make inflammatory cracks if they merely walk through their roles.

Renata Tebaldi, then the world's reigning soprano, was given her come-uppance by Tucker several years ago while they were rehearsing a duet from *Andrea Chénier* in San Francisco. Tucker felt Miss Tebaldi was not returning his protestations of love with sufficient ardor and stopped in the middle of a passage. "If you cannot be more responsive, kindly get yourself another tenor," he told Miss Tebaldi. Bystanders ducked for cover, expecting the imperious diva to heave a chair at Tucker. Instead, she nodded stiffly to the conductor and proceeded to tear into the duet with an intensity that rattled the chandeliers. Oddly enough, the clash led to a close friendship founded on mutual professional respect.

"I'm accused of trying to overshadow the rest of the cast in rehearsals, but it's not true," Tucker declares. "Most singers say they never use more than 75 percent of their volume, to conserve their voices. I've tried it and I sounded like a big nothing. I turn on all my power as a matter of discipline. If I fall into the habit of giving rehearsals a once-over-lightly, I may do the same some night when I'm not feeling up to par and, before I know it, the critics will be saying I'm over the hill.

"Producing pure, solid tones is a physical thing, like hitting a ball." (Tucker is a rabid baseball and football fan.) "Roger Maris won't get many home runs with a nice, relaxed swing, and I won't make high notes heard above the crescendo of an eighty-piece

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orchestra unless I belt them with everything I've got.

"I don't kid myself. The public thinks of me strictly as a blood-and-guts tenor. I occasionally vary my concert programs with delicate songs by Mozart and Bach, oratorios and contemporary music by American and French composers. All I get is polite applause. Audiences want to hear me raise the roof with emotional arias, and you know what? The audiences are right. That's the most effective stuff I do. I'm basically an opera singer, by choice and out of loyalty to the Met. I was just a second stringer until Bing gave me my big chance, and I feel I owe him first call on my services."

Singers whose imposing reputations guarantee capacity crowds throughout the country generally make a majority of their appearances on the concert circuit, where the fees are substantially higher and the work is less taxing than in opera. Although Tucker can write his own ticket, his schedule for this season lists only sixteen concerts and forty operas, twenty-nine with the Met. Bing always has trouble lining up stars for the arduous traveling on the Met's annual spring tour, but Tucker never begs off. This year he is the troupe's big attraction in Boston, Cleveland, Atlanta, Dallas, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Detroit and Chicago.

The acid test of Tucker's devotion to the Met came on February 24, 1956, when he was in Bloomington, Illinois, for a recital. He was dozing through a movie that Friday afternoon when he was startled to hear an usherette paging him for a phone call in the manager's office. Bing was on the other end of the line. He came to the point quickly. Eugene Conley, who was to sing the lead in *Rigoletto* the following afternoon on the weekly radio broadcast from the Met, was ill, and no suitable replacement was available. Bing asked Tucker to fly back to New York after the recital and do the broadcast.

"There's an awful snowstorm out here, and sleet is forecast for tonight," Tucker said. "It looks like planes will be grounded."

"I know," Bing cut in. "I've checked the local airport. All flights have been canceled, but Indianapolis will be operating. Texaco [the sponsor of the broadcast] will send a private plane for you. Get somebody to drive you there after you finish tonight."

"I don't know whether my voice will hold up for two performances in less than twenty-four hours," Tucker replied doubtfully. "Besides, I promised my wife I wouldn't fly in bad weather."

"This is an emergency," Bing snapped. "You've got to come."

He went. A fan volunteered to drive him to Indianapolis. It took six hours to cover 174 miles of treacherous roads. En route, Tucker had to expose his precious throat to the storm to help change a flat tire. The small plane, buffeted by winds all the way, landed with just enough time before the curtain for Tucker to shave and phone his wife. She was so incensed by the risks he had taken that she hung up on him.

"I wanted to crawl into a hole and pull the lid over me," he recalls. "I felt miserable for breaking my promise to my wife, and I was groggy from the rough flight and lack of sleep. On top of everything else, I was scared to death about the high B natural in *La donna è mobile*, the

His resemblance to Caruso can be seen "with liberal use of makeup and imagination," but is most apparent in his singing.

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"Hebrew liturgical music with its emotional intensity is much more difficult to sing than opera. . . . A fellow with my background had nothing to fear from opera."

Photographs by Hans Knopf

The Tuckers observing the Sabbath at home: the tenor's wife Sara; her father, Louis Perelmuth; Tucker, and two of their three sons, Barry and Henry.

famous aria in the last act of *Rigoletto*. When a singer is tired, he has a tendency to force the upper register, and I was afraid my vocal cords would collapse if I pushed too hard.

"Before I went out for the last act, I prayed I would hit that note on the nose without straining something. If I say so myself, I brought down the house." He grins sheepishly. "You should've heard the hollering, though, when I got home and my wife read me the riot act."

She still is furious. "Richard had no right to let Bing put him on the spot," she fumes. "He could have ruined his voice permanently or been killed in a crash. His first duty is to his family, not the Met."

The conflict posed by the incident evidently disturbs Tucker, for he refers to it frequently. It is not the reaction of a henpecked husband; he is a formidable hollerer himself. It reflects, rather, his singular ideas about predestination and his wife's decisive influence on his career.

"The two big turning points in my life weren't accidents," he says solemnly. "People laugh at me because I believe all lives are planned in advance by a higher power, but I'm convinced of it. I never would have become an opera singer if I had married another girl. I might not have been a singer at all if my parents hadn't moved when I was young to the one section of New York where I could get free lessons."

Tucker attaches great significance to the early emergence of his vocal gifts. He was only three years old when he was recognized as a prodigy for his ability to sing with perfect pitch any melody he heard. His devout parents, who had emigrated from Romania with four children shortly before he was born in Brooklyn in 1914, were at once awed and perturbed by the first evidence of musical talent on either side of the family. They regarded the boy's alto voice as a blessing of America and a divine mandate to educate him as a cantor, but a fur-cutter's sweatshop wages could not provide the long and costly training necessary to carry out God's will.

In recounting his personal history, Tucker invariably dwells on the intercession of fate at that point. The family moved from Brooklyn to the lower East Side of New York, the old Melting Pot, to save his father a long subway ride to work. His parents did not know the nearby Allen Street synagogue was famous for its male choir until the neighbors heard the boy singing in the street and urged them to take six-year-old Ruby—his name originally was Reuben Ticker—to Cantor Joshua Weisser for an audition. Weisser never had accepted anyone so young for the choir, but he put Ruby in the alto section and began grooming him as a soloist.

The Tickers were in raptures. It was a great distinction among orthodox Jews of their generation to have a cantor for a son, but Weisser told them their elation was premature—by a dozen years. The quality of a boy's voice could not be determined until he had gone through adolescence, and his childish treble settled into the tenor or baritone range. Weisser agreed to take Ruby under his wing, but the decision on cantorial training would have to be delayed until his voice had changed. The warning was half forgotten for seven years, then one Sabbath Ruby's ethereal alto broke into squeals and grunts like a punctured bagpipe, and that was his swan song as a boy wonder.

"I was a miserable kid for four years," he recalls. "I loved to sing, and having to stop was like being confined in a box. I took piano lessons, but it wasn't a substitute for singing because I didn't play well enough. When I tried to run through vocal exercises, I made such horrible noises I couldn't stand to hear myself. It was plain torture waiting for my voice to—to open like a rose."

The blossoming finally came when he was seventeen. Weisser heard him chant a few hymns and pronounced him ready to begin the three-year period of cantorial training. In return for the lessons, Tucker waived his fee of $700 a year for singing with the synagogue choir. Upon graduating from New Utrecht High School, he got a job selling fur-coat linings. Commissions were so scarce—that was during the depression—he was glad to pick up an occasional five dollars singing at weddings and confirmations.

One of his singing dates was in the catering establishment owned by Louis Perelmuth, whose son, Jan Peerce, was singing in stage shows at the Radio City Music Hall en route to the Met. Perelmuth's youngest daughter Sara was attracted to the young fellow belting out folk songs. She wangled an introduction to him through a friend. One thing led to another, and they were engaged after a brief courtship. The Perelmuths took a dim view of Sara's match with the penniless apprentice cantor.

"My parents' opposition to Richard made me all the more determined to marry him," Mrs. Tucker says. "They warned me I'd have to scrimp to get by on a cantor's salary. I told them Richard would be famous because he had a beautiful voice and he already sang almost as well as my brother Jan. My father laughed. 'Jan is a big star, and your prize catch is singing for peanuts,' he said. 'You're some expert.'"

When Tucker completed his training in 1935, he was engaged as the guest cantor for Yom Kippur by a large synagogue in uptown Manhattan. His handling of the assignment brought an offer of twenty-five dollars a week to conduct Sabbath services for a synagogue in Passaic, New Jersey. Combined with the thirty-five dollars a week he was earning as a salesman, it was enough for the couple to get married in February, 1936. After waiting a discreet interval, the bride developed a sudden fondness for opera.

"I wanted to make Richard realize his voice was good enough to go into opera, like Jan," she admits. "A young man who marries into a family with a celebrity is in a difficult position, especially if he's in the same field. He'll always be considered a *schlemiel* if he doesn't make good in a big way. And I didn't want that to happen to my husband."

The stratagem worked. Tucker, who never had been to an opera, was unimpressed by *Aïda* at the Met, but gradually fell for his wife's propaganda at subsequent performances. "She gave me all the confidence I needed to make the grade," he says. "Hebrew liturgical music is much more difficult to sing than opera. It demands more emotional intensity, the cadenzas are trickier, and the sustained effort is tougher. In Kol Nidre, the chant that opens Yom Kippur, the cantor does more singing than the lead in most operas. The next day he sings almost continuously for eight hours. A fellow with my background had nothing to fear from opera."

Making the Met, however, was not simply a matter of barging into the front

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office and getting a contract after running through a few arias. Tucker's training had not touched on techniques of musicianship, tonal quality, projection and a dozen other fine points which distinguish an accomplished artist from a competent journeyman. He tried three teachers before he found the man he wanted in Paul Althouse. Tucker worked with him from 1939 until Althouse died in 1954.

"I can't begin to give Althouse enough credit for my success," Tucker says. "This is the first time I've ever told anyone I warmed up with him before every performance at the Met, for the psychological lift he gave me."

In 1942 Tucker entered the Met's annual auditions for new talent and was crushed when he finished third. Edward Johnson, then the general manager, was encouraging in a private interview. He said Tucker would make the Met with additional experience in classical music and helped him get it by recommending him for a series of radio shows on WGN in Chicago. Two years later Tucker took his first stab at opera in *La Traviata* and *Rigoletto* with the Salmaggia Company, a semiprofessional troupe in New York. Scouts from the Met turned in favorable reports, and the upshot was that Johnson called him to audition for the lead in *La Gioconda*.

On January 25, 1945, a large delegation from the fur district invaded the Met to yell up a storm for Ruby, the Singing Salesman, in his debut. More discriminating patrons joined in the ovation. Tucker received sixteen curtain calls, the critics were enthusiastic, and Johnson thrust a contract at him. Having reached his goal, Tucker was not sure he wanted it, for he could not combine opera with his duties as a full-time cantor.

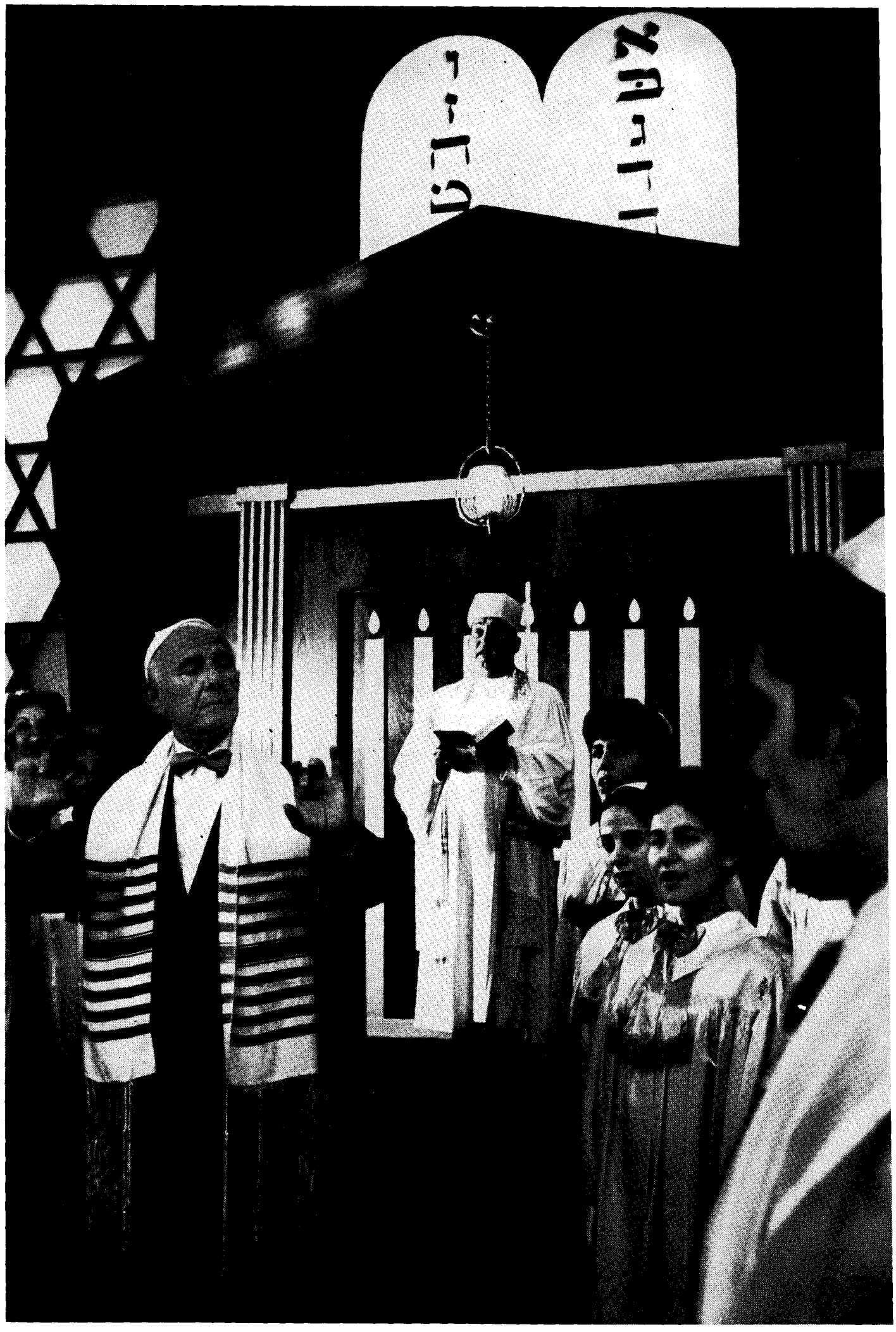
Many orthodox Jews regard secular singing, even the classics, as a desecration of a God-given talent. Tucker's outside activities were under attack at the Brooklyn Jewish Center, his new pulpit, and he would have to relinquish it if he went with the Met. He took a two-month leave of absence while he wrestled with the dilemma. The Met fee was only $250 a performance for five engagements. The center guaranteed him $8000 a year. He finally decided on a compromise. He signed with the Met, but promised his parents he would continue to serve as a cantor on the High Holidays. It is a pledge he has observed faithfully for seventeen years.

Many persons say Tucker is a strange, complicated man. Actually he is motivated by a clear-cut competitive drive that is exemplified by his attitude toward his middle son David, a premedical student at Tufts who also is taking vocal lessons at the New England Conservatory. David's public appearances have been limited to choir work, but there is talk that he may be the first singer in the Met's history to follow his father in starring roles. I asked Tucker whether David's voice was outstanding.

"Well, it's hard to tell yet," he answered. "He has a light, clear voice, but we'll have to wait and see how it develops."

"Come on, no evasions," I said. "At his age you were on the way up. Does the boy have a real chance to make it big?"

He shrugged forlornly. "I'd be gilding the lily if I said he has great prospects. That's why we want him to be a doctor. If you can't be tops in this tough, frustrating business, you'd better stay out of it." THE END



Cantor Tucker singing Yom Kippur services at a resort in New York's Catskill Mountains: During the 17 years since he joined the Met, Tucker has fulfilled a promise to his parents by serving as cantor on High Holidays.

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A Warm Weapon In The Cold War

Few people accuse Uncle Sam of being a bad businessman, but in one respect he has been as backward as a Bedouin. Until a few months ago he was overlooking one of the country's most salable items—tourism. While other alert countries have been happily raking in great sums by tapping the yearning of people everywhere to travel in foreign places, the Yankee trader has been sleeping on the sidelines.

It isn't that Americans don't like the idea of traveling. Last year 2,000,000 of us went overseas and spent a whopping $2,000,000,000. Without much encouragement from us, some 600,000 foreigners came here and spent $900,000,000. The result was an unfavorable "travel deficit" of $1,100,000,000.

In the past when the United States spent more abroad than it took in, this imbalance was unimportant. But now that our military bases and other foreign-aid commitments cost us between $3,000,000,000 and $4,000,000,000 more than we net from export trade, the situation can no longer be ignored. In fact, we must either export more or abandon some of our overseas positions in the cold-war struggle.

As almost all nations except America have learned, one of the easiest ways to earn foreign exchange is from tourists. Some nations—Mexico is an example—find it their No. 1 source of revenue. But although for many countries tourism is merely a means of assuring a higher standard of living, for us it is more important. In view of our pivotal position in the East-West struggle and the need for funds to finance it, our hospitality takes on the importance of a cold-war weapon.

Although Americans are among the most generous and hospitable of people, they have not made things easy for visitors. They have done none of the things that foreigners have done to make travel attractive in their countries—the waiving of visas, the cursory customs examinations, the special reductions on gasoline, the ease of changing currency, the discounts on export items and the magnificent organization everywhere that makes visitors feel welcome, even though the visitors don't speak the country's language.

Until a few months ago we not only demanded that foreigners have United States visas but we made them fill out four-page forms, asking such insulting questions as whether they planned to come to this country for immoral purposes. Because we had never been prepared for the visitor who was not an immigrant, we seemed unfriendly. For example, not long ago a French couple, trying to exchange their currency in a Midwest town, was jailed on suspicion of trying to pass phony money. In a Southern state another couple was arrested for using an international driving license—a permit which is legal almost all over the world and was legal in the state they were traveling in.

Our government has spent little to lure visitors to our shores. As late as 1960 we ranked twenty-third among the twenty-five countries spending money to promote international travel. Only Cyprus and San Marino spent less than we. England spent fifty times as much as we did; Russia twenty times.

Last year Congress became aware that always being the paying guest and rarely the host was bad business. It was pointed out that, if a community attracts only a couple of dozen tourists a day throughout the year, it benefits as much as if it acquired a new industry with a payroll of $100,000 a year. Consequently in June, 1961, the United States Travel Service was set up under the Department of Commerce. The budget for the first year was $2,500,000—a smaller sum than the Bahama Islands (pop. 136,000) spends, but enough to break the ice.

Although the new service won't be a year old until June, much has been accomplished already. Ten travel offices have been opened abroad. Sixty friendly receptionists have been stationed in twelve gateway cities—pretty girls who speak three or four languages and help tourists with the formalities. Customs officers have been classified according to language abilities and are giving a new courtesy to our inspection service. The four-page visa-application form has been reduced to postcard size and the insulting questions removed. In fact, red tape has been slashed so drastically that 80 percent of all visas are now issued in less than a half hour.

The Government and officials can do only so much, however. States, cities and private citizens must get into the act. Communities are urged to set up International Visitors' Councils to coordinate all agencies interested in the welfare of the traveler. Homes should be opened to overseas guests. In Cleveland one woman receives all foreign visitors who wish to take coffee with her and see what an American home is like. "There are so many misconceptions about this country and its culture," she says. "How many Europeans know, for example, that more Americans go to symphony concerts than baseball games each year?" In Philadelphia, a group of retired military officers and well-to-do citizens, known as Arms of Friendship Inc., have been opening their homes to Russian tourists in an effort to thaw the cold war. Their idea has caught on and has already spread to ten other cities.

Many communities have found it useful to develop "language banks," pools of persons who speak foreign languages and are willing to act as guides and interpreters. In Annapolis, Maryland, a check revealed that there were persons speaking twenty-four different languages who were willing to donate their services to tourists. In Asheville, North Carolina, the hometown of the late Thomas Wolfe, signs were put up bidding foreign visitors "welcome" and urging them to call certain telephone numbers for a guide or interpreter.

The Asheville signs, incidentally, had an immediate payoff. A Munich professor of literature, a Thomas Wolfe fan visiting Washington, decided to take a three-hour trip to Asheville to have a look at Wolfe's house. He spoke no English but, when he got to Asheville, its new guide service put him in touch with a German-speaking family. The family had a cache of Munich beer in the cellar and, instead of staying three hours, the visiting professor stayed three days. He was late getting back to his classes, but he is wildly enthusiastic about America.

Most cold-war objectives cost money, and this means more taxes. Fortunately, however, hospitality costs little or nothing. In fact, for most of the 185,000,000 Americans it's just doing what comes naturally.

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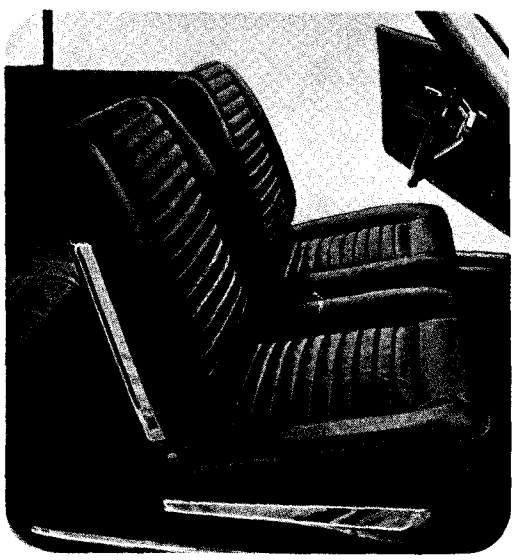

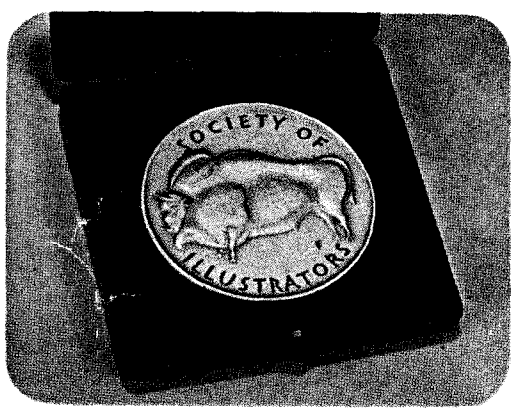

Top: the handsome bucket seats that grace Valiant's new Signet 200 model—America's lowest-priced hardtop with bucket seats. They're all-vinyl, of course. Bottom: the medal which the Valiant Signet 200 recently received from the famous Society of Illustrators for excellence of design.

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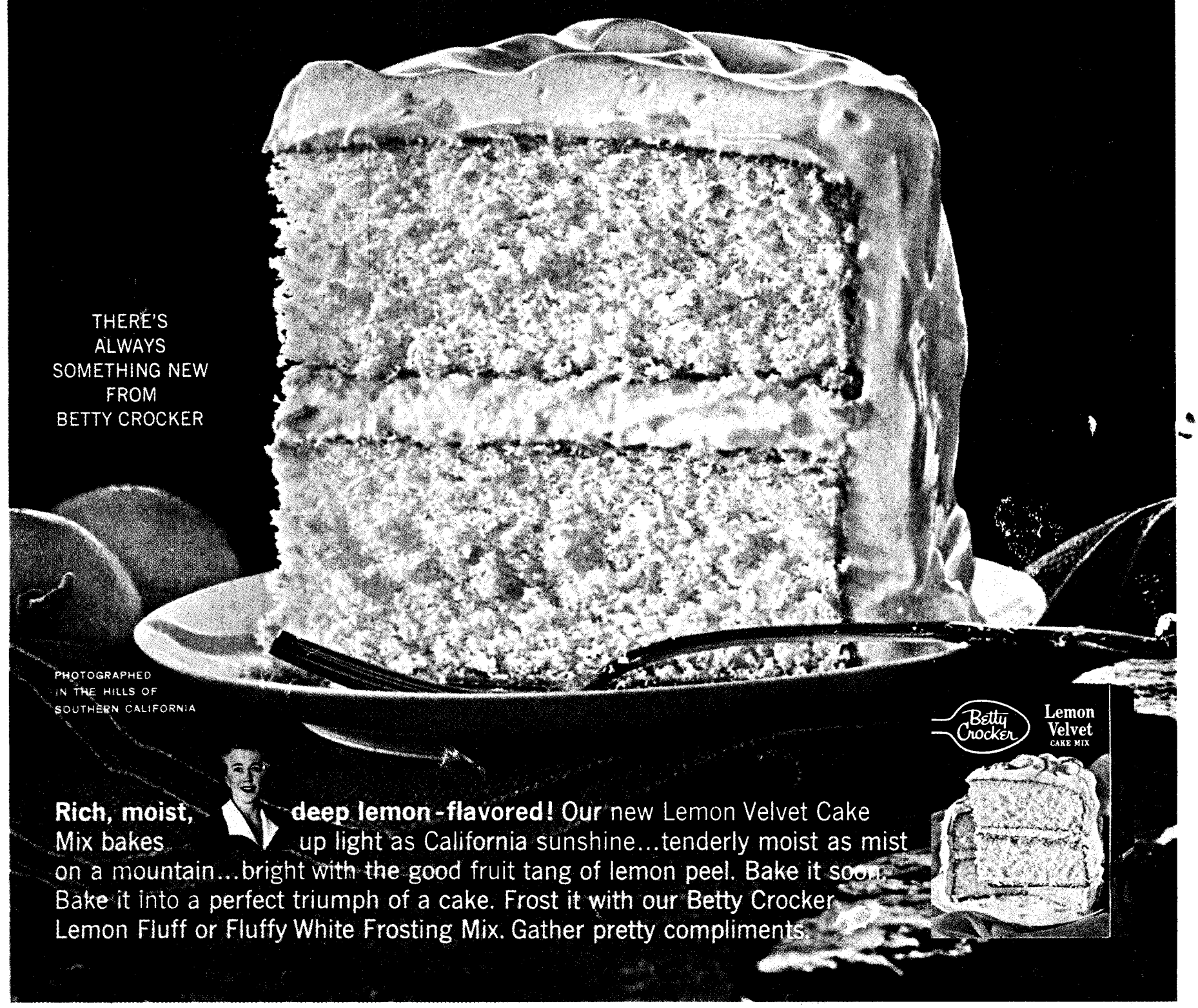

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